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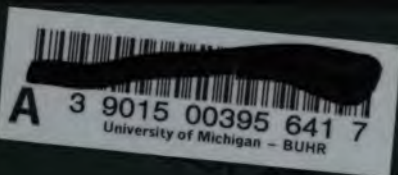
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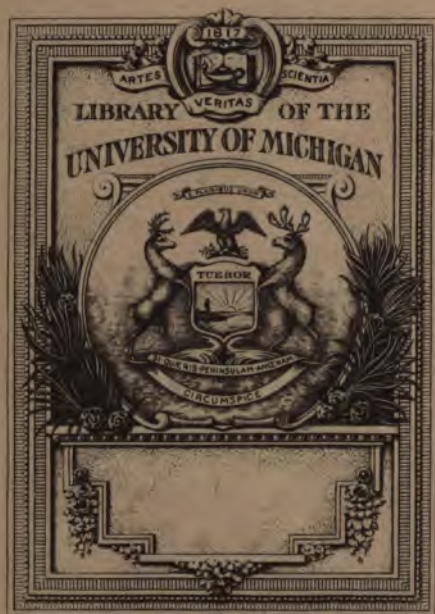
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MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS

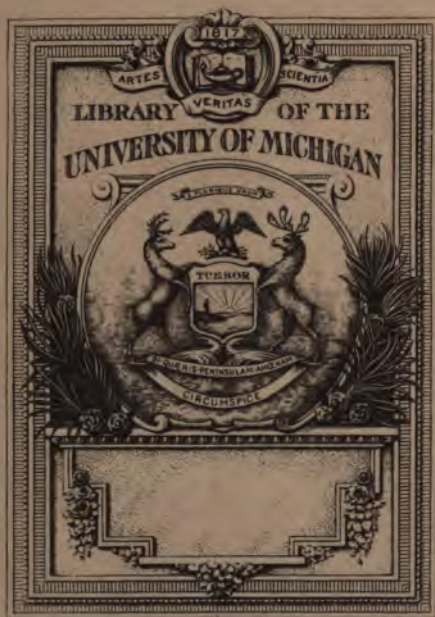
THIRD SERIES



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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

THIRD SERIES.

Third Series.

Edwards, David Heriott

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

*WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL NOTICES.*



BRECHIN :
D. H. EDWARDS.
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PREFACE.

DOES Nature, when she denies to the age a royal poet—king by right of mighty genius—concede the gift in another form, diffusing the poetic art in lesser minds? While it must be admitted that there is much true and genuine poetry floating about amongst us, it cannot be said that there is at present any great poet who is known to, and reaches the hearts of the masses. The *Literary World*, in reviewing a batch of poets, recently said—"A grotesque fancy suggests itself, and will not away, as we glance over the scores and scores of volumes, all published under the heading of poetry. It is simply impossible that so many authors should be great poets. Does Nature grant, instead of one colossal statue, resplendent in golden purity, that the fine gold shall be beaten thin, and thus become the inferior possession of the multitude? We do not attempt to answer the quaint fancy, but one thing is certain—much of the poetry of the present day is doubtless pure gold, though beaten out, often to attenuation." Popular poetry has been compared to the wild rose, the stock out of which the richer garden roses are grown. We suspect that it must be the minor poetry of England that is here referred to. The *Glasgow Herald*, commenting on the remarks of a writer on the subject of the dearth of English ballads, who could not understand how it has come about that English cultivated poetry is so rich when the wild stock is so poor, remarks that "the Scotch Lowlands, peopled by substantially the same race as that which inhabits England, have been prolific in peasant poets, but the Scotch peasantry have for centuries been educated, whereas the English peasantry are to this day, for the most part, sunk in ignorance. The portions of Scotland in which education has been most widely diffused are precisely those which have produced the largest number of working-class poets; and it may also be noted that the counties distinguished for

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their religious fervour, and which are flowered with the tombs of the Covenanters, have also been the most tuneful. In the West Country, for example, there is hardly a village that has not produced its bard ; Paisley has been likened to an aviary of singing birds ; and in the land of Wallace, Bruce, and Burns,

No brook may pass along
Or hillock rise, without its song."

It does seem singular that the wild rose of song, which blooms so freely in rugged Scotland, is rarely to be met with in the garden of England. While superior education, and independent thought and action, which have been so long the heritage of Scotchmen, may in some measure account for the greater number of song writers here as compared with England, we believe that poets, like other gifted actors, are to the manner born. And no doubt such inspiring natural surroundings as rugged hills, swift flowing rivers, and brawling streams, inspire her sons.

Many think poetry earns its title chiefly through a literary skill in stringing musical words to musical cadence, producing a soothing effect upon ear, which many consider sufficient charm without any suggestion of noble or pathetic thought. We like to see the combination of the artist and the poet—the inspirational idea being the centre, around which is thrown the robe of a delicate and musical wording. In every poem the thought should be first, while the artistic feeling suggests appropriate expression. Much has been of late written on the subject of the position poetry occupies in the Arts.

Imagination is the spiritual eye, and if a poem fail to kindle it, though it may charm the senses or the intellect, it cannot touch the soul ; and poetry which does not touch the soul is, it is needless to say, of quality below the highest. "The plastic Arts," says Stendhall, "appeal to the imagination through the senses, poetry to the senses of imagination." And this is at once the chief difference between poetry and all the other Arts, and the secret of poetry's superiority. Yet the outward sensuous picture which painting, for example, presents is infinitely more satisfying to the senses than anything to which poetry can attain ; but the undercurrent of *spirituality*, the ideal intellectual beauty, which it is the aim of

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all true art to reveal, this is the domain in which poetry soars supreme, while painting toils after her with earth-laden wings. Principal Shairp, in reference to the power of poetic sentiment, recently said that, "in the movements of man's being, the first and deepest thing is the sentiment which possesses him, the emotional and moral atmosphere which he breathes. The causes which ultimately determine what this atmosphere shall be are too hidden, too manifold and complex, for us to grasp, but among the human agents which produce them none are more powerful than great poets.

Poets are the rulers of men's spirits more than the philosophers, whether mental or physical. For the reasoned thought of the philosopher appeals only to the intellect, and does not flood the spirit; the great poet touches a deeper part of us than the mere philosopher ever reaches, for he is a philosopher and something more—a master of thought, but it is inspired thought, thought filled and made alive with emotion. He makes his appeal, not to the intellect alone, but to all that part of man's being in which lie the springs of life.

We sometimes feel inclined to think that the hope of being a poet animates more human breasts than any other aspiration. We see people of all ages, of all ranks, of all degrees of education, of all qualities of mental power, possessed by an irrepressible desire to express their thoughts in verse, when the truth is the thoughts are either not worth expression, or, if they are, they would be better stated in sober prose. It is fortunate that many of those who at one period of their lives felt inclined to "rhyme" were never placed in circumstances favourable to the fulfilment of their desires. Readers generally would not be losers, and it would seem, according to the testimony of Robert Browning, that the embryo "poets" themselves have been the gainers. Writing to a contemporary a correspondent tells that when a boy he received half-a-crown with which he bought a small book. The possession of this treasure he determined to commemorate in a "copy of verses," in which the following lines occur:—

I bought it at Mister Cusson's,
And it was picked out of dozens.

The lines tickled the fancy of his father so much that he showed them to everybody who came to the house. Being

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ahy and sensitive, this used to make the writer cry with vexation. The result was that he determined never to write any more verses. "Meeting Robert Browning," he continues, "about a year ago I mentioned this to him, ending with, 'probably I also might have been a poet, if I had not been thus cruelly nipped in the bud.' He turned round with a bland smile, and replied, 'Ah, my friend, be very, very thankful to those who nipped you in the bud; you don't know what they have saved you from.'"

It is an oft-repeated fact that the Scottish mind has a tendency to develop its overflowing tenderness and earnest passionateness in lyrical strains of simple beauty, which no literature and no age of the world have surpassed. It has a quaintness and a grace, an elegant simplicity, and an affectionate tenderness which are peculiarly its own. The influence James I. exercised upon Scottish song was strong and lasting, and he has been recognised as the father of Scottish melody, although Scottish music was little known to the world until Allan Ramsay, in the year 1724, collected the melodies of his country in his "Tea-Table Miscellany." He, however, gave little account of them, and Dr Robert Chambers tells us that "the Scottish people are more proud of their songs and music than of any other branch of literature, and they can tell very little regarding the origin and early history of these endeared national treasures." If Burns created no new taste among his countrymen, he developed, extended, and improved that which he found already existing. The beauty of Scottish song is its truth and simplicity, and Burns as well as his compeers and successors always appealed to the heart—expressing their feelings in the pithy language of real emotion, and it appears that the kind of literary talent most in request at present is that of writing songs suitable to music. Our leading musicians are anxious to get hold of verses that are capable of being set to ballad tunes. We often find that the best poetry is the least susceptible of being wedded to music, and it must be remembered that the songs of Burns were in most cases written expressly to the airs to which they are sung. In the case of songs—as, indeed, in many other cases—genius is a disturbing element, and a delicate vein of sentiment or fancy is, so far as the composer

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is concerned, in advance of imaginative or creative gifts.

Much of our modern poetry is not only good in form and wording, but it has also the ring of inspiration—as natural as the song of the bird or the ripple of the stream. Our poets always cherish a warm sympathy for the history of their country and its noble traditions. In our second and third series in particular we give several examples of Scotchmen, who, although they have wandered far from the broom and the heather, have retained their love of “the Mither Tongue,” and are still filled with enthusiasm in regard to everything concerning their native country. Both at home and abroad our countrymen are inspired by the historic events and great historic names of Scotland—its battlefields ; its ruined strongholds, where once old clansmen had their homes ; its bleak hills and dales, moors and glens ; the traditions and associations of the heroic past, impress themselves indelibly on their minds, and are the haunts of the Muse of Poetry. With few exceptions, they are unsuccessful in the production of little poems in celebration of interesting events, and as tributes to friends, or to the memory of important personages, in praise of girls with blue or black eyes, or affecting partings. We have invariably been suspicious of such themes, and intending authors should be warned of the fact of how flatly, even a lively poem or song, written to amuse a genial circle of friends, will fall upon the public.

As several competent authorities considered that a number of the sketches in our first series were too brief, we have here, as in the second, and where desirable, gone more fully into details of the career of the authors. Since we commenced our efforts we have had various proofs of having treated too briefly several poets, including Mr Matthias Barr, whose writings are acknowledged everywhere as having the quality which wins for them a passport to the heart, and Mr Dugald M'Fadyen, a young man, who, during the past two years, has been making for himself a name as a poet of affluent fancy, and bright sparkling humour. We could mention others, regarding whom opinions may differ, but would just add that we have found that in critics, as occasionally in poets, the raven may croak, and the howlet hoot, the magpie may chatter, and the jackdaw caw, but the blackbird shall whistle

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no less delightfully than heretofore, and the mavis, and the thrush, and the lark shall sing as if there were neither rook nor pie in existence. However we may speak of poets when we speak critically, we beg to say most explicitly that, as fellow-countrymen, we have an esteem for them all. The very feeling which prompts to write poetry implies something good in the character—something ingenuous and warm-hearted, and we almost feel that no cold cunning villian ever yet wrote a line of real poetry.

Encouraged by the kindly reception which was accorded to our first series, and the growing taste manifested for the productions of our present-day poets and versifiers, we have thus been induced to go deeper into the subject by preparing a second and third series. Even now we have been reluctantly compelled to omit several names of living writers, particulars of whose career, with selections from their poetry, we were anxious to include in this series, but the space to which we had restricted ourselves was more than exhausted. We now learn that at the outset we must have had a very imperfect idea of the extent of a department of modern literature so extensive and varied ; yet we feel that a fourth series would exhaust the subject, and should the present effort meet with a reception as kindly as the first, it is possible that we may prepare the stores we have on hand, and accept of the material and assistance kindly offered by friends. Meanwhile we would gratefully acknowledge the valuable aid of numerous literary gentlemen who have communicated information. Our thanks are also due to publishers of copyright works, who, with great frankness, gave us permission to reprint many fine compositions.

D. H. EDWARDS.

*Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, December, 1881.*

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MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.



JOHN F. MILL,

A MOST prolific and deeply thoughtful prose-writer, who occasionally contributes to several of our magazines poems evincing a delicacy of thought, combined with a force and sweetness of expression, was born in the Pleasance of Edinburgh, in 1838. At the time of his birth, his father was traveller for the *North British Advertiser*, and was also cashier for forty-four years. Having received a good education, which he finished at the Edinburgh Institute, he entered on his first situation in the office of the *Edinburgh News*, under the late Mr Forsyth of the *Inverness Advertiser*. Since that time he has been what might be called a newspaper clerk, having served in that capacity in Edinburgh, Nottingham, and Plymouth.

Having been given to story-telling and verse-making from early in life, it was only natural that he should feel inclined to give the public the benefit of his abilities, and the first occasion of his doing so was in 1858, when a sentimental piece, inspired by

Cupid, appear in the *Ladies' Own Journal*. In a letter we received from Mr Mill, he says:—"At the time I thought I had never read anything so fine, and I am sure I never read anything so often. To my certain knowledge and pecuniary loss the circulation of the paper was increased that week by a dozen copies. I have never repeated such extravagance." Since then he has been steadily writing serial tales, essays, sketches, antiquarian papers, and poetry to many of our best-known newspapers and literary journals and magazines. A most noteworthy series of articles appeared from his pen several years ago in the pages of the *People's Friend*, entitled "Conversations on Origins."

Mr Mill has been a great reader, and a collector of scraps, but as yet he has not, although frequently urged by competent judges of the merits of his productions, seen his way to collect his writings, and publish in book form. "Literature," he says, "is not a lucrative profession generally, therefore I have never seen my way to 'pay the printer,' should ever I aspire to issue a volume of my own; but I have really no ambition that way." For ourselves, we feel that it is a pity such productions should be lost sight of in the pages of periodical literature, and we feel certain that should Mr Mill think proper to change his mind, he will receive a warm welcome from many thoughtful readers. As we have already hinted, he possesses a very considerable share of poetical talent, but his genius as a poet is exceeded by his skill as an essayist and story-teller.

A TOWN LOVER'S SONG.

There isn't a lark in the town, my dear,
 To warble over your head;
 Nor a blade of grass, nor a small blue bell
 To bend beneath your tread.
 But I can whistle myself, my dear,
 At the bottom of the stair;
 And 'mid the dust where the arabs play
 We can wander at pleasure there.

There isn't a trysting tree, my dear,
 Where you and I can meet ;
 But there's nothing to hinder me waiting, love,
 At the corner of the street.
 And if there's no dewy meadow, my dear,
 Where you and I can rove,
 There are miles on miles of causeway stones
 On which to tell our love.

There isn't a silver stream, my dear,
 Wherein to view your face ;
 But the plate-glass windows of the shops
 Are sufficient to suit the case.
 And if there isn't a lane, my dear,
 With hedges on either hand,
 There are any number of thoroughfares
 And closes at our command.

My father hasn't a cow, my dear,
 On which to bestow your care ;
 But my father has got a son, you know,
 Fix your attention there.
 And remember that love is the same, my dear,
 Whether in town or not ;
 So let us be doing with what we have,
 And never complain of our lot.

T O M M A R S H A L L.

Tom Marshall was a tailor good as any one that treads,
 Great compass with his needle had, and skill in waxen threads ;
 But though no vegetarian, Tom did inconsistent act,
 For he took cabbage right and left with most consume-it tact.

His dinners were like Christmas ones, though not quite so
 profuse,
 For, if you credit me, they were indebted to a goose.
 Tom beat all lawyers out and out at getting up a suit,
 But except some great clothing feat, did nothing else to boot.

But Tom, alas ! like other fools fell over ears in love,
 I understood that one like he such acts would stand above ;
 For Bessy Park, his heart's true love, the cause of all his pain,
 Seeing he was straitened for effects did not love him again.

For Bessy was by no means green, although she was a Park,
 And looked upon his soaring love as nothing but a lark.
 So Tom, when he discovered this, quite melancholy got,
 To find that true affection's ties would never form a knot.

"Ah, Bessy Park !" poor Tommy cried (although he didn't weep),
 "I greatly fear you do not know that my love is so deep.
 Oh, Bessy, *hear me at your feet, I vow to take up arms*
If you don't wed me now, and so save me from war's alarms."

" Ah, you may doubt me, but 'tis true, as you shall quickly see,
 And I shall be a martial man, if you'll not Marshall be."
 But Bessy said " it was no use his speaking in that sort,"
 And pitying his lengthen'd face, she bade him " cut it short."

So poor Tom sold his business off, and sold the folks who bought,
 Then having made this sacrifice, the rendezvous he sought ;
 Having an ear for music good, a splendid tympanum,
 He was destined to drum the ear of who could 'ear his drum.

Soon as a drummer he went out to the Crimean War,
 But there his powers of music met with a decided bar ;
 For by mischance a random shot cut him off in his prime,
 And thus time beat poor Tommy who was always beating time.

BESSIE O' MIREYSIDE HA'.

Losh, hae a care o' me ! what's this o't noo ?
 My arm's growin' feckless at haudin' the plew ;
 Thae furrows I canna get strachten'd at a'
 For thinkin' on Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

I dream o' the lassie at noon-day and mirk,
 I dream o' the lassie at market and kirk ;
 My peace o' mind fled, and my heart got a thraw
 When first I saw Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

I ne'er sit me doon to my coggie o' brose,
 But I see her blue e'en glintin' under my nose ;
 I'm donnert wi' love, over head, lugs, an' a'—
 Oh, plague take that Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

Fu' sweetly ye lilt your bit sang, bonnie bird,
 Fu' lightly, my lammie, ye spring on the sward ;
 But Bessie sings sweetly, and licht's her footfa'—
 Ye'll ne'er match wi' Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

It's a fortnicht come Tyesday I gaed to the fair,
 Thinkin' to meet wi' the bonnie lass there ;
 But, wae's me, she wadna look my airt at a'—
 The saucy wee Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

She oxtert wi' Watty M'Andrew, the loon,
 And smiled upon him as they gaed through the toon,
 After me buyin' sweeties, and ribbons, and a'
 As a fairin' to Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

The ribbons I took to my young sister, Ann,
The sweeties I flung 'mang the weans near at han' ;
Threw my plaid owre my shoulder, and syne cam' awe'
Mair in love wi' sweet Bessie o' Mireyside Ha'.

"THESE THREE."

1ST COR. XIII. 13.

Albeit she saw not, she believed on Him,
 For his kind words at length had reached her heart,
 And there ta'en root ; and now, as with a start,
 That stood revealed which had erewhile been dim.
 "I am the Resurrection and the Life : believ'st thou this ?"
 Oh, yes ! and, clinging steadfast to the Cross,
 She counted worldly vantage now as dross.
 Was not the Great Atoner hers, as she was His ?
 A peaceful smile o'erspread her face, while tears
 Of gratitude well'd from her dove-like eyes.
 Bright through these orbs which gem the midnight skies,
 How dull they glow compared to FAITH when fears
 Evanish : for the doubting soul finds rest
 When FAITH enthrones her in the human breast.

Oh star, fair star ! that on the brow of night
 Art like a jewel in a princely crown,
 So bright thy radiance ! oh star, look down
 With pity on me from thy meteless height
 And say what lies beyond my longing sight.
 I may not know, but I believe there stands
 My Father's home, the house not made with hands.
 When I am laid within my mother's womb,
 And in corruption fades each lifeless limb,
 Say, shall my spirit upward soar to Him,
 Mounting in triumph from an earthly tomb ?
 Feed me, fair HOPE ! sustain me with thy power,
 And shine thy brightest in my dying hour.

To lighten misery, and to aid the poor,
 Was now her task self-chosen ; and each day
 Beheld her pass untiring on her way,
 Now at the outcast's, now the pauper's door.
 Kind words she gave them ; little acts of grace
 She scattered, as one scattereth seeds,
 In that poor soil where hitherto but weeds
 Of sin and ignorance had thriven apace.
 And, lo ! they sprouted : tender shoots at first,
 Warring 'gainst influences of long years,
 But gaining daily, till at last they burst
 Into a golden harvest of ripe ears.
 Oh, stars of FAITH and HOPE, though bright ye be,
 The fairest in the firmament is CHARITY.

THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

I sat upon a shell-strewn beach and dreamed the hours away,
 As to my childhood's days I let my wandering memory stray.
 When but a boy I sported there in innocence and glee,
 Or bathed my youthful limbs within the ever-bright blue sea.

With steady skilful hand, whose scope is ever great and vast,
 The artist memory pourtrayed the ne'er returning past,
 And scenes of grief arrayed themselves before my fancy's view,
 Mixed with those pleasant scenes of joy when time too swiftly
 flew.

As thus I mused, I careless stooped to lift a tiny shell,
 And listened to the music soft that issued from its cell ;
 'Twas a low sweet strain of sadness, as when summer winds
 expire,
 And waft their dying breath across some lady's gilded lyre.
 As thus I listened, thus I thought, " Oh, shell of snow-white
 hue,
 Dost ever think of days gone by, hast thou thy memories too ? "
 It murmured louder than before, and thus it seemed to say :—

" Yes, I have visions of the past, of days long passed away,
 Long, long I lay upon the strand in India's sunny clime,
 And then existence was to me an endless summer time ;
 Untainted by the foot of man, unstained by human hand,
 Charmed by the music of the sea I lay upon the strand.
 Till my peace was broken by a wave far ruder than the rest,
 Which bore my trembling form away upon its watery breast ;
 And now upon its surface blue, now sinking 'neath the sea,
 I was wafted o'er the ocean wide, my sunny clime, from thee.

" I've seen the water-nymphs deck'd out in pale sea-green attire ;
 I've heard the melodies they sung, and seen their eyes of fire ;
 I've seen their long and floating locks of autumn's golden hue ;
 I've rested on their bosoms white, and kiss'd their fingers too.
 I've listened to their silvery tones, as with enchanting strain,
 They drew the seamen to their arms ne'er to return again.
 I've seen the little nautilus, with tiny hoisted sail,
 Ride safely o'er the waters deep in many a stormy gale ;
 I've seen a sight, a solemn sight, forget I never can,
 The fleshless bones of what was once a god-like image—man,
 The long and bony fingers clutched in death-grasp to the gold
 So worthless now to him o'er whom the crested billows rolled ;
 I've seen two bony arms embrace a smaller frame of bone,
 As if together they would be when life itself had flown ;
 No smile was beaming on the face, now grown so wan and wild—
 I knew these skeletons had been a mother and her child.
 I've seen the coral islands rise like mushrooms from the sea
 Gigantic statues of the power of ceaseless industry ;
 I've looked on many a mammoth whale, on many a greedy
 shark :
 I've seen the swordfish pierce the keel of many a stout-built
 bark ;
 I've wept to see the fatal net launched from the fishing-boat,
 And seen the eyes of ruthless men with pleasure o'er it gloat.
*I've seen Death in his majesty ride o'er the stormy sea ;
 And many a gallant ship go down into eternity ;*

I've heard the storm-king's fiendish laugh as cries of wild despair
 From drowning wretches floated through the cheerless midnight
 air ;
 I've seen the ocean in a calm when scarce a billow roll'd ;
 And 'neath the noon-tide's brilliant sun bathed in a sea of gold.
 All these I've seen, and many more, while drifting o'er the main,
 But now they're memories to me, I'll ne'er see them again,
 For winds and waves have borne me unto this distant shore,
 And to my native strand I may return again no more."

Thus sang the shell, at least I thought 'twas thus it sang to me ;
 And touched with pity for its fate, I threw it in the sea,
 And trusted to the friendly waves to bear the stranger home
 Unto that sunny clime whence it unwillingly had come.



DAVID HUTCHESON

WAS born at Inverkeithing, in 1799, and was brought to Port Glasgow in infancy. There, as a boy, he saw the launch of the "Comet," the first steamer built on the Clyde. In early youth he found employment at the steamers carrying cargo between Glasgow and the lower ports, and eventually became the originator and head of the well-known firm of Messrs David Hutcheson & Co., the owners and managers of the steamers plying between Glasgow and the Highlands. He died at Glasgow, in 1880, and at the time of his death he was probably the oldest man connected with steam navigation in Europe, or perhaps the world.

Although Mr Hutcheson led a busy useful life, he frequently courted the Muses, and might be said to have been a rhymer from his youth. He contributed numerous poems to the newspapers and literary journals, *and these give evidence of a loving, tuneful heart, and much spontaneous fervour.*

"LOCHABER NO MORE!"

Lochaber farewell ! there is snow on the hill,
 And the breeze, as it sighs through Glen Nevis, is chill ;
 No longer the linnet is trilling his lay,
 And the bloom of the heather is fading away.
 Yet Spring will return over mountain and glen,
 And the wilderness blossom in beauty again ;
 The linnet will carol his songs as of yore,
 But we may return to Lochaber no more.

Ah ! would it were only the sweet month of June,
 With its beautiful verdure, the birds all in tune,
 And its golden light streaming afar through the glen—
 Away would we hie to the mountains again.
 For the winter is long, and we cannot fortell
 What sorrows amid the dark future may dwell ;
 The lark to the summer cloud gaily will soar,
 But we may return to Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL REQUEST.

When I am dead, oh, lay me not
 Within the churchyard's crumbling walls,
 But bear me to some lonely spot
 Of greenwood groves and waterfalls ;
 Where violets bloom and daisies spring,
 And the glad lark at dawn of day
 Waves the cold night-dew from his wing,
 And, singing, soars to heaven away.

For I would wish my bones to lie
 Among those scenes I've loved so well ;
 The mountain glen, the gorgeous sky,
 The murmuring brook, the ferny dell.
 And where were sepulchre more meet
 For me than 'mong dear Oban's braes,
 Where oft in contemplation sweet
 I rambling tuned my simple lays.

So, when I'm dead, oh, lay me not
 Within the churchyard's crumbling walls,
 But bear me to some lonely spot
 Of greenwood groves and waterfalls ;
 Where violets bloom, and daisies spring,
 And the glad lark at dawn of day
 Waves the cold night-dew from his wing,
 And, singing, soars to heaven away.

THE DAY-DREAM.

I dreamt a pleasant dream to-day,
Unlike those visions wild, whose fears,
Chase the lone sleeper's rest away :
Mine was a dream of former years.

And well it might be pleasant, for
 I dreamt it in a lonely vale,
 Where, sweetly from the hawthorn hoar,
 The linnet told his love-lorn tale.

And there were pleasant things around —
 Green branching trees and flowerets fair,
 And gurgling streams, whose gentle sound
 Murmured like music in the air.
 Ev'n as you see the light clouds roll
 Along the hill then melt away,
 So there are thoughts that shade the Soul
 Transient and beautiful as they.

And phantom dreams that haunt our sleep
 The Soul's mysterious secrets show,
 As bubbles rising from the deep
 Reveal the life that throbs below.
 Oft have I gazed upon the Star
 Of Evening, twinkling in its sphere,
 With sadness strange, yet sweeter far
 Than sounds melodious to the ear.

And thus, altho' the spirit feels
 No brooding sorrow lowering nigh,
 A melancholy o'er it steals
 And yet we know nor how, nor why.
 And so it came in pensive mood
 I wandered through the vale alone,
 Where, solemnised by solitude,
 I dreamt of friends long dead and gone.

Bright apparitions were they all,
 Fair forms I counted o'er and o'er :
 But chiefly did my heart recall
 One I ador'd in days of yore.
 She was the darling of my life,
 For whose pure love long, long I sighed —
 My own, my dear, my beauteous wife !
 But ah ! in early youth she died !



JAMES BALLANTINE.

LIKE many Scotchmen who have made their
mark in business or literature, James Ballan-
tine was in the best sense of the term a self-made

man. His literary productions are numerous; but he will be longest remembered for his songs, some of which, exquisitely pure, simple, and pawkily wise, have obtained a world-wide renown. Two of his songs especially, "Castles in the Air" and "Ilka Blade o' Grass keeps its ain drap o' Dew," are known to every singer of "a guid Scotch sang." He was born in 1808, at the West Port of Edinburgh, and lost his father, who was a brewer, when he was only ten years old. Being the youngest of the family, which consisted of three daughters and himself, his early training devolved upon his mother, who did all in her power to obtain for her children the advantages of an ordinary education. While yet a mere boy, however, he had to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of the family. He was accordingly apprenticed to a house-painter, and very soon attained to considerable proficiency in his trade. On growing up to manhood he made strenuous exertions to obtain the educational advantages which were not within his reach at an earlier period of life, and about his twentieth year he attended the University of Edinburgh for the study of anatomy, with a view to his professional improvement. At a subsequent period he turned his attention to the art of painting on glass, and he was long well known as one of the most distinguished of British artists in that department. When the designs and specimens of glass-painting for the windows of the House of Lords were publicly competed for, the Royal Commissioners of the Fine Arts adjudged those produced by Mr Ballantine as the best which were exhibited, and the execution of the work was entrusted to him.

Although Mr Ballantine began at a very early age to woo the Muse, some of his most popular pieces having been produced about his sixteenth year, he made his first appearance in print in the pages of "*Whistle Binkie*." In 1843 the early edition of his *well-known* work, "*The Gaberlunzie's Wallet*," was

published in monthly numbers, illustrated by the late Alexander Ritchie. This production was enriched with some of his best lyrics. There was something taking in the very title of the work, and the evidences of original genius which it displayed were strong and unmistakable. It proved that the author had an eye to the picturesque, an ear for verse, and a true feeling both for the humorous and pathetic. A cheap edition was issued by the Edinburgh Publishing Company in 1874. This work was followed by "The Miller of Deanhaugh," which likewise contains a number of songs and ballads. In 1856 Messrs Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, published an edition of his poems, including many of those which had been previously given to the world. This volume contains the happiest effusions of his genius, and at once procured him a prominent place in the country's literature.

In 1875 a volume appeared from his pen, entitled "One Hundred Songs," and a later production, containing a love tale in the Spenserian stanza called "Lilias Lee," and "Malcolm Canmore," an historical drama, was issued in 1872. Mr Ballantine died in December, 1877, at the ripe age of seventy. His poetry is not the mere dreamy effusion of sentimental fancy, but a faithful transcript of the impressions produced upon an honest heart and a discerning mind by mutual contact with the realities of life. One of his reviewers has said that "his exquisite taste for the beautiful in natural scenery and in language, his keen eye to observe, and his warm heart to commiserate the sorrows of mankind, render him a 'sweet singer' after Nature's own heart; while his thorough mastery of the fine language of old Scotland, in all its wealth and pith of expressive terms and familiar idioms, gives him the power to wield at will the sympathies and feelings of a large *portion of his fellow-countrymen.*" *The grand lesson of his life is that while loving and wooing the*

poetic spirit, he resolutely minded his business. Lord Cockburn, who was an admirer of the man as well as the poet, condensed the moral of his dual life in one happy phrase: Ballantine, he said, "made business feed the Muses, and the Muses grace the business."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his towzy curly pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin' lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
He sees little sodgers puin' them a' doun;
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun' blazin' wi' a flare,
Losh! how he louns, as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folks than him biggin' castles in the air.

Sic a nicht in winter may weel mak' him cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hands will soou mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, oh, pray that Daddy Care
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire, and he'll keek at the light;
But mouy sparklin' stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turn'd—wi' castle in the air.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang;
Cook ye baith your lugs to your auld grannie's sang;
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn:
Better creepin' cannie than fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll laugh, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
 Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither ;
 Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
 An' ye'll be a braw chiel' yet—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee ;
 Folks are sure to tumble when they climb ower hie ;
 They wha dinna walk right are sure to come to wrang—
 Creep awa', my bairnie—creep afore ye gang.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
 An' bear ye a life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind ;
 Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, ha'e faith an' ye'll
 win through,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles nae doot
 ye've been,
 Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your
 een,
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer when the clear an' cludless sky
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
 An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel ower proud an'
 hie,
 An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,
 Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or
 hoo,
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' Nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin blast
 That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it pass'd,
 And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift
 That cam' in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift,
 And winter's wild war, wearied baith heart and e'e,
 As we warled richt sair owre the drear muirland lea,
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

O ! snelly the hail smote the skeleton trees
 That shivering shrunk in the grasp o' the breeze,
 Nor birdie, nor beast could the watery e'e scan,
 A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man ;
 Tho' the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared
 To mak' up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whar the pure Word o' God
 Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road,
 The slee hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
 Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds,
 Kirk-bell and house riggin', the white drift has squared,
 But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae Elder was known
 That was likit by a' like my grandfather John,
 And drear was I that day when we bore him awa',
 Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his haffits o' snaw,
 I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
 When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

And aye when I think on the times lang gane by,
 Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye,
 And I see the auld man, as he clapp'd my wee head,
 While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead.
 He nursed me, he schooled me,—how can I regard
 But wi' warm-gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard.

In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
 His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm on the earth,
 And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven
 To seek comufort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven.
 O ! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
 That sprang frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
 And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now,
 And tho' I hae neither high station nor power,
 I hae health for my portion and truth for my dower,
 And my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,
 To dry up the teardrops frae sorrow's dull e'e,
 And mony puir bodies my awmrie hae shared,
 'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirkyard.

A SONG TO HIS MOTHER.

Mine ain wee mensefu', mindfu' minny,
 Sae couthy, kindly, cosh, an' canny ;
 Just sit ye still a wee, an' dinna
 Tent your ain callant,
Until he sketch your picture in a
 Wee hamely ballant.

There sit ye on a creepy stool,
 Weel clad wi' flannel-coat and cowl ;
 While simmering by the chumley jowl
 Sits your teapatty,
 And at your feet wi' kindly yowl,
 Whurrs your wee catty.

The bluid in your auld veins is thin,
 Sair shrivell'd now's your ain plump skin ;
 Close to the ribs ye hirsell in
 Wi' clochrin' whaizle,
 Till in your cutty pipe ye fin'
 A red-het aizle.

When sunny simmer comes wi' flowers,
 On the door-stap thou sits for hours,
 An' ilka birdie round thee cowers,
 Cock, hen, an' chickens,
 While wi' an open hand thou showers
 Them, walth o' pickens.

An' tho' ye now are auld an' doited,
 Your back sair bow'd, your pace sair toytod,
 Langsyne to ilka ploy invited,
 Your queenly air,
 Made a' your neighbour dames sair spited
 At tryst or fair.

On Sunday, when the kirk bell's jow
 Set ilka haly heart alowe,
 To the auld kirk ye went to row,
 Toddlin' wi' me,
 Aye welcomed by the Elder's bow,
 An' Pastor's ee.

Thou'st been to me my mair than mither,—
 Faither and mither baith thegither ;
 In days o' dearth thou didna swither
 To scrimp thy coggie,
 To schule an' cleed as weel's anither,
 Thy wee wild roguie.

While manhood's vigour nerve's my arm,
 While in my breast life's blood flows warm,
 Frae ilka danger, skaith, or harm
 I'll keep thee free,
Till death shall break the mystic charm
 An' close thine ee !

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

Come awa, bairnie, for your bawbee
 Rosy cheekit apples ye shall hae three;
 A' sae fou o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree,
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa, bairnie, dinna shake your head,
 Ye mind me o' my ain bairn, lang, lang dead;
 Ah! for lack o' nourishment he drappit frae the tree,
 Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter he was wee.

O auld frail folks are like auld fruit-trees,
 They canna stand the gnarl o' the auld warl's breeze;
 But heaven taks the fruit, though earth forsake the tree,
 An' we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were
 wee.

TAILOR DAVIE.

O! wha's the loun can clout the elaes,
 Canty Davie, dainty Davie;
 Wha the lassocks' spunks can raise
 Like little tailor Davie?

Though callants ca' him "whup the cat,"
 And men folk curse his gabbin' chat,
 The lassies they find nae sic faut
 Wi' kindly little Davie!

O! blythe is ilka body's house
 Whaur Davie sits and cracks fou erouse;
 Nae post-bag's half sae cram'd wi' news
 As tonguey tailor Davie!

The weanies round him in a raw,
 He raises sic a loud guffaw,
 Ye'll hear the din a mile awa
 O' them an' tailor Davie!

The auld man's roomy weddin' coat,
 Wi' age an' moths scarce worth a groat,
 Maks breeks to Tam, an' coat to Jock,
 An' spats to tailor Davie.
 O! wha's the loun, &c.

COLIN MACPHERSON,

POTATO merchant, has, in a very creditable manner, cultivated the Muses during a busy life as a farmer, and latterly as a potato merchant. He was born in Keith, Banffshire, in 1826, his father having died a short time before the birth of his son. Colin was sent at a very early age to herd cattle on Speyside. He was engaged in this occupation for about four years, when his maternal aunt took him to her home. Her husband, John Kynock, then provost of Forres, sent him to school, but the lad only remained there one brief quarter, when he again became a herd, and afterwards was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He only served part of his apprenticeship in Forres, and at the end of four years he went to Aberdeen, where he completed his "time." Getting tired of the long hours and short pay which shoemakers then had, and having scraped together some funds, he took to travelling in the jewellery line. He felt as a slave set free, and for many years followed throughout the whole of Scotland the unfettered life of a packman. During these years he greatly improved his scanty education by the study of standard works, and many of the best-known poets were his pocket companions. After getting married, he remained for ten years in Kirkcaldy. On leaving that town, he took a lease of the farm of Craiginches, Nigg, and previous to settling down as a potato merchant in Dundee, he received the honour of a public dinner from numerous friends and his neighbouring farmers.

Mr Macpherson was a most intelligent farmer, and published in the newspapers several very important articles on the subject of "rearing seedling potatoes," "*potato disease*," and "*disease-resisting potatoes*," &c.—*subjects which have long received his careful*

study. In 1878 Mr Macpherson published a work entitled "The Farmer's Friend," in which he (in pithy verse) exposed the errors of the present method of rearing and breeding cattle, traced the causes of disease and plagues in cattle to "the injurious system of gross stall-feeding and inadequate housing, and the baneful effects of spurious manures on cattle, crops, soil," &c.

Altogether, considering the busy life he has led, the careful attention he has given to business, and the want of early training and culture, Mr Macpherson has been a thoughtful and voluminous writer. As a poet, he is stirring and patriotic, and his verses have a sweet and musical flow.

THE BRIGHT BLOOMING INLAND SO GAY.

Let them sing of the sea, with its rude rolling waves,
And of good ships that plough the salt spray ;
But give me the green vales where the fresh river laves
Through the bright blooming inland so gay.

Where the daisy, the primrose, and sweet heatherbell
Gaily bask in the sun's golden ray ;
Where the birch, broom, and whin scent the soft soothing gale
In the bright blooming inland so gay.

Let them boast of the might of their maritime powers,
And their navy extol as they may ;
But the bulwarks of war like a vast mountain lowers
Through the bright blooming inland so gay.

Let the mariner cling to his home on the wave,
Or by Orient shores let him stray ;
But I love still to roam where the true and the brave
Guard the bright blooming inland so gay.

Dearest land of my fathers, where no foreign foe
Could e'er match thy bold sons in the fray,
May thy garlands of glory still flourish and grow
O'er thy bright blooming inland so gay.

May my home ever be in the land of the free,
Till my pensive heart ceases to play,
And my soul take its flight to the regions of light,
From the bright blooming inland so gay.

HOW LIKE TO OLD AGE ARE THE EMBERS.

How like to old age are the embers
 That glimmer upon the hearthstone ;
 And how like to old age are the embers
 When the flame from the fuel has gone.

Like to childhood the fire when it's kindling,
 While its first feeble light it displays ;
 When the smoke with the flame is commingling,
 As it playfully bursts into blaze.

Like to manhood the fire when it's blazing
 In the might of its mystical flame ;
 So man in his prime is upraising
 The bright worth that illumines his name.

Then how like to the dead are the ashes
 That are mouldering on the hearthstone ;
 O ! how like to the dead are the ashes
 When the fire from the fuel has gone.

SCOTLAND THOU ART DEAR TO ME.

Though distant lands with sunny climes,
 And blooming isles beyond the sea,
 Love, wit, and worth adorn the north—
 O Scotland, thou art dear to me.

Thy rivers, lakes, and fertile plains,
 Thy woods and verdant valleys fair,
 Thy moors and mountains, hills and glens,
 Are to thy sons choice treasures rare.

True hearts embued with social ties
 Of ardent love that owns no guile,
 With peace of mind, life's dearest prize,
 Enrich thy noble sons of toil.

With modest minds and manly forms,
 Industry makes them brave and free,
 Who conquer 'mid life's direst storms,
 Or fighting die for liberty.

There's music in thy foaming linns,
 And power pervades thy lofty name ;
 O Caledon ! long may thy sons
 Uphold the glory of their fame.

Though distant lands with sunny climes,
 And blooming isles beyond the sea,
 Love, wit, and worth adorn the north—
 O Scotland, thou art dear to me.

RUSTIC ROBIN.

Come sing a sang in Robin's praise,
 And crown him still with laurel'd bays,
 For master o' the lyric lays
 Was rustic, rhymin' Robin.
 Brave, dauntless Burns, the bard of fame—
 The bard of fame, the bard of fame;
 All o'er the world is lo'ed the name
 Of independent Robin.

Tho' some, through spleen an' peevish spite,
 On Robin's fau'ts may rail and write,
 Yet envy's blast can never blight
 An evergreen like Robin.
 For Robin was a noble Scot—
 A noble Scot, a noble Scot,
 Tho' whinin' slaves would deign to blot
 The name of honest Robin.

Ye drones wha think it lawful game
 To rob the honeycombs of fame,
 Gae judge yoursel's afore ye blame
 An honest man like Robin.
 For we hae a' our freaks an' flaws—
 Freaks an' flaws, freaks an' flaws;
 An' a' wha break just Nature's laws
 Maun pay their debt, like Robin.

Hypocrisy could never find
 A place within his noble mind,
 For he was generous, just, an' kind;
 Alas, we've few like Robin.
 For Robin was the king o' men—
 The king o' men, the king o' men;
 A star o' licht, the magic pen
 Of never-dying Robin.

The ploughman bard of toil an' woe,
 Misfortune still his direst foe;
 'Mid poortith's cares, alas, laid low,
 I'm wae to think on Robin.
 A genius blighted in his prime—
 In his prime, in his prime;
 A patriot and bard sublime
 Was unrewarded Robin.

Amid his life's beclouded day
 He checked grim superstition's sway;
 For truth and right he turned the lay,
 Then sing a dirge for Robin.
 For we are wild flowers by the way—
By the way, by the way,
Wha bud an' bloom but to decay;
 We a' maun follow Robin.

W. D. LATTO.

NOT a few will be delighted to find that "Tammis Bodkin" (Mr W. D. Latto) is immortalised amongst the poets. The *People's Journal* is almost a household word in Scotland, and its editor must therefore be a household friend. His treatment and knowledge of Scottish manners and customs is universally known—indeed, his humorous delineations of humble life and simple character, his invention and arrangement of suitable circumstances, comic incidents, and graphic scenes will not suffer from a comparison with "Mansie Waugh"—but few know much of his career.

Mr Latto was born at Ceres, a snug Fifeshire village, in 1823. He, after being a handloom weaver for several years, chose the teaching profession; and, having gone through a Normal School course in Edinburgh, he acted for sometime as Free Church school-master at the fishing village of Johnshaven, Kincardineshire. When quite a youth, we are told in an excellent paper in the May part (1880) of the *Wizard of the North* (Dundee), which also gave a very characteristic portrait of the worthy gentleman, Mr Latto wrote occasional pieces for the poet's corner of the *Fife Herald*, and at a later date for the columns of *Hogg's Instructor*, to which the late George Gilfillan, Isa Craig-Knox, and many others who have since distinguished themselves in the world of letters, were contributors. One of his juvenile efforts, "My Granny," appeared in "Foo Fozle," a collection of contemporary verses, which was edited and published by James Myles, bookseller, Dundee, author of "Rambles in Forfarshire," and other works of merit. Amongst his fellow-contributors to that clever poetical brochure, was the late Robert Leighton, author of the "Bapteezement o' the Bairn," as noticed in our

first series. During the heat of the Papal Aggression Controversy, about the year 1851, Mr Latto published "The Twa Bulls: a Metrical Tale for the Times," in which the rivalries between Popery and Protestantism were humorously hit off. The "Bulls" referred to were John Bull and the Papal Bull, whereby Pio Nono re-established the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England, with Cardinal Wiseman at its head.

During his teaching career he at various times contributed vigorous stories and sketches to the *People's Journal*, and the ability displayed in them was such that in 1860 he was asked to join the editorial staff of the paper. He has ever since filled the responsible situation with great ability and tact, as the position the paper occupies in Scottish journalism sufficiently proves.

By the publication of the sketches—"Tammas Bodkin, or the Humours of a Scottish Tailor," Mr Latto struck a congenial vein, and they showed literary abilities of an unusual kind. They abound with fine strokes of homely humour, ready wit, and strong common sense, and reveal a wide acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Scottish people. Since they appeared in the columns of the *Journal*, they have gone through several editions in book form. In this way they have become favourites at public readings—their fine admixture of pawky fun and good philosophy making them eminently acceptable alike for amusement and instruction. The same might be said of his work entitled "Song Sermons," published in 1879. They convey many a sound lesson and good moral in pithy and striking language, as well as diligent and able study and research on the part of the preacher in a rather difficult field. These *sermons* consist of interesting homilies on certain well-known old ballads and songs, such as "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," "My Jo Janet," "The Wife of Auchtermuchty," and "Maggie

Lauder." They have proved an acceptable offering to the admirers of our older ballads, and we can only hope that he will see fit to continue preaching from the same field. The exacting nature of his editorial duties has of late subordinated his personal affection for the Muses, and he has more frequently had to sit in judgment on fledgling poets, whom he corrects with a loving hand. He is admired and beloved by a wide circle of friends, is an effective and popular platform speaker; and can, we are told, when occasion demands, "oblige the company wi' a sang."

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

When could winter ruffles the leaves frae the tree,
 I'm as weary a bodie as weary can be;
 There's nae ane to cheer me across the hearthstane,
 A' the lee winter nicht I maun dozin' my lane.
 Dozin' my lane, dozin' my lane,
 A' the lee winter nicht I maun dozin' my lane.

The thrush lo'es to sing i' the white bloomin' thorn,
 The hare lo'es to gambol amang the green corn,
 But naething in nature can mak' my heart fain,
 For I ne'er can be blithesome while livin' my lane.
 Livin' my lane, livin' my lane,
 O I ne'er can be blithesome while livin' my lane.

I've an auld dowie chaumer just twal' feet by ten,
 An oot-hoose, an in-hoose, a but-hoose, an' ben,
 A weel-plenished mailin', an' gowd, a' my ain,
 But nocht can delight me when livin' my lane.
 Livin' my lane, livin' my lane,
 O nocht can delight me when livin' my lane.

Though some blame the lasses I carena a flee,
 I'll e'en tak' my fortune, whate'er it may be;
 Guid folk are richt scarce, but I'll surely find ane,
 To mak' me far blither than livin' my lane;
 Livin' my lane, livin' my lane,
 To mak' me far blither than livin' my lane.

An' gin a sweet wifie should e'er be my hap,
 I'll wake like a lav'rock, an' sleep like a tap,
 I'll sing like a lintie, an' never complain,
 But forget a' the sorrows of livin' my lane.
 Livin' my lane, livin' my lane,
 O wha can be happy when livin' alane!

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

How swiftly roll the wheels of Time !
 How few and fleeting are our years !
 A passing glimpse is all we get
 Of this dark vale of tears.

Yet brief although our journey be
 From feeble infancy to age,
 Unnumbered are the ills we meet
 Upon life's mortal stage.

In manhood, full of lucky life,
 We madly grasp at Fortune's prize,
 And dream ambitious dreams, till age
 In death seals up our eyes.

Yet our existence ends not here,
 It fails not with our failing breath
 But stretches to eternity
 Right through the gates of Death.

Since time is short and death is sure,
 O let us ever strive to bend
 Our thoughts and footsteps so that they
 May always heavenward tend.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Ah ! little thinks the bauld aspirin' youth,
 Vain o' the twa-three hairs aroond his smooth,
 What scrapin' they will cost him, yea, what trouble,
 Whan ance they grow to be as stiff as stubble !
 The boast that " Britons never shall be slaves "
 Is bootless in the case o' him wha shaves ;
 For when was ever serf by King or Kaiser
 Mair tortured than the wretch wha wields a razor ?
 The downy braird that shot doon frae my ears
 At first I trimmed and snoddit wi' the sheers,
 But that which grew upon my chin an' lip—
 Puir feckless trash—wad neither shave nor clip ;
 Sae to the garret whyles I quietly slunk,
 An' there I singed it wi' a brimstane spunk.

My peekin' voice ere lang grew deep and sture ;
 I thocht I'd got a cauld richt ill to cure,
 An' hawk'd an' hoastit sair to redd my hass
 O' what had turned my treble notes to bass ;
 But a' my clocherin' failed to clear my throat
O' what had twined me o' my treble note,
Until at last the truth dawned on my mind
That beards an' bass notes are maist aye combined.

When fouk get stobby beards an' roupy hasses,
 They learn belyve to smoke and coort the lasses.
 In a' my life—as far as I can mind—
 I've never been content to lag behind
 In ony project, enterprise, or plan
 Meant to promote the happiness o' man ;
 An' coortship bein', as it seemed to me,
 The very root o' man's felicity,
 I early yokit till't wi' a' the zeal
 That only tyros in the business feel ;
 Strivin' wi' micht an' main to love an' cheriah
 Half o' the winsome kimmers i' the parish.
 O what were life did we the record tyne
 O' pranks we played in days o' Auld Langayne !

For twa-three years I trotted here an' there,
 Like norlan' drover through a country fair,
 Glowrin' for some ane that wad suit my taste,
 Wi' raven hair, red cheeks, an' jimpy waist.
 Nor did I search in vain ; for Tibbie's e'e
 Sune shot a deidly arrow into me,
 An' there it still remains as firm as ever,
 An' sharp an' bright as when it left its quiver !

O what a warld o' sunny mem'ries clings
 To bride-cakes, hinnymunes, an' waddin' rings !
 At hame, a-field, where'er yer fitataps stray,
 Yer heart gaes dancin' like a cowte at play,
 Half crazed wi' love, aroond yer "winsome marrow"
 Ye chirm an' flutter like an am'rous sparrow,
 An' gin' ye dinna trow the tale I tell,
 Put in the "cries," an' try the job yersel'.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Sweet thing of beauty ! life would be
 A waste devoid of all things fair,
 Did not my bosom leap to thee,
 The soother of its grief and care ;
 For woman's hand and woman's heart
 Can minister a healing balm ;
 Snatch from the soul the quivering dart,
 And breathe o'er all a halcyon calm ;
 A ministering angel she
 To lighten mortal misery !

O, when I first beheld thy face,
 And press'd in mine thy gentle hand,
 Thy blooming cheek and modest grace
 Waved o'er my soul a magic wand.
 Thy kindly tone, thy playful smile,
 Bespeaking innocence and love ;

The lustre of thine eyes the while
 That beamed like angel-orbs above ;
 All joined upon my heart to pour
 A joyance never felt before.

I deemed the bosom must be blest
 That leaned confidingly on thine ;
 But honour then the wish suppress'd
 That e'er such blessing might be mine.
 I saw thee bloom a floral gem,
 Such as the earth has rarely shown—
 How beauteous on its graceful stem !
 And yet between us was there thrown
 A passless bar ! But that is past :
 Sweet rosebud thou art mine at last !

And O the ardours of my soul
 At our first happy interview,
 Know no abatement, but control
 My throbbing bosom as when new.
 I *then* but knew the garniture
 That lent its beauty to the rose ;
 But *now* I taste the essence pure
 That from its core divinely flows,
 Absorbing all those bitter tears
 That follow in the wake of years.

Perchance thine eyes are dimmer now,
 Thy step less light, thy cheek less fair ;
 More grave thy voice and smile ; but thou
 Art still the soother of my care.
 Now from thy lips a current flows
 Of meek intelligence and truth,
 And kindness in thy bosom glows
 More sweet than all the charms of youth ;
 And, dove-like, thither would I flee
 When round me wars life's troubled sea !

Life is a changeful scene ; and we
 May scarce have felt its sorrows yet ;
 But still whate'er the prospect be,
 The path howe'er with thorns beset—
 Still true to thee and Heaven above
 I shall not seek another shrine
 For solace, but hold fast the love
 That ever draws my soul to thine ;
 Still shall I to thy breast repair,
 And find my consolation there !

DANIEL W. GALLACHER,

COMPOSITOR in the *Standard* Office, Kilmarnock, published, in 1879, a small volume of poetry, which was well received by the public and the press. Although Mr Gallacher at times shows rather a want of skill in the mechanical part of verse-making, being occasionally faulty in rhythm, there is never any lack of poetic unction and feeling. In natural and touching pathos he particularly excels. Mr Gallacher, though of Irish extraction, was born in Paisley about the year 1848. After being educated at a charity school, he was apprenticed to a printer in that town. Subsequently he removed to Kilmarnock, and has been ever since employed in the *Standard* newspaper office, being an especial favourite with the late Mr Stevenson, the publisher. The first of the two following pieces is quite worthy of being classed with "The Mitherless Bairn" of William Thom.

OOR WEE WILLIE'S DEID.

Cheerless is the ha', noo,
 Gane the playthings a', noo,
 Oor bairnie, far awa noo,
 Rests his weary heid ;
 Fragrant though the floo'ers, noo,
 Hopeless pass the hoors, noo,
 Misfortune comes in shoo'rs, noo—
 Oor wee Willie's deid !

Sad is Mysie's sang, noo,
 Everything gangs wrang, noo,
 Hearts warm sae lang, noo,
 Are cauld, cauld as lead ;
 Nae mair his lauchin' een, noo,
 Lichtens up the scene, noo,
 'Neath yon bed o' green, noo—
 Oor wee Willie's deid !

Empty is his chair, noo,
 Wrinkled broo o' care, noo,
 Marks a face ance fair, noo,
 That tended aft his heid ;
 Jamie's grown less bauld, noo,
 Nae mair his story's tauld, noo,
 Everything looks cauld, noo—
 Oor wee Willie's deid !

"Faither, whaur's the wean, noo,
 I've to play my lane, noo,
 Since wee Willie's gane, noo,"
 Aye the bairnies plead ;
 "Ye promis'd he'd come sune, noo,
 Oh ! I lang to hear his din, noo,"
 "Bairns, he's weel abune, noo—
 Oor wee Willie's deid !

Lay ye past his ba', noo,
 Cradle-neuk an' a', noo,
 Though sad the tear should fa', noo—
 The heart in silence bleed.
 Lanely here we yearn, noo,
 For a bonnie bairn, noo,
 Cauld 'neath mossy cairn, noo—
 Oor wee Willie's deid !"

TO THE CARMEL.

Flow on, sweet Carmel, flow along,
 Unsung, though by the sons of song ;
 O, gentle rivulet were't mine
 The powerful pen for thoughts divine—
 The art to sing in measured lays—
 Then would'st thou be my theme of praise,
 Fair-shaded brook, where love's pure dart
 First made a prisoner of my heart.

O, Carmel in those sacred hours,
 When hill and dale lay strew'd with flow'rs,
 Sweet words of love pledged hearts of truth
 Beneath the radiant smiles of youth ;
 As on thy flow'ry banks and braes
 We strayed, as oft in brighter days,
 Thy murmurings mingled with the knell
 Of that heart-breaking fare-thee-well.

Fare-thee-well, sweet river. Know,
 Close by lies her of long ago—
 The voice that charmed, the eye that shone,
 Are now in all their beauty gone.
 Ah ! ripple onward, gentle stream,
 Each thought of thee's a sunny beam
 That lights my pathway, sad and drear,
 For oft I've met my Mary here.

JOHN WHITE, LL.D.,

WAS born at Inchscoonings, parish of Errol, in the far-famed Carse of Gowrie, in 1807. The sweet and quiet beauty of the spot was a fine nurse for, and tended much to foster in him, his natural poetic gift. This, combined with the well-ordered household of his parents, impressed so deeply his mind that they never were forgotten in after life, and when his head had been whitened by the snows of more than threescore and ten years, we find him thus beautifully singing of

THE AULD HOUSE AT HAME.

The auld house and the golden lea,
 The broomie knowes an' rowan tree,
 Whaur aft we roam'd in childish glee,
 Will mellow a',
 Till life's bit thread, sae short an' free,
 Breaks richt in twa.

Still, in our dreams, we climb the braes,
 Whaur blissfu' joys hid a' our waes,
 An' revel 'mang the hips and slaes,
 A' roun' the biel',
 Whause charms, though bent by life's sad faes,
 We'll ever feel.

There pure devotion daily reigned,
 That gilded hope, and fears restrained ;
 There artless love, alike unfeign'd,
 Lent weakness power,
 While Heaven on us freely reigned
 Its promised dower.

The auld folks aft were scant o' gear,
 And ne'er were blessed wi' meikle lea,
 But still they had what stood life's wear—
 Guid common sense
 That brang content, nay even mair—
 Faith's recompense.

Content and peace grew side by side,
 Like blushing flow'rs at e'ning tide ;
 While modest worth and manly pride,
 Man's noblest crest,
Ne'er bent the knee wi' fawning slide,
 E'en to the best !

Time's rusty share can ne'er efface
 The glowing charms that love can trace ;
 The childish joys, the fond embrace,
 That still we feel ;
 Nor Fortune e'er, in life's sad race,
 Supplant the biel' !

Dr White received the first part of his education at St Madoes' Parish School, after which he was sent for four years to the Grammar School at Perth ; when he proceeded to the University, where he studied till 1831. After this he taught in Edinburgh for two years, and was appointed to the Commercial Department of the Irvine Academy. Here Dr White continued to teach for the period of thirty-two years—the Academy prospering, and his fame as one of first mathematical teachers of the day spreading far and wide. In 1867 the Senatus of Glasgow University conferred upon him the distinction of Doctor of Laws ; and few men can more worthily write LL.D. after their names. The West of Scotland is proud of him, while the Irvine people claim him now as one of their most gifted sons.

A few years ago Dr White retired from his public duties, and he now lives in honoured and contented retirement in the town where he has taught so long, so well, and so acceptably ; and here, still strong in body and bright and vigorous in mind, he now crowns

A youth of labour with an age of ease,

while in heart and feeling, and an ardent love of Nature, he is as young and lively as when he was climbing the hill of Kinnoul, or racing on the banks of the Tay full sixty years ago. The closing years of his life are cheered and brightened by a calm and unclouded Christian hope, and by a beautiful resignation to the will of the Creator, and he feels and *shows exactly* what he says—

In meekness, Lord, I'll own Thy sway,
 My guide, my all, my only stay !
 To thee I'll cling till faith's bright ray
 A crown has won !
 Till life's last ebbing tide I'll say,
 Thy will be done.

Although Dr White has written a good deal for many years, yet it was not till 1879 that he published a volume. In that year, however, he gave to the world "Jottings in Prose and Verse," a goodly work of nearly 300 closely-printed pages. The prose portion consists of some sixteen sketches and essays on miscellaneous subjects, sparkling with wit, and brimful of humour. The poetical portion of the volume is made up of short lyrical pieces, mostly in the Scottish dialect. The poems show tenderness, lively wit, and a genial nature, and all of them are possessed of a charming simplicity and a skilful finish. His songs have a fine point and an easy flow about them which always pleases.

OOOR LAST FLITTIN'.

Life's lease is unco short, John,
 And the term is comin' fast ;
 The flittin' day we'll min', John,
 Lest sorrow come at last.
 A treasure we'll lay up, John,
 A' safe frae ilka fae,
 Whaur ne'er a warning's gi'en, John,
 A hame without a wae.

Come when the flittin' may, John,
 We'll e'en noo dae oor best,
 And aye look up for grace, John,
 To bring us peace an' rest.
 Wi' heart sincere, we'll strive, John,
 To keep the narrow way,
 And watch, wi' jealous e'e, John,
 Oor last, oor flittin' day.

Ye ken we've flitted aft, John,
 An' sair forfouchen been,
 To keep oor bairnies sax, John,
 An' sticks a' neat an' clean :

But oh, it mak's me wae, John,
 (My only pride an' stay)
 To think that we must part, John,
 When comes the fittin' day.

Through a' oor cares an' toils, John,
 We've helpit ane anither,
 And e'en when at the warst, John,
 We closer drew thegither.
 Oor bonnie bairns four, John,
 Noo clad in white array,
 We'll meet, if we hae faith, John,
 When comes the fittin' day.

We've warnin's had fu' aft, John,
 That filled oor hearts wi' wae,
 To tell us baith the truth, John,
 We're creepin' doon the brae ;
 A' these were wisely sent, John,
 Sure inklin's o' decay,
 That whisper'd aye, tak' tent, John,
 Ere comes the fittin' day.

THE DARKEST O' CLOUDS HAE AYE SILVER LINING.

When strange freaks o' fortune darken hope's e'e,
 Whose weaving and end we canna weel see ;
 Gird on Wisdom's shield, and cease a' repining,
 For the darkest o' clouds hae aye silver lining.

Should grief's sombre shades fall fast at your door,
 When whiles ye are moor'd on Misfortune's lee shore ;
 With meekness submit to this hard refining,
 For the darkest o' clouds hae aye silver lining.

When life's e'enin' tide is ruffled wi' care,
 And fancy's bright dreams are maist lost in despair ;
 Trim faith's flick'ring lamp, and keep it aye shining,
 For the darkest o' clouds hae aye silver lining.

When Fortune her gifts withdraws with a frown,
 And life's silver chord is nearly run down,
 Think o' the land where light's ever shining,
 For the darkest o' clouds hae aye silver lining.



JOHN F. DUNCAN

WAS born in Newtyle in 1847. At present he is engaged in trade in Dundee as a painter and house decorator. Mr Duncan's opportunities of courting the Muse have been few, as his business has demanded the most of his time and attention. "Lights and Shadows," a dramatic sketch, turning upon episodes in the life of Robert Burns, is as yet the only work that Mr Duncan has found it convenient to publish. The sketch was composed in connection with the Dundee Burns Club. This Club, now in the twenty-third year of its existence, has held an annual festival, on or about the 25th of January, since the date of its origin. At these festivals a dramatic entertainment forms the principal feature of the programme, and to Mr Duncan's labour in producing sketches is mainly due the success of these festivals. The piece has been produced on various occasions in the Theatre Royal, Dundee. Through its representation on the stage the members of the Dundee Burns Club were able to hand over a sum of £50 towards the erection of the Burns Statue, executed by Sir John Steel, and unveiled in Dundee in October 1880. The sketch has also been performed in the country districts in the neighbourhood of Dundee for various charitable purposes, and has always been enthusiastically received. At the time of its representation in the Theatre, the local newspapers wrote unanimously in its praise. One of them referred to it as a singularly well written piece, constructed with an amount of skill which would have done credit to a professional playwright.

The selection from the first scene will give the reader a slight idea of the scope of a work which ought to be read in its entirety:—

INTERIOR OF WILLIAM BURNS' COTTAGE.

WILLIAM BURNS *and* GILBERT *seated at a table.*

W. Burns. Ah ! Gilbert, but yer brither's sair to blame,
His nichtly wanderins, negleck o' hame,
His godless, glaikit company wi' fules,
At feein' markets, kirns, an' dancin' schules,
Wi' a' the evils o' their time an' place,
Will surely bring him ruin an' disgrace.

Gilbert. Oh ! faither, but ye judge puir Robert sair,
He kens the richt an' wrang, tak ye nae fear ;
What tho' he mixes in the hamely sport
O' kindred spirits o' the humbler sort ;
It may na be that wisdom always dwells
In Sage's toors or lanely hermit cells :
Whyles ye may see it in the kindly face,
In lowly cot, or in the market place.

W. Burns. Ah ! Gilbert, Gilbert, but my fears maun speak.
Wi' passions strong an' resolution weak,
Wi' gifts o' mind magnetic in their po'er,
He may attract, no aye the gude an' pure !
An' I hae markit in his youth the bent
O' his ower eager ardent temperment ;
Defiance bold sits on his forehead hie,
Speaks in his quiverin' lip and flashin' e'e ;
Dour honesty is his, that canna bide
The sicht o' cant, hypocrisy, an' pride ;
Placed in society whaur these abound,
As plenteous will enemies be found.
But noo, it's wearin' late, I'll gang tae bed,
An', Gilbert, bear in mind a' I hae said,
Should Robert come, an' in a canny mood,
Speak to him kindly as a brither should.

[Exit WILLIAM BURNS.]

Gilbert. Speak tae him ! Aiblins if I werena wise
I'd ack the coonsellor wi' sage advise.
Speak tae him ! Ay, an' see the proud disdain
Wi' which he'd cast it in my face again.
Na, na, whate'er may be his lot in life—
The conqueror or conquered in the strife—
Unfettered must he be in every limb,
God an' posterity maun judge o' him.
But here he comes. [Enter BURNS.] Robert, ye're late the
nicht ;

Ye've pit oor faither in an unco fricht ;
He's winderin' sair whaur ye can get to gang.
Burns. Indeed ! Weel, Gilbert, there's nae meikle wrang ;
But in the gloamin', haein' time to spare,
I wandered listless east as far as Ayr,
There met some freens, aijourned to hae a dram,
Spent a waist happy nicht, an' here I am.

Gilbert. Ah ! Robert, but——

Burns. Come, Gilbert, nae advices,
We hny behaviour at various prices ;
Supposin' it a maitter o' expense,
The best, tho' dearest, is experience.

Gilbert, aside. Juist as I said, advice he winna tak.

[*BURNS goes to a chest, and takes a manuscript from the locker.*]

Burns. Aweel noo, Gilbert, lat us cheenge the crack :

I wrote some verses here the ither day—
Suppose yersel' a critic in a way—
I think they're gude, still I wad like to ken
If they can touch the hearts o' ither men.
The theme is humble : Ae day busy plewin',
A wee field moosie's nest I brocht tae ruin ;
Wi' sid'lin' coorse the frichtit creatur' ran
Frae his arch enemy, a' po'erfu' man.
Commiseration, pity, stirred my breast,
Which in poetic form is thus exprest.

[*Reads poem. "To a Mouse."*]

Gilbert. Maist beautifu' ! in fack, it is sublime ;
It's maist extraord'nar hoo ye mak it rhyme.
But, Robert, ye'll excuse me if I tell ye
It tak's yer mind aff things o' far mair value.
It's no that Poetry there's ony hairm in.
But, ah ! it's no sae profitable as fairmin'.

Burns. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Weel said,
Gentlest o' oracles, noo gang to bed.

[*GILBERT slowly retires, turns at the door, looks wistfully at BURNS, and exit.*]

Burns. Noo let me pause and tak a forward view.

Two paths lie open, *ane* I maun pursue :
This leads to fortune, independance, ease ;
That, to the puir reward Apollo gies.
I fain wad rank auld Scotia's hards amang,
Gie her a lift in hamely rustic sang,
But, ah ! the wild flow'rs and the green grass wave
On ill requited Ferguson's young grave.
I see his ghastry hunger-wasted form,
The shattered wreck o' ae continuous storm
O' rude adversity. I hear him cry
In wailin' tones o' mental agony,
Left by the land he loved an' sung so well
To moan his life out in a mad-house cell.
Then, why should I self-interest disown—
Accept the laurel as a martyr's crown ?
No ! hy puir Ferguson, neglected, dead,
And by the starry roof ahune me spread—
[*Vision of COLLA at the back, who offers him a laurel wreath.*]

JAMES ROGER,

STATION-MASTER, Roslin Castle, has been a prize-taker in connection with poetical competitions in the columns of the *People's Journal*. &c., and many of his pieces give evidence of a pure and thoughtful mind, deeply in love with the beauties of Nature, of which he sings with simple and unassuming tenderness. He was born at Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, in 1841, and graduated in the school of honest poverty, having been working for himself since he was eleven years of age. He left Ayrshire in 1858, entered the service of the North British Railway Company in 1866, and has been in his present position since 1870—greatly esteemed for his civil and obliging manners, as well as for his moral worth. Besides writing occasional verses, Mr Roger is known as a diligent and intelligent student of geology and botany.

THE BRAES O' BLACKCASTLE.

The brackens are brown on the braes o' Blackcastle,
 The red leaves o' autumn are strewn on the plain;
 But aft on the hillside the brackens will rustle,
 Ere with Flora I roam on Blackcastle again.

Oh, sadly we gazed on the crimson sun setting,
 Whilst bright shone the licht on the Isle o' the May,
 And doon in the meadows the cattle were grazing,
 Whilst the redbreast was warbling the dirge o' the day.

And the woodland was bathed in a golden brown glory,
 Where the warm lips of autumn each leaflet had prest;
 Whilst sombre and stern, like the heroes of story,
 The uprearing pines swayed their feathery crest.

And sweet frae yon tree-top the mavis was trilling,
 And the coo o' the cushat sae plaintive and wae,
 Struck an echoing chord in our hearts which were thrilling
 Responsive to a' the sweet notes o' their lay.

But the glory soon faded—the birdies ceased singing,
 As dark o'er the land-cape nicht's mantle did fa',
 And the seagull o'erhead was screaming while winging
Its way to the Bass or to dark Berwick Law.

And the dewdraps, as soft as the kiss o' a maiden,
 Were weetin' the wee flowers that spangle the hill ;
 Whilst the blush-fringed gowan, wi' nectar o'erladen,
 Bent low to its neebour, the bonny blue bell.

Oh, friendship is pleasant, in youth's sunny morning
 It springs frae the heart, free frae envy and strife ;
 Our toils they grow lighter, our joys they grow brighter,
 For the love-wreaths we weave round the chains of our life.

'Tis in mem'ries like these where true pleasures are found
 Illuming the mind with a mellowed caste,
 When the gloaming of life draws its curtains around,
 And we turn o'er the tear-blotted leaves of the past.

TWILIGHT.

Gently falls the evening shadows
 With a soul-inspiring calm ;
 Soothing down each warring passion,
 Healing aching hearts with balm.

The silver moon steals gently upwards,
 Smiling o'er the softened scene,
 Casting lengthened shadows over
 Mountain top and meadow green ;

And the little pearly flowerets
 Feel the gentle influence too,
 As they close their fairy petals,
 Laden with refreshing dew.

Memory also owns the sway,
 Reflection opes her varied store ;
 Things thought worthless, cast away,
 Now are mourned and grieved o'er.

Hours misspent and moments squandered,
 Though we knew they could not last ;
 Gone to swell the insatiate garner
 Of the ever craving Past.

Through the trees the wind is moaning
 Like the wail of recreant soul,
 As it sinks into Life's gloaming,
 Draweth near the earthly goal.

Feelings too more calm and holy
 Come we know not whence nor why ;
 Make us humble feel, and lowly,
 Thrill the heart and dim the eye.

Still the moon is gliding upward,
And from the beggar to the throne ;
With regret each looketh backward,
As they haste to their long home.

EVENING CHIMES.

'Tis by struggling men grow noble,
Trampling on unworthy things ;
Gathering up the misspent moments—
Precious pearls on golden strings.

Looking upwards, ever heavenwards,
Like the spire of God's own house ;
Casting worldly cares behind us,
Praising God with cheerful voice.

Then droop not in the weary conflict,
God will help you on your way ;
And, in hours of dark temptation,
Hopefully and humbly pray.

Though adversities surround thee,
Still press onward, do not fear ;
And though vanquished in thy sorrow
God will wipe the falling tear.

Look with loving gaze to Jesus,
Kingly author of our faith ;
Present aid in every trouble,
Comforter in hour of death.

Oh, look upwards, ever heavenwards,
Listen to his gracious word ;
They are blest, for ever blest,
Who wait and rest upon the Lord.

TO A FRIEND.


Oh ! blame not if my woodnotes wild,
In strains harmonious may not roll ;
I let the flowers of fancy twine
In wreaths uncultured round my soul.

The hedge-side flowers will serve an end,
Unnoticed in the worlds rude strife ;
And like the flowers those lines many tend
To soothe some thorny path in Life.

Look friendly on those simple lays,
Think kindly of me as you read ;
You would not blame the homely bird
That sweetly sings on daisied mead

Because its song was not more sweet,
Its notes did not more glorious thrill ;
And mine is but a rude wild strain
To please my own untutored will.

JOHN DAVIDSON BROWN,

R, as he delighted to call himself, "The Bard of Glazert," was born in the pastoral parish of Dunlop, in the north of Ayrshire, about 1820. His parents, though labouring people, gave him a superior English and commercial education, which enabled him to engage in teaching. For some years he taught in country schools in his native district, and at the village of Hollow-wood, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire. Unfortunately he gave way to restless and intemperate habits; and while yet a young man, he went to the United States, but only remained there a short time. On returning home he published his "Adventures," and in 1845 he issued "The Bard of Glazert, with Miscellaneous Poems and Songs." Of the first mentioned, only part one, extending to about sixty pages, was given—the second, we believe, was never written. The Glazert is a small stream which flows through a beautiful district, until it falls into the Annick, about four miles below the populous village of Stewarton; and the poem in which Mr Brown celebrates its beauties is partly lyrical and partly narrative—the former being by far the best. The other portion of the volume is unequal—some of the poems being very beautiful and finely-finished productions, while others appear to have been written with haste. The work, however, was favourably received by the press, and procured him an appointment on the *Ayr Observer*, but he only kept the situation for a short time.

In 1850 he brought out by subscription "Ballads Founded on Ayrshire Traditions," with interesting historical introductions. Some of these ballads are touching, and have a fine easy and graceful flow of verse.

Meanwhile Mr Brown had sent a copy of his first volume to the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose "Bundles of Books" were then appearing in *Hogg's Instructor*. The critic gave it a severe "cutting up," and the poet took this much to heart. In his anguish he went to Mr A. B. Todd, of Cumnock, then a young poetical aspirant, but who has since earned a wide fame, and to whom he dedicated one of his longer ballads. Mr Todd gave the poor stricken bard wise counsel, and endeavoured to soothe his anguish, and to cheer him by giving him substantial help in the way of enabling him to get the "Ballads" out of the hands of the publisher. Instead of using the aid for this purpose, he again yielded to his besetting temptation, and was never able to *relieve* his work. Soon after, it is thought, he again went to America, where he is supposed to have died, as all trace of him has long been lost.

The following pieces show that, with loftier aims and steadier habits, he might have obtained an honourable place amongst our national poets:—

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land, my native land,
Where dwell the brave and free,
Lies far from dark Columbia's strand—
Beyond Atlanta's sea.
And I have cross'd the raging main—
An exile now I roam,
And I may never greet again
My happy island home.

Land of my fathers ! tho' the sea
Rolls dark and wide between,
This fond heart ever is with thee,
And throbs at every scene
That recollection brings to view,
Of boyhood's happy days,
When I roam'd o'er thy mountains blue,
And sported on thy braes.

A tear is trembling in mine eye—
My throbbing heart is full ;
I see in fancy all that I
In youth deemed beautiful :—

I see the cottage of my birth
 In thy green glens remote ;
 I see my friends of noblest worth—
 Friends ne'er to be forgot.

O Scotland ! wherefore did I leave
 Thy shores, where freedom reigns,
 To seek a land where now I grieve
 For thy green flow'ry plains.
 Can gold beguile the weariness
 That brings this burden'd sigh,
 Or rob from all, its dearness,
 On which I turn mine eye ?

And I am in a sunny clime,
 Where winter is unknown,
 Where tow'rs the cedar and the lime,
 By silent Mageron ;
 But I would rather see the isle
 Where winter's chilly breath
 Congeals the brook, and clothes awhile
 In white, the mountain heath.

Above me in the breezeless air,
 Soar birds of daring wing ;
 But oh ! I long again to hear
 The warbling skylark sing ;
 And birds of rainbow plumage flit
 In every flowery bush ,
 But I would rather listen yet
 The chanting of the thrush.

And Scotia, stubborn is thy soil,
 And cold thy northern sky ;
 But to thy hardy sons of toil
 What land with thee can vie ?
 Thy soil is hallow'd by the tread
 Of freedom's bravest sons,
 And danger never made afraid
 Thine own undaunted ones.

A Wallace and a Bruce have been
 Of yore thy sons of might,
 And with their blades of dazzling sheen,
 Maintained thine honoured right ;
 And thousands of thy Saxon foes,
 Who came to Bannockburn,
 Thy sons of freedom to oppose,
 Fell, never to return.

.

But by thy mountains and thy plains
 War's shout is heard no more,
 And gentle peace serenely reigns
 In thee from shore to shore.

In thy green glens, and on thy hills,
 Gay thrilling songs are heard,
 Sweeter than music of thy rills,
 From many a rustic bard.
 By "bonnie Doon" was heard a lyre—
 'Twas sweet and gay by turns ;
 And he who woke its strains of fire
 Was thine own minstrel Burns.

Thy blue streams that sweep singing by
 Dark greenwood, rock, and brae,
 Are in soul-melting melody
 Sung of, in many a lay.
 Thou land of beauty and of song—
 Land of blue limpid streams,
 Thy woods and glens I stray among,
 In sweet Elysian dreams.

Land of the mountain and the fell—
 Land of the twilight glen ;
 Land of the strath and bosky dell—
 Land of the lake and fen ;
 Land of the brave land of the free,
 Where tyrants may not roam,
 I would I were again in thee,
 My happy island home.

TAM GIFFEN.

Auld grannie sat carding her woo' by the fire
 On a cauld winter eve ; and as midnight drew nigher,
 The bairns gather'd roun' her and quitted their glee,
 To list to her tales : mony auld tales had she,
 O' brownies, an' spunkies, an' wee merry men
 That dance in green jackets at night in the glen—
 O' ghosts an' grim spectres, in auld castles grey,
 That haud their wild revelries till break o' day.

In a circle aroun' her the wee bairnies drew,
 An' eerie they look'd at the fire burnin' blue ;
 Nae whispering was heard when auld grannie began
 To tell o' Tam Giffen, the wild warlock man :
 Lang, lang in the world woun'd warlock Tam,
 Nae ane could tell frae what kintra he cam' ;
 He seem'd like a stranger on earth left forlorn,
 An' some said he ne'er in this world was born.

He wander'd the kintra, north, east, south and west,
 An' aft gaed to ca' on them wha used him best ;
 Alane in some glen he at morn nicht he seen,
 But nae ane kent whaur he nicht be or 'twas e'en ;
 Pale, pale was his lank cheek, but dark lowered his brow,
 An' his black e'e seem'd glaucin' wi' unearthly lowe ;
 He lauched at the sorrows that made ithers weep,
 An' he never was kent to slumber or sleep.

In through the keyhole, or doun through the lum,
 When the doors were a' barred he at midnight wad come ;
 Or afar in some glen wi' the bogyles wad he,
 At the dead o' the nicht hauding unholy glee ;
 Or dancin' wi' fairies far ben in the wood,
 Or sailing in cockle-shell far o'er the flood,
 Or fleeing wi' witches away through the air,
 Or doing dark deeds that I daurna declare.

When a tempest was brewing afar in the sky,
 There aye was a wildness in Tam Giffen's eye,
 An' awa oot o' sicht he would soon disappear,
 Crying " Wark's to be dune, an' I daurna bide here."
 An' aften wad gude folk in terror declare
 He rade in the black storm on high in the air,
 Leading whirlwinds quick onward o'er valley an' hill,
 Working mischief an' ruin to gude an' to ill.

Ae nicht when a revel o' goblins had been
 Far doun in the glen, on the mune-lighted green,
 Tam shared in the glee, and next morning telt a'
 The wonderful things that he heard an' he saw ;
 Then the fairies, an' goblins, an' witches did meet
 By Garrits' dark linn — a wild lonely retreat—
 An' wailings were heard in the dread midnight air,
 An Tam Giffen, next morning, was found lifeless there.



JOHN LEE

3S a native of Montrose, where he was born in 1797. His father came to that town as a member of the troop of the 7th, or King's Own, Heavy Dragoon Guards, who were stationed there while the American war was going on. John and a

brother David were the only members of a family of nine who grew up to manhood. The latter, when a youth of sixteen, enlisted in the Royal Horse Artillery, in which regiment he passed through the Peninsular War, and was also present at the Battle of Waterloo. The subject of this sketch served an apprenticeship as a shoemaker, and became foreman in one of the principal shops. He was an enthusiastic musician, and composed music for several of his effusions. This led him into the society of the leading gentlemen of the town. Mr Davidson Nichol, then bookseller in the well-known establishment now occupied by Mr George Walker, took an interest in the young man, and giving up his *awl*, he entered his service as salesman and traveller. He remained in this situation until the death of Mr Nichol, and was also in the employment of his successor, Mr G. W. Laird, as well as with Mr Walker. He left the service of the latter, became a clerk for a short time, and then returned to his original calling. After the lapse of several years he became a pressman in Mr Walker's printing establishment. John lived for a year or two in England, but came back again in poor circumstances, and found a home in Dorward's House of Refuge.

Being a man of considerable intelligence, with genial and social manners, he felt the change keenly, and wrote as follows :—

POVERTY.

'Tis worth the pains of penury—its curse—
 The inconvenience of an empty purse,
 To feel, to look abroad, to stand alone,
 When your fair prospects are for ever gone,
 Like some lone scarecrow, out amidst the storm,
 With garments flaunting tag-rag round its form,
 You watch your *birds*, that hailed you morn and night—
 They see you, and at once take sidelong flight,
 Frighten'd at gaunt poverty, they fly,
 And leave the human scarecrow but to sigh.
 I've many friends who rank among a class
 Whose wiser plans rebuke me now, alas !

For want of aim—they've watch'd the wind
 And kept their course, and I am left behind,
 But yet afloat still I look up and see
 Th' intrinsic worth of life's nobility.
 'Tis glorious, amidst life's trash to know
 That there are souls who feel for other's woe !

For many years he has composed a New Year's hymn, which is sung with earnestness at the festive gatherings of the inmates of the "refuge." Here is a fair sample of these odes :—

Awake each voice—from hearth and home,
 From cottage, fane, and sounding dome,
 From palace-pomp, and hamlet rude,
 From city's stir, and solitude.
 Praise ye our God, great Lord of Time,
 Who reigns in heaven's high courts sublime ;
 Who rules the floods, wipe's off the tear,
 And gladdens man with each New Year.

Look round our home ; Almighty care
 Tends to our wants—He hears our prayer ;
 He guides our youth with parent hand,
 And points them to a better land.
 He smiles upon us from above,
 And calls us with the voice of love ;
 Approach Him, then, with holy fear,
 With grateful thanks for this New Year.

John has on several occasions essayed to become an author, by publishing small collections. One of these, "Wild Flowers of Solitude," has reached a second edition. Besides his pieces issued in a collective form he has frequently appeared in the columns of the local newspapers. These have generally been in the comic and strongly sarcastic vein, and consist of allusions to well-known characters. They are, however, very unequal, and much inferior to his serious poems.

He is much respected by a wide circle in Montrose and district, and is a man of keen sensibilities. We might add that he has long mourned the loss of his partner in life and holds her memory dear. He speaks often of the Sunday prior to his marriage, and relates that he with his bride then walked on the

beautiful links in the afternoon, and rehearsed the marriage service as contained in the Book of Common Prayer. On the 50th anniversary of this Sunday John took the same walk, and read the service from the same book, remarking to an acquaintance he met—"Just to think noo, that I am left alane in my auld age an' nae ane to care for."

SWEET IS THE AUTUMN, MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Sweet is the autumn, midnight hour,
When silence in her sylvan bower,
Arrayed in moonbeams, hails the light
From yon clear portals of the night;
The tuneful songsters of the grove
Now cease to sing their songs of love!
The brooks glide, murmur'ing to the sea
Their harps tuned up to ecstasy.

'Tis here devotion loves to dwell,
Beyond the city's midnight pale—
Beyond its unrein'd, frantic noise
Which shoutings bid the fool rejoice!
Obedient, thus, *on* to his fate,
Hastens the poor inebriate,
Like insects rushing to the light
To meet destruction in their flight.

Thrice bless'd are they whose souls expand
Whilst yet on earth, to yon bright land,
And who, like Enoch, walk with God
As pilgrims, but, without the load.

Silence be mine, the silver moon,
I love to watch, at night's pale noon,
When human tongues are lock'd in sleep—
When moon and stars their vigils keep—
Stars, that in thousands deck the sky
In numberless infinity.

Night is the time to meet with God—
To walk within his bless'd abode.

Thou Majesty divine, whose power
Is written in the midnight hour
In yon interminable space
Where Thou sustain'st th' eternal race
Of blazing orbs, that speak Thy praise
Far from the telescopic gaze,
Away in yonder depths sublime
Unmeasured by the sons of time,
O! hear me, when I cry to thee,
Thou dweller of eternity.

My last breath looms upon my sight,
 And, when the mandate gives it flight,
 Disclose to me Thy leading star,
 To lead a pilgrim from afar.
 O ! be Thy guardian angel near
 My falt'ring footsteps, then to cheer :
 May Thy salvation cup be there
 To keep far from my soul despair,
 Thus, shall I with my latest breath,
 Exclaim—"Where is thy sting, O Death !"

HOGMANAY SCENES.

What shouts of joy are these that meet my ear,
 Mingling with sounds of an expiring year ?
 Surely they come from those whose souls are blent
 With consciousness of days and years well spent :
 And do they think of Him who now has given
 Another year with bounties fresh from heaven—
 Of Him who is man's never failing trust
 In all his paths till dust returns to dust ?
 Ah, no—alas ! they come from folly's shrine,
 Without one thought of blessings so divine.
 But, list ! I hear the voice of grateful praise
 From other lips, a nobler song they raise
 To that High Being who lends a list'ning ear
 To all our wants, who crowns each passing year
 With blessings all His own, whose table's spread
 To undeserving man with daily bread,
 Who guides us through this sterile vale of tears,
 And pours the light of heaven upon our fears,
 And who, with open arm, at our last breath,
 Receives the soul beyond the reach of death.
 Oh ! let us then to wisdom bend the ear,
 And praise the Lord who rules the passing year !



WILLIAM NICHOLSON,

WHO is known to most readers of poetry by his fine and strikingly-original poem, "The Brownie of Blednoch," was born at Tannymas, in the seaboard parish of Borgue, in the south of Galloway, so long ago as 1783. His parents were humble,

though highly intelligent people. His mother—like those of most poets—had quite a literary taste, and delighted in the old ballads of her native land, and in Blind Harry's "History of Wallace." Our grand old rugged Scottish version of the Psalms she had completely in her memory, and could also repeat the whole of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." The hearth, then, where the future poet was reared, was truly a "meet nurse for a poetic child."

At school, young Nicholson cared not to acquire more learning than only to enable him to read—arithmetic, like not a few other poets, he utterly abhorred. He delighted in music, and early learned to play well on the Irish bagpipe.

Nicholson was so short-sighted that he was unfit for either a ploughman or a shepherd. He was therefore set up as a packman, and in that capacity he afterwards travelled through Galloway and Dumfriesshire, having his bagpipes always along with him. These made his visits welcome at every farm house and cottage, all over the country. In the open air, on the banks of the purling streams, in the shadow of the wood, or on the purple hillside, he read his favourite authors, and composed most of his poems, taking more delight in these things than in pushing off the wares of his pack. When his business in this line had fallen sadly off through neglect, he began to think of collecting and publishing his poems. With this end in view he set about procuring subscribers, and these soon numbered 1500 names. In Edinburgh, whither he had gone to arrange for the printing of his volume, he met the kindhearted Ettrick Shepherd, who treated him as a true poetic brother, corrected his manuscripts, and, it is said, made a few alterations in "The Country Lass," the principal poem in the volume. By the publication he cleared about £100; and the press was not stinted in the praise it bestowed upon the poems.

It is melancholy to relate that after his fame had been so well established as an author, he became somewhat intemperate. He was, like many other men of genius, of a melancholy temperament, and his drinking habits tended to increase his mental gloom. In 1825, when he gave up his pedlar business entirely, he fell into strange delusions on matters political, religious, and moral. Proceeding to London, amid many difficulties, he tried to get the ear of Royalty, but of course failed. Honest Allan Cunningham was then in the metropolis, and through his aid he was taken care of while in "the great wilderness" of London, and sent safely back to his own green hills.

Two years after this, a second edition of his poems was brought out, edited by Mr John M'Diarmid, of Dumfries, himself an author of note. To this volume was prefixed a well-written sketch of the author's life. For years before his death he had altogether ceased to sing; and, having never married, he resided in loneliness at Kildarroch, in the parish of Borgue, mainly dependant on charity. He died there on the 16th of May, 1849, and was buried in the quiet churchyard of Kirkandrews, an ancient parish, now comprised in that of Borgue. Here, close to a creek of the Solway, and past which glides a murmuring brook, he was often wont to linger in life; and here, where the sea waves moan, and the summer winds sigh soothingly, the weary, erratic wanderer takes his unbroken and everlasting rest.

Nicholson's fame as a poet has hitherto, as already hinted, depended almost wholly on "The Brownie of Blednoch." He has, however, besides writing a lengthy poem, "The Country Lass," in eight parts, composed many songs and poems possessing high merit. In "The Country Lass," for example, a rare knowledge is displayed of human nature, and the actions of men and women in the spheres of life described; while there are in it also numerous

passages of much descriptive beauty. Take this for instance, regarding a rejected lover on his road home :—

The east win' blew, wi' hailstones keen ;
 The lightning gleamed the blasts between :
 His road lay ower a dreary moor,
 And by a castle's haunted tower,
 Whar howlets screamed wi' eerie din,
 Till vaults re-echoed a' within.
 The spate spewed ower ilk burn and sleugh,
 The toad screamt eldrich frae the cleugh,
 The Dee spread wide his darkened waves,
 And roared amang his rocky caves ;
 The moon and stars their light withdrew
 And hid their heads frae human view,
 As daunderin' slow he stalked his lane,
 A' wearied, wan, and wae-begane.
 His fondest fairy dreams were fled—
 He sighed an' wished him wi' the dead.

With a better education, and a more careful moral training (for he was left to himself and to his own resources at the early age of fourteen), the native genius of the man would certainly have given him a high place among the poets of the century. Nicholson's love of the country, and his poetic aptitude for describing it, are seen in the following portion of a poem on

RURAL RETIREMENT.

O ! rural life, O, blest retreat,
 Where sweet contentment dwells aye ;
 To me ye're dearer than the street,
 Where din and discord yell aye.
 Where countless wretches are immured,
 In fell disease and starvin' ;
 And thrivin' knaves, to guilt inured,
 Frae virtue's paths are swervin'.

Right dear to me are glens and howes
 Wi' craigs aboon me towerin',
 While burns come tumblin' frae the knowes,
 And owre the linn's are pourin'.
 The sun blinks blythly on the pool,
 That bickers to his glances ;
 There water-clocks untaught by rule,
 Skip through their countra dances.

The sturdy aik aboon the brow,
 Supports the feeble ivy ;
 See how it twines wi' mony a bow,
 Just as it were alive aye.
 The bloomin' broom, the hawthorn white,
 That scent the caller mornin' ;
 And wild flowers that the heart delight
 The banks and braes adornin'.

Yet still the bonniest flower's unsung
 O' a' creation's plantin' ;
 For thee has mony a harp been strung,
 And ilka heart been pantin' ;
 But if the precious dew o' sense
 Bedeckt, it shows the sweeter ;
 Foster'd by mirthfu' modest mense,
 It mak's the gift completer.

Leeze me on e'en, when hill and tree
 Are pictured in the valleys ;
 When lasses to the loan do hie,
 To milk and feed their mailies ;
 While sweet an' lang they lilt the sang,
 As lads come frae the mawin',
 Wha prae their mous ere it be lang
 In corner till the daw'in'.

Now e'enin' star, to lovers dear,
 Beams on the purple west ;
 Wi' modest beauties saft and clear,
 Like Peggy's spotless breast.
 The moon like ony busked bride,
 In silver grey was glancin',
 And on the restless rockin' tide
 Her lightsome locks were dancin'.

But sure contentment lives, hersel',
 Beneath yon braw clay biggin',
 Weel theekit frae the heathery fell,
 While brackens crown the riggin'.
 The honeysuckles speel the roof,
 And fous adorn the gavel ;
 The frien'ly firs, they keep it noof,
 Frae Boreas' bauldest devel.

Here auld folks live wi' bairns' bairns,
 And blest wi' peace and plenty ;
 Here parents' hope the bosom warms,
 Here youth blooms fair and dainty ;
 Here dwell the mither's virtuous smiles,
 The faithfu' friend and father ;
 Unlike those skilled in city wiles,
 That aften slip the tether.

What though they hae nae opera joys,
 Or carriage gay to flaunt in ;
 Or dainty that the stomach cloys,
 They never ken the want 'em.
 Their hamespun grey, and halesome fare,
 Mak' life as sweet's the gentry's ;
 And what they hae, they freely share,
 Nor heed they learn'd comment'ries.

Unknown to them the borrow'd glance,
 To smile when sorrows twine them ;
 Or a' the mummeries come frae France,
 Few spleens or vapours pine them.
 Their life is like yon toddlin' burn ;
 Though cross craigs whiles may stint it,
 Still presses through ilk thrawart turn,
 And never looks behind it.

My wearied limbs I'd here repose,
 And woo the muses roun' me ;
 There mark the briar that bears the rose,
 While laverocks soar aboon me.
 Here, far frae busy bustlin' strife,
 I'd tend life's latest ember ;
 Unteased by feign'd friends, or wife,
 That wauken care and clamour.

THE BANKS OF TARF.

Where windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,
 Wi' siller waves to saut sea rows ;
 And mony a greenwood cluster grows,
 And harebells bloomin' bonnie, O.
 Beneath a spreadin' hazle lee,
 Fu' snugly hid where nane could see,
 While blinkin' love beamed frae her e'e,
 I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snawdrap hue,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew ;
 But oh ! her e'e o' azure blue,
 Was past expression bonnie, O.
 Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,
 That lightly wantoned in the air ;
 But vain were a' my rhymin' ware
 To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

While smilin' in my arms she lay,
 She whisperin', in my ear did say,
 "Oh ! how could I survive the day,
 Should you prove fause my Tammie, O?"

"While spangled fish glide to the main,
While Scotlan's braes shall wave wi' grain
Till this fond heart shall break wi' pain,
I'll aye be true to Annie, O."

The Beltan winds blew loud and lang,
And ripplin' raised the spray alang ;
We cheerfu' sat and cheerfu' sang,
"The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O."
Though sweet is spring, when young and gay,
And blythe the blinks o' summer day ;
I fear nae winter cauld and blae,
If blest wi' love and Annie, O.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

Oh ! Lassie wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy frien's i' south countrie—
Thy former frien's and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?

Oh ! Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom ;
There's lordly seats and livin's braw
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play ;
The waukrife echo answers a'
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Oh ! Gallowa' braes, etc.

The simmer shiel I'll build for thee,
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha'
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Oh ! Gallowa' braes, etc.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
Oh ! Gallowa' braes, etc.

At e'en, when darkness shrouds the sight
And lanely langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."
Oh ! Gallowa' braes, etc.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown ;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

Come, while the blossom's on the broom,
 And heather-bells sae bonnie bloom ;
 Come, let us be the happiest twa
 On a' the braes o' Gallowa'.



THOMAS WATTS.

THE minstrels of the Scottish Borders are undoubtedly much fewer in number now than they were in the past; and with the death, in 1870, of the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, many said that we had witnessed the last of the Border bards. In a certain sense this was true, for he was the last of those poets who linked us to the past, and most worthily connected our own time with such lofty sons of song as Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Pringle, and Dr John Leyden. It could not be, however, that the beauty of the Borderland, and its numberless romantic and soul-stirring historical and traditional associations, should ever fail to inspire her most gifted sons to sing.

Thomas Watts is truly a Border minstrel, although Ireland has the honour of his birth. His father was a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Marine Artillery, and fought under Sir Charles Napier on the Syrian and Egyptian coasts, in 1840, when Ibrahim Pacha, "the terrible bull-dog of the east," was not only attempting to throw off the yoke of the Sultan of Turkey, but was even menacing Constantinople itself. It was after this war, in 1845, and while the regiment was lying in Wexford barracks, that our bard was born.

Having been put to a school taught by a pedagogue who could not feel for the delicately fine nervous temperament of the lad, he made very slow progress,

and his friends, fearing he was good for nothing, removed him from school and put him to learn the tailoring trade, "that refuge," as has been said, "of imbeciles and cripples." The poor lad entered upon this career greatly against his own inclination, and for the first four years was in no mood to learn—hoping and longing for more congenial employment. During the last year of his apprenticeship he applied himself to the business with such diligence that he soon became perfect at the trade. On becoming a journeyman, a strong desire came upon him to travel; and in the course of a few years he visited most of the principal towns in the United Kingdom, working and perfecting himself at his business; and by self-teaching, and diligent application not only making himself an excellent English scholar, but storing his mind by reading, and cultivating a literary, and, particularly, a poetic taste.

Broomhouse Cottage, where Mr Watts, with his mother and two sisters, reside, is in one of the most picturesque valleys of the Merse, close upon the banks of the Whitadder, a stream of gentle beauty. It nestles amid the fine trees which adorn the banks of the river, a delightful spot to gaze upon, and a most fitting residence for a poet. In 1880 Mr Watts published "Woodland Echoes." These "Echoes" show a chaste and cultivated taste, with a pure and a boundless love of Nature, an eye to discern her aright, and ample ability to describe her ever-changing moods. The poems are marked by fine moral reflection and lit up by flashes of humour, while passages of tender and touching pathos abound. The volume is not only an extraordinary production for a working tailor, but one of such high excellence that any poet might be proud to be the author of it.

THE GRASS.

The poet may sing of the smiling Spring,
With its wealth of sweet flowerets so fair,

And tell of the rose where the zephyr blows,
 Wafting sweets on the soft summer air ;
 While Autumn's brown leaf, and the golden sheaf,
 May form for his musings a theme,
 And the struggling brook from the frozen rock
 Flow warm through the poet's fond dream ;
 And he wreathes them in song, but how seldom, alas !
 Is entwin'd with its garland the beautiful grass.

When the honeyed flowers of the vernal hours
 Scatter perfume in sunshine or shade,
 Where primroses grow and violets blow
 By the brook in the briary glade ;
 When every soft sound sheds melody round,
 Like the sweet tender whisp'rings of love,
 And the rich perfume of the hawthorn bloom
 Fills the depths of the tuneful grove ;
 What charm can outvie, or what beauty surpass,
 The emerald tints of the beautiful grass.

When lovely doth seem both woodland and stream
 As we traverse their mazes alone,
 When the sun beams high in the noonday sky,
 And storm-boding shadows are gone ;
 When Summer's light breeze sighs soft 'mong the trees,
 Like the sigh of a slumbering child,
 And murmurs again like some lyric strain
 That the slumberer's fancy beguil'd,
 How void would appear every scene that we pass
 If bereft of the charms of the beautiful grass.

When Summer at last like a vision hath pass'd,
 With her voices so joyous and glad,
 And Autumn appears, like a matron in tears,
 With a beauty so pensive and sad ;
 When a something sublime, we cannot define,
 Seems to mingle with every sound,
 When the low winds moan with an eerie tone
 'Mong the leaves that are scatter'd around ;
 There, smiling alone 'mid the withering mass
 Of Nature's decay is the beautiful grass.

When arid and sear the woodlands appear,
 When chill is the Winter's rude breath,
 When life seems to rest on Nature's cold breast,
 Fast bound in the fetters of death ;
 When the stout oak's form bends low in the storm,
 And the earth seems to tremble and quake ;
 When the snow-drifts whirl in eddies, and curl
 In wreaths o'er the ice-fetter'd lake ;
 Then, how sweetly there droops round its surface of glass
 The ever-green fringe of the beautiful grass.

How oft have we long'd in a great city, throng'd
 With contrasts of sadness and mirth,
 For a few sweet hours 'mong the forest flowers,
 Far away mid the scenes of our birth ;
 'Tis thus we have turn'd— with feelings that yearn'd
 For some clime of a purer air—
 To some lonely lane again and again,
 And sooth'd the heart's longings there ;
 For at every lone corner and nook that we pass,
 Like an old friend will greet us the beautiful grass.

AFFECTION'S GIFT.

Though we may prize true friendship's gift,
 And own it gives a pleasure,
 Time may employ some other joy,
 And cast aside the treasure ;
 But when the hand of love bestows
 The tribute of affection,
 'Neath Time's fell sway can ne'er decay
 Its treasured recollection.

There comes at times, 'mid lonely hours,
 A sweet impressive feeling,
 When thoughts will flow to long ago—
 Youth's happy scenes revealing ;
 Then some dear relic of the past
 May tender thoughts awaken,
 And bring us back o'er memory's track,
 Love's pledges unforsaken.

When other joys dissolve beneath
 The shadowy veil of sorrow,
 That joy will last, and from the past
 Sweet inspiration borrow ;
 While 'mid the wreck of shattered hopes
 Still lives the recollection,
 When youth and love together wove
 The bonds of true affection.

THOUGH FAR FROM THEE.

There's joy attends the silent thought
 That waits me to thy presence,
 At times when saddest hours are fraught
 With memory's purest essence.

That thought brings back the halcyon days
 When love shed joys around us,
 When pleasure wove 'mong flow'ry ways,
 The fairy chain that bound us.

Think not that rival charms could part
The magic chain asunder,
That links my fate to thine, sweetheart,
Though far from thee I wander.

Though beauty may with artful wiles
A homage win from many ;
The changeless beauty of thy smiles
Shall fix my choice, dear Annie.

And through life's varying scenes, dear love,
Will fond remembrance treasure
Thy every word, and look, to prove
The constant theme a pleasure.

Though beauty's form appears to me
In soft allurements many,
My faithful heart will turn to thee,
And own thy worth, dear Annie.

Though years of trial my faith may test,
Its source shall fail me never ;
While swells the life-stream in my breast,
'Twill flow with thee for ever.

THE AULD HEMAL HOOSE.

Oh ! auld Hemal Hoose, frail, luckless, an' lane,
A sorry sicht noo frae the times that are gane ;
When, eident and thrifty, bauld " Whup-the-cat " Jock,
And his couthy spouse Janet—the wale o' auld folk—
'Neath thy turf-theekit roof faund a cosy bit bield,
Wi' ilk blessin' o' life that contentment could yield :
When his day's wark was dune, Jock, prood as a laird,
Might be seen 'mang his skeps in his tidy kail-yaird ;
While his canty guid-wife, as trig as a preen —
Wi' a sang at her hairt an' a smile in her een—
Gaed flittin' aboot 'tween her snug " but-an'-ben,"
Or amang her live gear at thy auld gable-en'.

But noo yer alane,
While scarcely a stane
Remains on the solit'ry scene, auld Hoose,
To tell o' the times that ha'e been.

Oh ! auld Hemal Hoose, fu' weel dae I min'
When my billies an' I were schule laddies lang syne ;
When freed frae the yoke o' auld Tawsie's misrule,
An' the terrible phantoms that hauntit the schule,
We'd awa' to the knowes where, amang the wee floors,
As happy as fairies, we'd gambol for hours ;
Or we'd speel thro' thy winnocks, lang wantin' the gless,
Syne on to thy couples fu' reckless we'd press ;

Thy auld dozant couples, where stridlin's we'd sit—
 'Deed, I canna but laugh when I'm thinkin' o't yet—
 Hoo we'd cock-a-ride-roozy till aff rowed a stane
 Frae the end o' a jeest, until jeest there was nane ;
 While fiat on the grund
 We lay groanin', an' fund
 That it wasna a' frolic wi' thee, auld Hoose,
 When siccan fell dunts ye could gie.

Oh ! auld Hemal Hoose, ever present wi' me
 Are the mem'ries that link ilka feelin' to thee ;
 When I think o' the times when a wheen glaikit bairns
 Play'd hide-an'-gae-seek 'mong the howes an' the cairns ;
 Or when storm-biggie cluds bore an ominous cast,
 Hoo we faund thee, auld freend, a sure bield frae the blast ;
 While the snell nor'lan' wind, wi' an eeriesome seuch,
 Like a speerit o' madness, scream'd wild thro' the cleuch ;
 In the darklin' howe neuk, where thegither we'd stown,
 Aye the closer we'd creep as the gloamin' came on,
 And, time aboot, whisper, wi' fear-burden'd breaths,
 O' Spunkies, Hobgoblins, auld Boggles, an' Wraiths,
 Till we sprang ower the sod
 In het haste for the road,
 Wi' mony a scared glance to the rear, auld Hoose,
 A' speechless an' feckless wi' fear.

Oh ! auld Hemal Hoose, fu' weel dae I ken
 When I coortit young Tibbie o' Preston toon-en',
 Though late was the hoor, an' ye loom'd thro' the mist
 Like a motionless, ill-faurant, gruesome auld ghaist ;
 No' a spot i' the clachan sae welcome could be
 As thy lanesome auld biggin' to Tibbie an' me ;
 We fear'd na the mirk, nor the wild, soughin' blast,
 As 'neath thy auld wa's the dear moments we pass'd ;
 An' it's little we cared what the jealous auld dame
 To hersel' wad be sayin' or thinkin' at hame ;
 Or what the slack-gabbit, glibe gossips wad say,
 And report on their way through the steadin' next day :
 Tho' their cunnin' an' skeel
 Might baffle the Deil,
 They never jalous'd yet, or kent, auld Hoose,
 Where oor happiest moments were spent.

Oh ! auld Hemal Hoose, sin' I gaz'd on thee last,
 What a wonderful change ower thy count'nance hath pass'd ;
 Where the goggle-e'd hoolets sat blinkin', instead
 They ha'e rear'd on thy shooters a braw-lookin' heid ;
 While a set o' swack limbs ha'e been clapp'd to thy form,
 That'll guard thee for lang through the pitiless storm ;
 And thy auld mouldit ribs that were bruckle as chalk,
 They hae shapit ye new yins to prop up yer back ;
 'Deed, I'm half in a swither, an' muckle in doot,
 To ken yer auld count'nance, or what yer aboot ;

Yet I'm thinkin', auld freend, could we mortals discern
 The lessons ye teach, faith ! the young yins might learn
 Frae poortith an' cauld
 To protect aye the auld,
 As they battle life's storm alane, auld Hoose,
 When the wale o' auld cronies are gane.



ANDREW STEEL.

COBBLERS and Shoemakers appear, from a remote time, to have had the reputation of being a remarkable race of men. Some have thought them to be, among the humbler trades and professions of lowly life, the most singular in the production, from their craft, of eminent men. It has been further considered that in this particular they have been more gifted than either tailors or weavers, printers or ploughmen, carpenters or smiths. Somehow the calling has been favourable to the production of students, and of men remarkable for their learning, their wisdom, their genius, and their wit. We have had several notable examples of this in the course of these sketches.

The subject before us is a shoemaker to trade, and was born in Coldstream in 1811. His father was noted as a fine worker in dapier. Andrew received a liberal education, and became a "master shoemaker," although he never had a great love for the calling. His mind has always been set on the acquisition of literary and scientific knowledge—delighting more especially in Natural and Revealed Theology. He married late in life, and his wife being dead for several years, he is at present living a quiet thoughtful life with an only daughter.

Mr Steele has on several occasions published collections of his poetical efforts. In 1867 a fifth edition of his "Select Productions" was issued, while in 1871, he gave to the public a second edition of a volume entitled "Poetical Works," inscribed to the Earl of Home. He writes with true lyrical flow and warmth, and with much clearness and point.

ADDRESS TO A THRUSH.

Sing on, sweet minstrel of the wood and grove !
 Enshrined, as wonted, in thy towering plain ;
 With ravished ear I hail thy artless strain
 Of soul-inspiring symphony and love.
 Would that this cold and callous heart of mine
 Glowed with instinctive praise like that of thine !

Sing on, thou lovely Thrush ! thy heart is light ;
 No dark forebodings nor regret are there :
 Rapt in the present, while no rankling care
 Conspires thy vocal melody to blight ;
 Unlike the wretch assailed by guilt and fears —
 His songs are sighs, his scene "a vale of tears."

Sing on, my favourite of the powers of song,
 Thrice dear remembrancer of other days,
 Of other joys and feelings, which thy lays
 In fond imagination yet prolong !
 Ah, then, sweet Thrush, like thine, my heart was young,
 Bounding and free, with love and gladness strung.

Sing on, my loved one ! how the bosom sighs ;
 What chords are there still tangible by thee,
 Those slumbering memories endeared to me,
 Death-blasted hopes, and friendship's broken ties ;
 Thy powers awake, renew, and knit once more,
 And scenes recall I fondly trod of yore.

Sing on, thou soft magician of the heart !
 Who points the tube at thee with evil eye,
 May vengeance seize him, pity spurn his cry ;
 The callous miscreant, cursed be his art.
 Humanity responds her sad Amen :
 And now adieu !—perchance we meet again.

THE FAVOURITE'S RETURN.

Hoo happy was I wi' my mither again,
 Wi' my canty and canny auld mither again —
 Wha shook my cauld hands as she ca'd me her ain,
 Wi' the tear in her e'e as I met her again.

Embalmed in my bosom, to me ever dear
 Be the night that I met her I fondly revere ;
 In her auld happy hame, hoo proud and hoo fain
 I felt, and I glowed to embrace her again !

She led me in joy to her auld arm chair,
 Whare smiled a glad faither, wha noo is nae mair,
 Syne sat down aside her bit callant her lane,
 And thanket the God wha restored him again.

Hoo fondly she speered hoo life wi' me passed,
 And I tell't her it a' frae the first to the last,
 Wi' mingled emotions o' pleasure and pain,
 And a smile or a sigh was her answer again.

The joys and the sorrows that fell to her lot,
 Since the morning sae waefu' I left our bit cot,
 She breathed in her turn in her ain hamely strain :
 O hoo the heart thrilled as I heard her again !

Wi' her saft, gentle hand—I mind it yet fine—
 Hoo she sleeked down my hair as she spak o' langsyne :
 Her words were as vernal as show'rs to the plain,
 As the scenes of my boyhood renewed she again.

Aye ready to hear, and her counsel to lend ;
 When my back's at the wa', O she's aye my best friend—
 She's a joy for ilk cross, and the sting has she ta'en
 Aft frae the bit canker, and healed it again.

The worth o' a mither's but kent by her loss—
 She's the gowd o' our being, the rest is but dross ;
 And what e'er befa's us on life's stormy main,
 Then we steer for the haven, her bosom, again.

THE AULD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O awa, ye gay warld ! a' lanely and eerie
 I cower ower the ingle baith dowie and wae :
 Hoo heartless the hame whare a' ance was cheery—
 O welcome release, hoo I lang for the day !

I'm auld noo, and donnert, and naething's a pleasure ;
 I hirple about, but in sorrow and pain ;
 I sich and I sab, and the weary hours measure—
 Unnoticed I pine, and unpitied complain.

Frae a' that I liket noo severed for ever ;
 O hard is the fate that compels me to mourn !
 The flowers may revive, but never, O never,
 To me shall the spring of the bosom return.

As the ivy yestreen frae yon auld tree was riven,
 I thoct o' the hour, wi' the tear in my e'e,
 When torn frae my heart was my Nancy by Heaven,
 And helpless she left our bit lammies and me.

But sin' her last blessing to us she imparted,
 As fondly her cauld, dewy hand then I pressed,
 What changes, alas ! and hoo often has smarted,
 And keenly, this weary and careworn breast !

As lovely young birdies are scattered in summer,
 Sae our bonnie bairnies are now aye and a' ;
 And aften returned has the leaf to the timmer
 Sin' Jamie, the flower o' the flock, gaed awa.

Sae well as he liket aye me and his mither—
 But O the tongue flutters, my heart it is sair—
 Sad tidings this e'enin' ; wi' Willie, his brither.
 He slumbers afar, and I'll ne'er see him mair.

Noo peace to our dead, and lang health to the leevin',
 And ne'er may their lot be sae chequered as mine ;
 But sune their auld faither, his sorrow and grievin',
 For rest and repose in the grave maun resign.

Then awa, ye gay warld ! a' lanely and eerie
 I cower ower the ingle baith dowie and wae :
 Hoo heartless the hame where a' ance was cheery—
 O welcome release, hoo I lang for the day !

TWELVE O'CLOCK—MIDNIGHT.

The clock strikes twelve !—with melancholy pleasure,
 Hail to its solemn monitory chime !
 'Tis sweet betimes the winged hours to measure,
 And take in solitude a note of time—
 To ascertain our progress or delay,
 As pilgrims posting o'er a dubious way.

The clock strikes twelve !—wrapt in a death-like slumber,
 The gay, the busy world encircles me :
 Joy fails to charm, care ceases to encumber,
 And silence reigns in sable livery,
 Save the lone owl, which from yon frowning steep,
 In mournful requiem Nature seems to weep.

The clock strikes twelve !—night is the time for weeping—
 To hallow with a holy tear the past,
 To sigh o'er memories oblivious sleeping,
 Dear loves and hopes the grave alone can blast,
 And leave the bosom desolate to mourn,
 O'er bliss departed never to return.

The clock strikes twelve !—in this dark vale of sadness,
 Since last it struck, what changes have transpired ?
 How many hearts that glowed with love and gladness
 Are, as the marble, cold and uninspired ;
 While others, sad impaled with griefs and woes,
 Where sorrows are unknown, have found repose.

The clock strikes twelve !—momentous contemplation !

Who knows, but Heaven, if e'er these ears again
On earth may tingle with the like sensation !

To-morrow's boast, e'en with the best how vain !
What pledge, what guarantee has he for life,
Environed by the battle's mortal strife ?

The clock strikes twelve !—prophetic'ly revealing

The awful twelve of Nature hastens on :
Soon must I hear its dismal thunders pealing,
And her tremendous, deep expiring groan ;
Oh ! for that august unexampled hour
Prepare thou me, O thou Eternal Power !

HEY FOR A WIFE WI' A HUNNER OR TWA.

Sing hey for a wife wi' a hunner or twa,
A canty bit wife wi' a hunner or twa ;
Contentet and blithe, and hoo crouse wad I crow,
Gin I had a wife wi' a hunner or twa !

I've aft had a blink o' Dame Fortune's bricht e'e,
But passed her aye bye, as she cared nae for me ;
What's wealth but a syren that sings to beguile,
And honour a bauble that glitters a while ;
For them and for grandeur I hae little care—
Enough be my lot, wi' a morsel to spare :
The sma'er the height, O the less is the fa',
Sae a' my ambition's a hunner or twa.

I care nae for beauty, gin she be but guid,
I rate nae her worth by connection or bluid ;
As the fairest o' flowers hae aft the least smell,
And the finest o' grapes by the tastin' we tell :
But if she is lovin', and modest, and true,
Can wash a bit sark, and can airn and sew,
And guide the bit penny wi' care aboon a',
She's naething the waur wi' a hunner or twa.

'Twad keep us fu' cosy, wi' that o' my ain,
When drifts the cauld snaw o'er the moor and the plain ;
Be to our wee blossoms a bield frae the blast,
That's withered the brightest and best as it passed.
O mony the pleasures that wait its command,
And hoo finely and freely it turns the hand !
"Your wit and your wisdom are naething ava,
Without," cries the world "a hunner or twa."



JOHN G. INGRAM,

THE son of the wood forester to the late Lord Glenlee, at Barskimming, in the parish of Mauchline, was brought up on the classic banks of the Ayr, where its scenery is of surpassing beauty. Here the river, broad, and often deep, winds its way through valleys and beneath banks, where the noblest woods wave wide and far, while now and again it bends with a grand majestic sweep round lofty perpendicular rocks. Only a little way above this place it is embraced by and joined to the waters of the equally classic Logan, amid scenery the fairest that the eye may see, while a little farther down the river, and away to the west, is Coilsfield House, "the Castle o' Montgomery," celebrated by Burns, and which he has rendered famous forever by his love for and his parting with Highland Mary. The soul of the future poet could not but be nursed, fired, and filled with lofty aspirations by such scenery and such hallowed and romantic associations.

His education was solid, and as liberal as the excellent parish school of the county could make it; and when it was over, he began to dream of being an artist (having already become a poet), and took lessons in drawing. Latterly he kept a drawing school himself in Kilmarnock, and for a time succeeded well; but his company being much courted on account of his wit and fine conversational powers, he soon began to neglect his business, when, leaving Kilmarnock, he went to Cumnock and took to painting those beautiful wooden snuff-boxes which made that town not a little famous in the past, though the business now has almost entirely left the place and gone to Mauchline, six miles distant, where some hundreds of hands are still employed.

Mr Ingram wrote a good deal of poetry for *Tait's*

Magazine, and occasionally in the newspapers. In 1847 he published "The Angel of Hope, and other Poems," and shortly after the bard flung aside his lyre, and went back to his native vale, living with strangers (who were kind, however, to the stricken poet) at Haughholm, within a mile of Mauchline. The gentle murmur of a crystal stream in summer, and its wild rush and roar in winter, could be heard at all times by the poet. Here he painted a little, not unskillfully, and always in the sublime and lofty way which was so entirely natural to him. In a manner dead to the world, and too often in a misanthropic mood of mind, he lived till the sere leaves of 1875 were falling from the trees, when he "went his eternal way," having reached the age of three-score years and ten. When we consider the great and original powers of mind which he possessed, we are forced to lament a life in a manner lost; and from his, and that of too many other men of genius, and the sons of song especially, we see how useless the greatest talents are without a steady guiding judgment to control and direct them.

"The Angel of Hope" is a poem of considerable length, and is full of the richness and the gushing beauty of Moore, as its opening lines will show:—

From her place, before the Eternal throne,
 Hope hath on a mission of mercy gone;
 She hath pass'd the angelic guards that wait
 For ever around the Elysian gate;
 And these bright spirits mark'd her brow
 Shine with unwonted glory then,
 And they did deem her journey now
 Was to the fair abode of men,
 That in the cloudless blue afar,
 Resplendent shone a new-born star;
 Behind her soon the abodes of bliss
 Lie far in ether's vast abyss;
 She leaves behind those myriad spheres
 That have roll'd in the light of countless years,
 And still on tireless wings upborne,
 She hath reached the portals of the morn.
 She sees the sun in glory rise,
 On a fair world, unlike her own;

A flow'r-strew'd earth, and cloudless skies,
 She deems this lower paradise—
 Meet dwelling-place for God's last son.
 As lovely in her shadeless sight,
 The Wonders of Eden appear in light ;
 She sees the crystal waters shine,
 O'erhung by odour-breathing trees ;
 She sees them sleep in the light divine,
 Unruffled by the balmy breeze,
 Which scarcely stirs the leaves that gleam
 And tremble o'er the sparkling stream ;
 She mark'd the flow'rs as they gorgeously shone
 On the banks, meet for angels to walk upon,
 Or rather gaze, for their shining feet
 Might refuse to tread upon things so sweet.
 O ! theirs was a wonderful loveliness ;
 They might have bloom'd by the River of Bliss,
 Whose waters glide by the throne of Him,
 Before whose eyes all beauty grows dim.

How truly Byron-like are these two stanzas from
 a powerful poem, entitled "A Dream of Another
 World" :—

Now God's dread thunders rais'd their voice afar,
 And fearful lightnings glar'd athwart the gloom ;
 The deep, with all its terrors, join'd the war
 Of upper air, as if the day of doom—
 The hour which should lay Nature in her tomb
 Were come, and storms were uttering her knell
 In all the majesty they might assume
 In the wild utterance of their dread farewell,
 Which with its voice sublime, shook earth, and utmost hell.

Yea earth to its foundations seem'd to reel,
 The eternal hills were heaving to and fro ;
 While the great ocean, moaning, seem'd to feel
 And mourn o'er Nature's final overthrow ;
 While in the bowels of the earth below
 Dire earthquake wrought in terror and in fire—
 Creation trembled at the coming woe,
 Feeling throughout her frame that terror dire
 That told her God approach'd to light her funeral pyre.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

All hail ! to thee, Queen of the radiant brow,
 Bright traveller of the starry realms on high,
 Fair, even as at thy birth, thou journeyest now,
 Though countless years have pass'd before thine eye.

The eternal mountains lift their heads to thee,
 As their stern summits with thy glory gleam ;
 Thy mystic light falls soft on tow'r and tree,
 Sleeps on the lake, and trembles on the stream.

At thy approach the shrinking stars grow pale,
 Before thy face their trembling lights decline ;
 "Thy robe of beams" is spread o'er hill and dale ;
 E'en the stern rocks joy in thy light divine.

To thee the boundless, everlasting deep
 Lifts up its voice around a thousand isles ;
 Or like an infant in its dreamless sleep,
 Calmed by thy presence, slumbers in thy smiles.

To thee the bard, enraptur'd, lifts his voice,
 For thou inspir'st off his noblest strain ;
 Thy presence makes the love-lorn youth rejoice,
 While beauty blesses thy soft, silent reign.

And the green earth reposes in thy sight,
 And thou dost clothe her in the hue of dreams ;
 Thy glory brightens the dark brow of night,
 And thy fair face is mirror'd in earth's streams.

THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.

Oh, the days of other years !
 When the heart, the heart was young,
 Ere the eye has dimmed with sorrow's tears,
 Or grief flow'd from the tongue.

How lovely seemed creation then,
 By mountain, stream, and plain ;
 O night I see as once I saw,
 And be a child again !

Where are the glowing visions
 I had in life's fair spring ?
 The radiant dreams of childhood,
 All, all have taken wing.

Does the stream glide on as softly,
 By my father's dwelling lone ?
 Yes, Nature's beauty still remains,
 But the child's pure heart is gone.

Once more I see the river
 Gliding on its gladsome way ;
 Do the branches o'er it quiver,
 As they did in life's young day ?

Where are the happy faces
 That oft beside the stream
 I met, ere care had shaded
 The light of life's young dream ?

Alas ! they're all departed ;
 And that once joyful scene
 I should gaze on broken-hearted
 With the thoughts of what hath been.

And where, where is the maiden,
 The light of whose dark eyes,
 Caus'd dreams of blissful Eden
 In my young heart to arise ?

Why thus doth retrospection
 Wake thoughts of fearful pain ?
 God !—what is our affection ?
 Would I were a child again !



WILLIAM LAING

WAS born at Guildhall, in the parish of Kirkconnell, in Upper Nithsdale, in 1829, near the birthplace of James Hislop, author of that sublime and widely-known poem, "The Cameronian's Dream." His father was a most intelligent farmer, and had much of the poetic faculty about him. Our poet having received a good education at the parish schools of Kirkconnell and Sanquhar, which latter is four miles down the Nith from the former, he was placed in a writer's office in Glasgow, but, within a year, failing health sent him home to his native hills. On recovering he went for two years as tutor to Mr Beattie's family of Newbie House, near to the border town of Annan. This place he left to study at the University of Edinburgh, and while there he gained prizes in both the mathematical and humanity classes—the latter for a fine poetical translation of a portion of one of the Latin poets.

After leaving the University he went for a short time as tutor to the family of a gentleman near Bir-

mingham, and afterwards opened a public school in that place, and was succeeding admirably when health failed him again, and once more he was obliged to seek for its restoration among his own green native mountains. Recovering somewhat, he opened a small academy at Carco Mains, a farm of his father's, on the delectable banks of the Crawick, a beautiful stream which falls into the Nith, near to the ancient burgh of Sanquhar; and so well was he liked, and so high had his fame as a teacher become, that pupils came to him even from England. This place is one of surpassing beauty—steep hills, green to their summits, winding valleys, deep mountain gorges, clothed with natural wood, pelucid streams straying through numerous fairy dells, lie all within view, and far and wide around. Here, for a while, he was able to attend to his pupils, and to cultivate the Muse he loved so well; but consumption had laid its hand upon him, and he was compelled to give up all the duties of life, and look forward to the certainty of an early grave. He was happy, however, and contented, as these lines from part of one of his last-written poems will show:—

To glory now, or back a little longer
 To earth again? good Lord decide for me,
 Thy will be done: the nearer death the stronger
 Became my hope and confidence in Thee.

Now halt my steps on Jordan's clammy verge;
 Support my faltering footsteps I implore,
 Whether to stem the darkly swelling surge,
 Or stay a while upon this earthly shore.

Thy will be done, and not my wavering will
 Which now looks hopefully to heaven, and then
 Back on the earth, just as life's trembling rill
 Ebbs low, then flows with feeble gush again.

When night, the terror of the weak, draws nigh,
 I count its creeping hours of pain and care,
 And weary wish for morn; but from on high
Comes comfort in the words, "there's no night there."

But the fountain of life ebb'd and ran dry at last, and on the 2nd day of July, 1858, the meek and gentle poet died, a little before he had completed his twenty-ninth year. Soon after his death, a volume of his poems was published, with an introductory sketch of his life, by the Rev. Dr Simpson, of Sanquhar, author of "Traditions of the Covenanters." Nearly all of them are of high merit, though a few of the shorter pieces would doubtless have been left out had the author lived to superintend the publication himself.

ODE TO CRAWICK

ON THE LOSS OF HER BARD (HISLOP).

In glen and glade, sweet winding stream,
Where'er thy crystal waters shine ;
For him in ceaseless murmurs mourn,
Who oft did blend his song with thine.
At close of day he'll ne'er return,
To stray thy flow'ry banks along ;
His gentle muse no longer may
Embalm the beauties of her song.

Can ye not weep, ye smiling flow'rs,
That bloom so fair beside the stream,
For him who sang your scented braes,
Nor knew, nor wished a sweeter theme ?
For him, ye leafy woodlands mourn,
With sighs which fragrant summer heaves,
Nor cease to sigh when autumn winds
Make sport among the falling leaves.

The muse that sang the martyrs' tale
Shall wake no more the tuneful lay,
Nor ponder on the long gone by,
But well-remember'd Sabbath day.
Dear be his memory 'mang the hills
And glens he lov'd and sang so well ;
Record his fame, thou moorland wild,
Where saintly Cameron fought and fell.

Not long he stood the storm of time ;
Life's sunset came when day was young,
Not long his simple strains were heard,
But oh ! his lyre was sweetly strung.
Mourn, gentle stream, thy gentle bard,
He sleeps not where thy waters lave,
Afair he found a resting place
Beneath the envious ocean's wave.

SIMMER'S AWA'.

The riches o' harvest are gather'd together ;
 Again has September sent plenty to a' ,
 Again the green beauties o' Nature maun wither,
 For Autumn's chill breath has sent Simmer awa'.

Again the fresh leaves o' the Simmer are fadin',
 And some on our path are beginnin' to fa' ;
 And the cauld surly win' keeps the branches a' wavin',
 Bewailing their loss that the Simmer's awa'.

The sun canna banish the gloom frae before him ;
 He climbs 'mang the clouds, we scarce see him ava' ;
 Whiles peepin' between, as they're aye driftin' o'er him,
 Wi' watery glent syne the Simmer's awa'.

Nae mair frae his high arch o' glory he scatters
 O'er proud swelling Solway a lustre sae braw ;
 Nae mair do his gladsoone beams bathe in its waters,
 They're cauld like, and dark like syne Simmer's awa'.

Fareweel then to 'imner, an' a' that it brought us ;
 Fareweel its enjoyments, for sweet were they a' ;
 But though in his turn gloomy Winter has sought us,
 We ought na to murmur that Simmer's awa'.

'Tis good that life's journey frae Winter should borrow,
 A pavement o' ice, and a carpet o' snaw ;
 For man's discontent wad mak' sunshine a' sorrow,
 If Winter ne'er cam' to send Simmer awa'.

THE ALMA.

See from the north surly winter advances,
 Marhallin' his clouds and his storms from afar,
 Cold are his regions, rude are his legions,
 Rathless his ravages, deadly his war.
 Ruder than winter blast,
 Sweeping the desert vast,
 Wide-spread as winter clouds rolling afar
 Breaking earth's peace and rest,
 Blighting where peace had blest,
 Forth from the north came the hosts of the Czar.

Some demon had counsell'd the despot, it seem'd that
 The lust of dominion had entered his soul—
 He look'd on the realms of the south, and deem'd that
 The Muscovite's god might be god of the whole.
 Up then Britannia stood—
 France, as a brother would,
 Grasped by the hand his old rival in war—
 Shoulder to shoulder then,
 Earth has no bolder men,
 Forth went their armies to cope with the Czar.

Tools of your tyrant lord, mind your munitions now,
 Batteries and trenches commanding the height—
 Rouse all your valour to hold your positions now,
 Yonder come England and France to the fight.
 Stem first the torrent's course,
 Strive with the tempest's force,
 Bid the swift avalanche rest on the steep ;
 Then may ye overthrow
 Yonder avenging foe—
 Then may ye hope your entrenchments to keep.

These are no serfs that are marching to meet you,
 They come from the lands of the brave and the free—
 One purpose impells them, to die or defeat you,
 Slaughter'd they may be but ne'er shall they flee.
 Grim guns around them roar,
 Fire show'rs around them pour,
 Thinned are their ranks on their terrible way ;
 But forming aye readily,
 Marching aye steadily,
 Onward and upward they press to the fray.

Brave ones are slain, but their comrades beside them,
 Appear to inherit their fire as they fall ;
 Strong as the flood on the foe that defied them,
 Rush they where vengeance and victory call.
 Vain your munitions now,
 Vain your positions now,
 Tools of the tyrant your valour is vain ;
 Right puts the wrong down,
 The brave puts the strong down ;
 Ye flee—but your trenches are heap'd with your slain.

Sebastopol heard when the haughty were humbled,
 When Alma's scared waters ran red to the sea ;
 From turret to deep-laid foundation, she trembled,
 She quailed at the near-coming shout of the free.
 Proud were her looks when
 She scowl'd o'er the Euxine ;
 But destiny marks her hereafter to be,
 To tyrants a warning,
 To nations a scorning,
 A trophy from tyranny won by the free.



MARIAN PAUL AIRD,

THE gifted and widely-known authoress of "The Home of the Heart," was born in Glasgow in 1815. She has, however, resided in the populous and spirited town of Kilmarnock from an early age. Her forefathers were at one time extensive landowners in the county of Ayr, and her mother was a niece of the Rev. Hamilton Paul, the poetical and witty minister of Broughton, in Peeblesshire, and who was at one time settled in Ayrshire, in which his peculiar sayings and eccentric doings are still well remembered and related.

In 1846 Miss Aird published "The Home of the Heart, and other Poems," which at once attracted much attention, and which has since passed through several editions. In 1853 appeared her "Heart Histories," fully sustaining her reputation. This has since been followed by another volume, "Sun and Shade." She also wrote an "Immortelle" on the death of the Prince Consort, a beautiful poem, for which she received a grant from the Royal Bounty fund.

Owing to an accident, the gifted authoress has been confined to bed for nearly a year, with small prospect of being able to use her limbs again; and now that she is also gliding into the vale of years it would be a generous, fitting, and a most becoming act if the Government would confer a small pension upon one who, for well nigh forty years, has written with such moral force and winning purity much poetry which is sure to survive in our literature.

Although Miss Aird writes her native Doric effectively, and with a purity which is now somewhat rare in those who attempt to string the Caledonian harp of yore, yet she more frequently writes in graceful English, and of this her popular hymns are fine

examples. Some of these are among the most beautiful in the language—"Had I the wings of a dove" is to be found in nearly every collection of hymns.

Cheered though all Miss Aird's views of life always are by the unfading light of the benign Christian religion, there is nevertheless a tinge of melancholy in most of her productions, though it is always of a pleasing rather than of an oppressive kind.

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
Far, far away ; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast ;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
Far, far away ; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away ; far, far away ;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away ; far away.

List ! what yon harpers on golden harps play ;
Come, come away ; come, come away ;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay ;
Come, come away ; come, come away ;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true ;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new ;
Come, come away ; come away.

THE HERD LADDIE.

A herd laddie sat, in his plaidie o' gray,
 Neath the beild o' a bush in the howe o' a brae,
 On the moss-theekit stump o' an auld aiken tree,
 By a wee wimplin' burnie that sang to the sea,
 And silvered the hem o' a bonnie green knowe,
 Whare the broom-bush, and breckan, and primroses grow :
 As wee stars that glimmer like sprinklins o' gowd,
 As they blink through the blue o' the gray e'ening cloud,
 His sheep lay besprent on the green mountain's breast,
 As white as the snaw-cleeded gowan they prest—
 Where the lammies were bleatin', an' jumpin' wi' glee,
 An' nibblin' the gowan that spangled the lea ;
 Noo laughin' and dancin' like youth's mornin' wave,
 Ere it wanders an' yaummers awa' to the grave.
 The herd laddie doffed his wee bonnet, an' smiled,
 But a tear in his dark e'e my heart near him wyled,
 Like an amber bead trickled adown his brown cheek,
 Clear as pearlins o' dew-drops that glanced at his feet :
 I said, " Wee herd laddie, what maks you sae wae,
 A' nature around you is smilin' an' gay—
 Come, tell me your story, I'll sit by your side—
 What book's that you're hidin' aneath the gray plaid ?
 Are ye cauld, are ye hungry ? is't far frae your hame ?
 Hae ye faither or mither ? " He sighed— " I hae nane.
 Yon bonnie cot house in the lap o' the glen,
 When a bairnie, I toddled its but an' its ben ;
 When I leuk till't I greet for that ance was my hame—
 Noo faither and mither an' help I hae nane ;
 Syne the nicht faither dee't gushes back to my mind,
 Though maister and mistress to me are fu' kind ;
 An' there is the psalm round his bed that we sung—
 I hear his last words drappin' yet frae his tongue ;
 O, the tears happit fast frae his dim closin' e'e !
 When he blest us, and tauld us his bairns he maun lea'e ;
 An' that is his Bible he gied me, an' said,
 ' Mind your Father in heaven, my bairns, when I'm dead ; '
 When my wee brithers grat round the auld elbow chair—
 For he learned us the psalms on the Sabbath e'en there ;
 And we kneeled on that hearth-stane where uncoss noo meet ;
 When I think I've nae hame, oh ! what wonder I greet ;
 But I look to the skies, an' I ken there is Ane
 Wha lo'es me an' guides me, tho' on earth I hae nane."
 Oh ! the heart that ne'er warms for the faitherless bairn
 Is hard as the millstane, an' cauld as the airn ;
 Oh ! daut them and cleed them, wi' mitherly care—
 They are nursling o' heeven—oh ! nurres them wi' prayer.

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

Calm sleep the village dead
 In the auld kirk-yard ;
 But softly, slowly tread
 In the auld kirk-yard.
 For the weary, weary rest,
 Wi' the green turf on their breast,
 And the ashes o' the blest
 Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh ! many a tale it hath
 The auld kirk-yard,
 Of life's crooked, thorny path
 To the auld kirk-yard.
 But mortality's thick gloom
 Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
 Veils the mystery of doom
 In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
 In the auld kirk-yard,
 Though time's death-brooding wing
 Shade the auld kirk-yard.
 The light of many a hearth,
 Its music and its mirth,
 Sleep in the deep, dark earth
 Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
 In the auld kirk-yard ;
 They hear nae kindred weep
 In the auld kirk-yard.
 The sire, with silver hair,
 The mother's heart of care,
 The young, the gay, the fair,
 Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
 In the auld kirk-yard,
 Wi' a passport to the sky
 Frae the auld kirk-yard ;
 That when thy sand is run,
 And life's weary warfare done,
Ye may sing o' victory won
 Where there's nae kirk-yard.

THE RUINED COT.

In the shadow of a mountain wood,
 In a ruin, mossy grey,
 On a deserted hearth I stood,
 To muse on life's decay.

The fox-glove in the lattice grew,
 With spiral-tufted bells,
 The wild bee honey treasures drew—
 Pure from its purple cells.

The ivy o'er the threshold crept,
 Where gladdening steps had passed—
 Where radiant eyes o'er partings wept,
 And loved ones look'd their last.

Where home-sick wanderers oft returned,
 From stranger land, or main,—
 Where beating hearts with joy once burned
 To greet their home again.

Where lost ones sought the loved they left,
 When silence echoed—"Where?"
 And read the tale of hearts bereft,
 Writ on "a vacant chair."

The grasshopper chirped on the hearth,
 Where household voices sang
 The evening psalm—and childhood's mirth
 In bird-like carols rang.

The thistle reared its lofty head,
 Where flow'rs of cherished bloom
 Their beauty and their fragrance spread,
 Now faded in the tomb.

The family band in thought I drew,
 That nightly gathered there,
 When holy words, like evening dew,
 Bow'd low the head in prayer.

The father with his hoary head
 Bent o'er the evening meal,
 Began blessings on the children's bread,
 And blessings for their weal.

The old arm chair they gather near,
 With looks and words of fun,
 Where tales of old they marv'ling hear—
 Day's sunny gambol run.

Now who may trace those springs of life,
 That Time's all-wrecking wave
 Has parted far in ocean strife,
 And find each wanderer's grave?

Fair faces scattered—closed in night
Bright eyes, whose joy and mirth
Circled with smiles of love and light,
The cold and darkened hearth.

Where boyhood in its bounding joy,
Dash'd out its crystal wave,
As green earth for the careless boy
Conceal'd no wasting grave.

The streams that from one fountain gush,
Take many a devious way ;
Some darkly to the ocean rush,
Some clear in sunshine stray ;

Some glide o'er many a flowery land,
In beauty calm and deep ;
Some roaring o'er a rocky strand,
Their restless waters sweep

And who that sees youth's silver stream,
By no dark wand'rings tossed ;
Can tell how far 'twill sigh or sing,
Where sink its waters lost ?

THE MARTYRS' GRAVES.

O ! martyr-sprinkled Scotland !
Thy Covenanted dust,
Like gold amid our mountains,
Gleam through tradition's rust.

We bless the hands that tear away
Dark weeds from martyr graves,
And graving o'er time's mossy urns
Faith's witness story saves.

Thy auld grey stones are sprinkled with
"Blood pour'd like water free,"
And speak in holy oracles,
O ! martyr-land to thee.

These altar stones of sacrifice,
Incarnate truth hath stored,
Where faith, in love-drawn characters,
Her red libation poured.

Like promise-stars in heaven's eye,
The lyart and the leal,
Sleep lonely by the heath-bound tarn,
Where eerie cries the teal.

Their prophet-mantles rolled in blood,
 By tribulation riven,
 From Scotland's ark, drove back the flood,
 "That chased them up to heaven."

Where Peden bold, by flood and fold,
 On mountain, moor, or glen,
 All seer-like, bore salvation's cup
 To fainting martyr-men ;

When heaven's brooding wing of love,
 Like Israel's pillar-cloud,
 Them lapped in Nature's misty tent—
 A prayer-woven shroud.

Their home was oft the mountain cave,
 Their couch the waving fern,
 Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,
 In moorlands dark and stern.

'Mid bleatings of the mountain lamb,
 The melody of rills,
 The moss-hag, 'mid the purple blooms,
 Deep in the heathy hills ;

The auld cairn, where the plover wails,
 And fern and thistle waves,
 'Mid green spots in the wilkerness—
 There, seek the martyrs' graves.

THE E'ENIN' FA'.

The bee has left the closin' flow'r,
 The lark the downy air ;
 An' saftly fa's the dewy hour,
 That woos the heart frae care :
 The choral sang o' joyfu' day,
 In murmurs die awa' ;
 The gowden blush on burn an' brae
 Melts in our e'enin' fa'.

The e'enin' star blinks bonnilie,
 To wyle the day awa' ;
 Hope whispers in its sparkling e'e
 O' rest at e'enin' fa' ;
 Of hames afar o' peace an' light,
 Where tempests never blaw,
 Nor gatherin' shadows tell o' night,
 Where comes nae e'enin' fa'.

Noo mithers seek the wander'd wean,
 An' berds their roamin' sheep,
 Pale sorrow dauners oot alane,
 O'er hapless waes to weep ;

Amang the shades o' brighter days,
Weird memory melts awa',
And trims his lamp wi' faded rays,
Alane at e'enin' fa'.

Frae burn an' brae the weary bairns,
Wi' wild flow'rs busket braw,
Cower cannily by haunted cairns,
Chased hame by e'enin' fa' ;
The corn-craik chirmeth eerilie,
Where Nature's tear-draps fa' ;
An' gowans shut their dewy e'e,
To sleep at e'enin' fa'.

Noo plovers sing their wail-a-day,
Where heather blossoms blaw ;
An' downy mists row doun the brae,
To hap the e'enin' fa'.
Noo slowly comes the hush divine,
O'er dusky glen an' shaw,
Sae like to heaven's walking time—
The holy e'enin' fa'.

The gudewife plies her e'enin' fire,
The bairns around it draw,
To welcome hame the weary sire,
Just at the e'enin' fa'.
The longest day wears to an end,
Earth's darkest night awa'—
To weary hearts and weary men,
How sweet the e'enin' fa' !

But, O ! there's no a bonnier sight,
'Mang Scotland's hearths ava,
Than when, aneath the blinkin' light,
They kneel at e'enin' fa'.
For auld an' young maun bend the knee—
The servant, sire an' a',
Pour forth the holy psalmody—
A' ane at e'enin' fa' !

An' weel I lo'e the e'enin' fire,
Where kind hearts gather a' ;
The blending tones o' voice an' lyre—
How sweet at e'enin' fa' !
To read auld stories o' the past,
O' friends noo far awa' ;
The faces cover'd wi' Time's blast
We miss at e'enin' fa'.

Kind pity shield the beggar lane,
An' wash his weary feet ;
O ! sweep for him the warm hearth-stane,
Wha sorrow's crumbs maun eat ;

The wand'rer, wha sair burdened ben's
 'Mang poortith's drifting snaw—
 The feckless, wha naeboddy kens—
 Hameless, at e'enin' fa'!

O! when our sun gaes to its bed,
 An' daylight creeps awa',
 May Hope's pure star its glory shed,
 Aroun' our e'enin' fa';
 A friendly hand to close my e'e,
 Night's curtains round me draw,
 An' drap a burning tear o'er me,
 Unseen, at e'enin' fa'.



EBENEZER SMITH,

THE author of three volumes of "Verses," (for thus he modestly designates the offspring of his Muse) was born in "the auld toun o' Ayr" in 1835, where his fathers dwelt for generations. Like many men of note, Mr Smith received the first part of his education at a dame's school; it was completed, however, at the Wallacetown Academy. The teacher occasionally gave the boys a subject on which they had to write an essay in verse; and so early as his twelfth year our young bard wrote a poem on Burns' Monument. At the age of thirteen he was put to learn the shoemaking trade, and in course of time succeeded to the business which had been carried on by his grandfather, and was most successful, until he became indifferent, and forsook it for the company of the convivial. His business was ultimately taken out of his hands, and since then he has been working as journeyman, greatly respected by the head of the large firm by which he is employed. It is pleasing also to learn that, from his family connections with the incorporation of the Ayr Shoe-

makers, to whom the Burns cottage at Alloway belonged, and which was recently sold, Mr Smith has now had secured to him a moderate competency for life.

Mr Smith began "to lisp in numbers" at the early age of twelve years, and he has, he says, "at longer or shorter intervals, scribbled ever since." In 1870 he published his first volume; in 1874 he brought out a second; and at the close of 1880, a third.

Mr Smith disclaims all pretensions to the name of poet, and chooses to speak of himself only as a writer of "verses." When authors talk too frequently of their productions in this style, we are inclined to think that it is only a sort of mock humility, and a covert way of courting praise. If they really consider their productions devoid of merit, why obtrude them upon the public. He, however, is a *poet*, though we believe that he prides himself more on his facility of verse-making, than on his merit as a poet. That he has very great facility in this respect is certain, but we are almost disposed to call it a "fatal facility"; and by allowing his rhymes to "come skelpin' rank an' file," he does himself great injustice, for were he to compose his poems more leisurely, and throw more study into the work, he has latent powers within him which would enable him to rise to a far loftier flight than he has ever yet attained.

THE EVEN-SONG.

The day is declining, and nature is weary,
And sighs itself softly to slumber and rest ;
And into the shade the sky-lark so cheery,
Has sunk with the sunbeam that gilded its breast !

Brave bird ! it soared high as its pinions could bear it,
To catch the last ray of the light it adored ;
And lost in the cloud, whence I hardly could hear it,
Its anthem of praise on the evening outpoured !

Its hymn of delight and of thankfulness ended,
In love's lowly dwelling-place now it is blest !

The service with which unto heaven it ascended,
On earth is rewarded with rapturous rest !

Oh, man ! if thy mind have a spark of emotion—
If aught from the clod thy affection can raise—
Look up to the lark's lovely act of devotion,
And follow its flight with like chorus of praise !

At eve, when the beam that hath bless'd thee declineth,
Sing thanks unto Him who its glory hath given ;
Then sink into darkness, rememb'ring he shineth,
And find in the grave but the gateway to Heaven !

BONNIE AYR.

Far be the hour that bids me quit
This sacred spot of earth,
To me as dear as ever yet
To man was place of birth !
Oh Death ! do not, I humbly pray,
My heart's strong tendrils tear :
Let them decay, and drop away,
And die embracing Ayr !

For ever—as the tide returns,
To fondle shore and shell ;
Or evening cloud, when sunset burns
To rest on grey Goatfell—
My heart, when haply I have stray'd,
Whilst other scenes were spurned,
To Ayr's unrivalled classic shade,
With rapture has returned.

As constant as the vale's sweet stream
Is to its lowly bed,
Through which, as in a songful dream,
Slow winds its silver thread ;
Or as the oak is to the glade
In which the acorn grew ;
My heart, through sunshine and through shade,
Auld Ayr, has been to you !

As closely as the flowers infold
Their first sweet drop of dew ;
Or buds, the quick'ning beams of gold
With which life's breath thy drew—
As closely as the woodbine's arms
Enclose the bending tree—
Auld Ayr ! unrivalled in thy charms,
My heart encloses thee !

Far be the hour that bids me quit
This sacred spot of earth—
As dear to me as ever yet
To man was place of birth !

Oh Death ! do not, I humbly pray,
My heart's strong tendrils tear :
Let them decay, and drop away,
And die embracing Ayr.

TO BACCHUS.

Go, Bacchus, go ! thy cloven foot
Betokens all that's evil !
Thy clusters are forbidden fruit ;
Thou'rt a deceiving devil !

False angel ! ask me not to kiss
Thy goblet filled with nectar ;
There's brimstone in thy cup of bliss—
Beneath thy wings a spectre !

Nay ! weave not here thy golden wile ;
I fear its fascination,
And dread, beneath thy dimpling smile,
Dark depths of dissipation !

I trace upon thy jocund cheeks
The countenance of sadness ;
And hear, when thou dost sing, the shrieks
Of misery and madness !

There's wrath in that bright lustre red
Through which thy form is shining ;
A charnel-house beneath the bed
On which thou art reclining !

And who are these, in forms of air,
A hideous group creating ?
Distress, disease, and death are there,
And imps impatient waiting !

Heaven help the wretch who does not flee
Thy voice and air inviting ;
Who unsuspecting sits with thee,
In dalliance dread delighting !

I, shuddering yet, recall the hour
When, with an eye that glistened,
You breath'd out bless in Eden's bow'r,
And found a fool that listened !

Thou 'witched'st me with wanton face,
And softest songs did sing me ;
But once in thy unblest embrace,
With scorpion tail didst sting me !

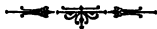
Then from my paradise in spring
The foliage fresh departed ;
And all its flow'rs hung withering,
And I was broken hearted !

I heard God's voice as I surveyed
 With awful transformation,
 And fled, despairing and dismayed,
 From death and desolation !

Accursed fiend ! I fled too late !
 And now, where'er I be,
 By habit followed, as by fate,
 I cannot fly from thee !

By all the griefs of days gone by !
 By all this soul must suffer !
 I'll curse, until the day I die,
 The cup which thou didst proffer !

Go, Bacchus, go ! thy cloven foot
 Betokens all that's evil ;
 Thy clusters are forbidden fruit ;
 Thou'rt a deceiving devil !



WILLIAM WALKER,

("BILL STUMPS,")

AUTHOR of many humorous and pleasingly-sarcastic poems, was born in 1830. His father had a small farm in the neighbourhood of St Andrews, Fifeshire. William left school at an early age to "herd kye," and to assist with the work of the "tackie." After following the calling of a ploughman on a large farm for about eight years, he became tired of agricultural life, and removed a short distance to a place called Strathkinness, where he has lived ever since, working in a freestone quarry. Unlike many of our bards, by steadiness and industry he had "saved siller"—sufficient to build a small cottage for himself, in which, in single blessedness, *he lives with an unmarried sister, "as happy as a king."*

From the time he was a "herd callant," he was a diligent and thoughtful reader, and embraced every opportunity of gaining knowledge. William is quite proud of his carefully-selected library of about 400 volumes. He used to "jingle rhymes" together when at school, but he was thirty years of age before he "appeared in print" in the poet's corner of the *People's Journal*. Here he was a regular contributor of humorous ditties and sketches, displaying much natural pawkiness, with a sweet mingling of deep pathos, and bearing unequivocal evidence of having been drawn from the life. All his pieces have the *nom-de-plume* of "Bill Stumps," by which he is widely known, and which he adopted when he sent his first piece for publication. He has ever been an ardent admirer of Nature in all her aspects; but it was not until he had got settled down in "a hoose o' my ain" that he had an opportunity of gratifying his taste to any extent. He then entered on the study and cultivation of flowers, and knowing something of botany, and having, as he is pleased to term it, given up in a great measure his "hobby" of poetry, he devotes all his spare time to these ennobling pursuits.

ON THE BEER.

See yon human figure hoo he reels alang,
 He's sae awfu' souple he can hardly gang;
 Sometimes lauchin' loudly, trying whiles to sing,
 Seemin' quite contented, happy as a king.
 Ilka wee bit laddie tryin' to imitate
 A' his strange contortions an' his awkward gait;
 What's the matter wi' him need a body speer—
 He's some drouthy neebour gotten on the beer.

Losh hoo queer he's lookin', what a fearsome chiel,
 Ane could 'maist be certain he was far frae weel;
 Hoo he becks an' staggers, up an' doon he goes—
 'Od he'll get a downcome—he'll be on his nose.
 What the mischief ails him? has he tint his wits?
 Has he taen the colic, or convulsion fits?
Has he just recovered frae distress severe?
No, there's naething ails him—he's upon the beer.

Hoo his een are starin', hoo he throws his mouth,
 'Twould been better for him had he tholed his drouth ;
 A' his senses dormant, left withoot a guide,
 Like a waif abandoned on a stormy tide.
 Noo he's clean bewildered, blind to a' he meets,
 Helpless as an infant rollin' in the streets ;
 Sunk in degradation, what a wreck is here—
 Human nature prostrate, lyin' on the beer.

See hoo sound he's sleepin', like a nine-year-auld ;
 O'd he'll catch the toothache or his death o' cauld ;
 He will get his claithin' a' besmeared wi' dirt,
 He might get a lounder frae a baker's cart ;
 Or some heavy waggon, phæton, gig, or chaise,
 Soon might knock his nose aff or his corny tae ;
 For he's fou's a fiddler—canna budge or steer ;
 What a risk he's rinnin', lyin' on the beer.

Weary fa' the drappie, muckle grief it's made ;
 Hoo it plagues a body when it's in their head,
 Breeds them muckle sorrow, muckle wae and dool,
 Mak's them fit for naething but to play the fool,
 Gi'es them mony a downcome, brings them muckle skaith,
 Brings them aft to ruin, brings them whiles to death.
 Weary fa' the drappie, it's a sad career,
 When we find enjoyment daidlin' on the beer.

THE COO WI' THE IRON TAIL.

There are mony kye o' different breeds,
 Baith big, an' middlin', an' sma',
 An' guid, an' bad, an' indifferent, too,
 An' hornies an' doddies an' a'.
 But there's no a hawkie in a' the lot,
 For fillin' the milkin'-pail,
 Can compare wi' her that's the theme o' my sang—
 The coo wi' the iron tail.

An' oh ! she's an unco usefu' beast,
 For the leelang winter through,
 She never gangs yell gif she's keepit in trim,
 Whatever the ithers may do :
 An' the folks wha drive a trade in milk
 I'm sure their supply wad fail,
 Gif it wisna for this by ordinar beast—
 The coo wi' the iron tail.

She's easy keepit, she needs nae meat,
 Except when she's aff the fang,
 When a drink o' water sune puts her as richt,
 As if she had never been wrang.
 An' though ye wad search the breadth o' the globe,
 Frae America's wilds to Crail,
 Ye'll no find a beast for supplyin' the sap
 Like the coo wi' the iron tail.

O' different sizes, an' different shapes,
 An' different colours she's seen ;
 She's sometimes black, an' sometimes white,
 An' blue, an' yellow, an' green.
 An' she stands the bitterest winter storm,
 'Mid frost, an' snaw, an' hail ;
 Wi' a rough strae-raip row'd roun' her craig—
 The coo wi' the iron tail.

An' yet there are some, I'm sorry to say,
 Wad hint that she's no the thing—
 That the milk she gi'es has a bluish hue,
 An' a taste o' the cauler spring.
 But what signifies that i' this warld o' ours,
 When it meets wi' a ready sale ;
 Sae here's to the milkman's stay an' support—
 The coo wi' the iron tail.

SILLER.

In this weary warld, wi' a' its attractions,
 Sae closely entwined wi' our dearest affections,
 There's ae thing that gies a keen zest to our actions,
 An' that is a likin' for siller.

It's common to a', frae the wee raggit laddie,
 Whase breeks are a' torn, an' whase jacket is duddy,
 To the hoary auld villain that's cheatit the widdie,
 They a' hae a likin' for siller.

" Oh wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin' ;"
 Sae sang Robbie Burns, the power o't bewailin' ;
 An' Robin was richt, for in health or in ailin',
 It's a real powerfu' article siller.

Hoo mony fine schemes i' the bud hae been checkit,
 Great plans left unfinished that hae been projeckit ;
 I've even kent cases whaur kirks hae been stickit—
 An a' for the want o' the siller.

Ah, siller is noble, an siller's transcendent,
 It mak's ye sae clever an' real independent,
 That amais a' the evils on mortals attendant
 Will vanish at sicht o' the siller.

If you'd wish to rise frae some humble station,
 An' mix wi' the great anes o' this generation,
 Your talents will be little recommendation,
 Withoot ye hae plenty o' siller.

A man without siller is seldom respeckit,
 He may do his best, but he's sair' sair negleckit ;
 For *what i' this warld cud ere be expectit,*
Frae a bodie withoot ony siller ?

I've heard an auld sang aboot "Naeboddy kens ye,"
 That says siller "breaks ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye,"
 Sae 'mid a' the blessings kind Providence sen's ye,
 Ye aye should be thankfu' for siller.

For though ye be doited, half-daft, or clean crazy,
 Though yer auld pow be bald, or as white as a daisy,
 Ye'll hae plenty o' frien's that'll study to please ye—
 Provided ye've plenty o' siller.

But wait ye awee, should misfortunes o'ertake ye,
 Ten chances to ane but your frien's will forsake ye;
 An' they'll care nae a snuff though grim poverty shake ye,
 If he's shaken ye clear o' your siller.

An' it's no muckle wonder that friendships are broken,
 The love o' the siller's sae strong, mair by token,
 The clergy themsel's, "wi' reverence he't spoken,"
 Are blamed for bein' fond o' the siller.

Then try an' get siller, ye're no richt without it,
 It's handy to hae, that's a fact undisputit;
 An' it's no guid to get—that's the warst thing aboot it—
 What mair need be said aboot siller?



LORD NEAVES

HAD many other claims to admiration, and even to fame, besides the lustre which he shed over the Bar and the Bench of Scotland, although for them he lived, and in their service were exercised his rare and varied endowments of mind. "The career of a successful barrister," says the writer of an "obituary" in the "Journal of Jurisprudence," "commencing with early struggles, rising with more or less rapidity into practice, and crowned at last with the position and dignity of a judge, although full of excitement, sometimes even of romance in the *inner* life, usually presents little that is salient or *eventful* to the outer world. Sometimes an Eldon or a *Brougham* shoots out from the crowd into public

and political distinction ; sometimes a Jeffrey makes a bold and successful dash into the field of literature, but if that does not happen before briefs begin to accumulate, it either never happens at all, or only arrives to stifle the chances of forensic success." Pope lamented that so many good poets had been spoiled by the superior attractions of law and politics. Wilson and Lockhart were vigorous thinkers who deserted their original calling for the ranks of authorship, and the instinct "to pen a stanza when he should engross" must have been so strong in Scott that the law would have made him a prisoner.

Charles Neaves, one of the Lords of Session, and an accomplished scholar, eminent lawyer, and upright judge, was born in Edinburgh on 14th October, 1800, and died in December, 1876. His father was for many years Principal Clerk of the Court of Justiciary. At the High School and University our poet gave evidence of a powerful mind. His family connections and influence naturally selected the law for his profession, and at an early age he made his way at the Scottish bar as a distinguished and popular barrister, an able pleader, and, when the time came, a judge universally appreciated. In 1822 he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and was appointed Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland in 1845. He became Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1852, and was raised to the Bench, with the courtesy title of Lord Neaves, in 1854.

In boyhood he gave remarkable evidence of two qualities in particular, and these continued to be distinctive of the man throughout his whole career—a rapid, tenacious, and accurate memory, and an insatiable avidity for the acquisition of knowledge. He seldom forgot anything he once knew, and he seemed to have the faculty of laying it by in the storehouse of his brain, and bringing it out, at whatever interval, fresh and well-preserved. This faculty, however, did not diminish his habits of study—in-

deed, he was never given to much exercise or muscular exertion, and spent much of his time, both in town and country, among his books, of which he had a very rare collection. He was exceedingly well-versed in the civil law. In dealing with facts he was rapid, discriminating, and incisive; and when these were ascertained and fixed, he handled the law applicable to them with the ease and grasp of a master. At the time of his death he had been thirty-two years at the Bar, and twenty-years on the Bench.

His sagacity and masterly analysis of evidence, and the intense earnestness with which he identified himself with his client, made his appeals to juries always powerful and frequently resistless. As a judge he was distinguished by breadth and distinctiveness of view, his graceful and luminous exposition, his purity and impartiality of character, and by uniform affability and courtesy of demeanour. In private life, while he held by his distinctive principles, he was too good-natured to obtrude them upon society. No man was more ready to co-operate with those who differed most widely from him, if he could find common standing-ground, and this, with his many other marked qualities, made him esteemed by all parties alike.

Lord Neaves became connected with *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1835. He always retained the connection, and his earlier contributions were frequently in conjunction with his friends Moir and Cheape. He was considerably younger than the great Christopher North—the leading spirit of the literary contributors to *Blackwood*—but not too far separated in age to be one of the brilliant group which surrounded that representative man. Messrs Blackwood published a volume of his “Songs and Verses: Social and Scientific,” as the production of “an old contributor to *Maga*,” a work which reached, in 1875, a fourth and enlarged edition.

His songs and verses are the perfection of admir-

able good sense, combined with quickness to perceive the ludicrous. The humour is always rich, fresh, and enforced, and the satire is keen, without a particle of bitterness. He naturally had a fine sense of the ridiculous, and a lively impression of incongruity. The last work from his pen which issued from the press, "The Translations from the Greek Anthology," has been universally praised by scholars, both for the grace of the rendering and the mastery of the text which it evinces. In the year in which he died, he supplied some acute and valuable notes to the fourth edition of Mackenzie's "Treatise on the Roman Law," which he enlivens by several spirited translations from obscure Greek epigrams on lawyers and legal subjects, given with great spirit and felicity.

It has been regretted that Lord Neaves did not engage in more systematic literary work. That he would have excelled in this pursuit there can be little doubt, from the quality of what he has done. Such labour, however, he considered more as a recreation than a task; and probably more continuous or more ambitious toil might have proved too much for a frame never physically vigorous. He not only read his books, but he studied them; and that occupation, and the companionship of an attached family, and the pleasant intercourse of a large and congenial circle of friends, were the resources of his hours of leisure.

THE SONS OF THE MANSE.

AIR—"This Brown Jug."

O ! law is a trade that's not easy to learn,
 And a good many failures we daily discern ;
 But, touching this matter, I'm anxious to mention
 A fact I've observed, that may claim some attention :
 If you look round the Bar you will see at a glance
 Not a few of the foremost are Sons of the Manse.

Some glibly can *speak* what is not worth the speaking ;
 Some can *think*, but they still are for words vainly seeking ;
 A young man's best prospects will likely be blighted
 If the tongue and the brains aren't duly united ;
 But if men who have *both* are here asked to advance,
 You will find out that many are Sons of the Manse.

In both Heads of the Court my assertion is proved,
 For a grandson is merely a son once removed ;
 Others' names I don't mention—the task would be tedious,
 And perhaps would be found not a little invidious ;
 But I often have witnessed a gay legal dance,
 Where the whole four performers were Sons of the Manse.

The son of an agent, his son-in-law too,
 May be certain at first to have something to do :
 Political friends may secure one a start—
 Nay, a clerk from an office may play a fair part ;
 But in time these will not have the ghost of a chance
 With those dangerous rivals, the Sons of the Manse.

I don't know how elsewhere these matters may be,
 Though I daresay in England the like things they see ;
 I remember at least that the race of the Laws
 Had both Bishops and Judges that met with applause ;
 But in Italy, Spain, and in most parts of France,
 They can scarce have *legitimate* Sons of the Manse.

But talking of England, you'll keep it in view
 That the Manse has sent thither a nursling or two :
 Plain John through high honours successfully passed,
 And the Woolsack sustained his Fife "hurdies" at last ;
 While Brougham, in his pride, loved to caper and prance,
 When, confessed, through his mother, a Son of the Manse.

I don't mean to say that these shoots from the Church
 Have left all their brothers-in-law in the lurch ;
 Good sons of lay Sires, not a whit behind these,
 Have their share of the talents, their share of the fees ;
 But all parties will own that my song's no romance,
 And that both Bench and Bar owe a debt to the Manse.

Such wondrous results there's no way of explaining,
 If we do not ascribe them to clerical training ;
 The tyro begins with the "Chief End of Man,"
 And "Effectual Calling" completes the great plan ;
 Both Language and Logic his genius enhance
 Till he comes out a genuine Son of the Manse.

Then here's to the Manse ! both Established and Free,
 And don't, I beseech you, leave out the U. P. ;
Seceders good service performed in past years,
 Though I'm sorry they call themselves now Volunteers ;
 At the old Burgher Sect I can ne'er look askance,
 When I think Robert Jameson came from that Manse.

The Manse and the Pulpit, the Bench and the Bar,
 With the same godless enemies ever wage war ;
 They seek to subdue, by the pen, by the tongue,
 Dissension, Disorder, Injustice, and Wrong.
 How changed for the worse were broad Scotland's expanse,
 If she hadn't the Parliament House—and the Manse.

A SONG OF PROVERBS.

AIR—"Push about the forum."

In ancient days, tradition says,
 When knowledge much was stinted—
 When few could teach and fewer preach,
 And books were not yet printed—
 What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
 They pithily expounded ;
 And proverbs sage, from age to age,
 In every mouth abounded.

O blessings on the men of yore,
 Who wisdom thus augmented,
 And left a store of easy lore
 For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,
 Do very ill agree, sir ;
 A beggar hates at rich men's gates
 A beggar's face to see, sir.
 Yet trades there are, though rather rare,
 Where men are not so jealous ;
 Two lawyers know the coal to blow,
 Just like a pair of bellows.
 O blessings, etc.

When tinkers try their trade to ply,
 They make more holes than mend, sir ;
 Set some astride a horse to ride,
 You know their latter end, sir.
 Rogues meet their due when out they fall,
 And each the other blames, sir ;
 The pot should not the kettle call
 Opprobrious sorts of names, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

The man who would Charybdis shun,
 Must make a cautious movement,
 Or else he'll into Scylla run—
 Which would be no improvement.
 The fish that left the frying-pan,
 On feeling that desire, sir,
 Took little by their change of plan,
 When floundering in the fire, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

A man of nous from a glass house
 Will not be throwing stones, sir ;
 A mountain may bring forth a mouse,
 With many throes and groans, sir.
 A friend in need's a friend indeed,
 And prized as such should be, sir ;
 But summer friends, when summer ends,
 Are off and o'er the sea, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,
 Which gives our pride relief, sir ;
 Between two stools the bones of fools
 Are apt to come to grief, sir.
 Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,
 Though why I ne'er could see, sir ;
 But some opine 'tis found in wine :
 Which better pleases me, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

Your toil and pain will all be vain,
 To try to milk the bull, sir ;
 If forth you jog to shear the hog,
 You'll get more cry than wool, sir.
 'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,
 Or shave a chin that's bare, sir ;
 You cannot strip a Highland hip
 Of what it does not wear, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

I'm wae to think the Scottish tongue
 Is deen' oot aae fast, man ;
 But some few sayin's may be sung
 Or e'er its day be past, man.
 It's far o'er late the nest to seek,
 When a' the birds are flown, man ;
 Or yet the stable door to steek,
 When a' the steeds are stown, man.
 O blessings, etc.

Of proverbs in the common style
 If now you're growing weary,
 I'll try again to raise a smile
 With two by Lord Dundreary.
 You cannot brew good Burgundy
 Out of an old sow's ear, sir ;
 Nor can you make a silken purse
 From very sour small beer, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

Now he who listens to my song,
 And heeds what I indite, sir,
 Will seldom very far go wrong,
 And often will go right, sir.

But whoso hears with idle ears,
 And is no wiser made, sir,
 A fool is he, and still would be,
 Though in a mortar brayed, sir.
 O blessings, etc.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Have you heard of this question the Doctors among,
 Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
 This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
 Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
 It required a few millions the change to complete;
 But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
 Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great grandsire,
 To little or nothing at first did aspire;
 But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
 Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,
 By budding or bursting, produced such another;
 And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
 Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
 Some put out a finger, some put out a foot;
 Some set up a mouth, and some sent down a root,
 Which nobody can deny.

Some wishing to walk, manufactured a limb;
 Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim;
 Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
 Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
 As nature sent food for the few or for all;
 And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
 Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that was longer by half
 Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
 By stretching and stretching, became a Giraffe,
 Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,
 Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes;
 And he then by the name of an Elephant goes,
 Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a Whale,
 Held its hind-legs so close that they grew to a tail,
 Which it uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
 Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, fantails, and tumblers are from the same source ;
 The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse :
 So Men were developed from monkeys, of course,
 Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
 When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
 As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
 Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
 A relapse to low life may our prospects impair ;
 So of beastly propensities let us beware,
 Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
 And, reduced to all-fours, must then narrow their views
 Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
 Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
 When they'd sink to an oyster, or insect, some day,
 Or the pitiful part of a polypus play,
 Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
 And descending through varying stages of shame,
 They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
 Which nobody can deny.

DON'T FORGET THE RICH.

"We'll educate the Poor," you say ; and clearly it is right
 To try to lead our humble friends from darkness into light :
 To help their hands, to fill their hearts with feelings just and
 true,
 To make them skilled in handicrafts, and wise and happy too ;
 Yet take with me a wider range, and seek a higher pitch,
 And while you educate the Poor, pray, don't forget the Rich.

The Poor are to be pitied much, of food and clothing scant ;
 Yet there's a kind of schooling, too, in poverty and want.
 They learn to use their eyes and ears, they can't be idle quite ;
 They must be up and doing, let the thing be wrong or right.
 But when no motive stirs the mind, there comes a serious hitch ;
 For laziness and luxury are open to the Rich.

The rich man's son, I therefore think, may claim our pity too :
 He finds no want unsatisfied, he sees no work to do.
 His bed is made : he's softly laid : and when he lists to rise,
 Pleasure invites and Flattery's voice its Siren magic plies :
 Strange power have these confederate foes men's spirits to
 bewitch ;
 So while we don't neglect the Poor, we'll also mind the Rich.

The rich man's daughter often, too, may mourn a hapless fate,
 If head and heart ne'er learned the art to dignify her state ;
 If life without a task or sphere is miserably spent
 In languor or in levity or peevish discontent :
 Scarce sadder lot has Hood's poor girl, condemned to sew and
 stitch,
 Than hers the unidea'd maid, the daughter of the Rich.

The untaught Poor are dangerous, they know not what they
 need :
 By clamour or pernicious threats they seek their cause to speed :
 They quarrel with their truest friends ; and look with envious
 glare
 On those whose industry and thrift have made them what they
 are.
 But all the Blind, of guides bereft, may fall into the ditch ;
 So give true insight to us all, the Poor as well as Rich.

What citizen can well be worse than one with wealth to spend,
 Who neither has the power nor will to serve a noble end ?
 Trained in his body he may be, and taught to race and game,
 But ignorant of letters and untouched by virtue's flame :
 Corrupted, nay corrupting too,—it little matters which—
 Oh, if the vicious Poor are bad, what are the vicious Rich ?

If you possess compulsion's power, compel us all to learn
 How we may best the Good and Bad, the Fair and Foul discern :
 Let God's great laws, let Britain's weal, be rightly understood ;
 Show us the gain of growing wise, the joy of doing good :
 Give in the social edifice to each his proper niche,
 And teach their duties and their rights alike to Poor and Rich.

In hopes our social ills to cure, our ancient Kings and Laws
 Built schools and founded colleges to prosper the good cause.
 There all who came were kindly lured, or led by firm control,
 To learn whate'er would form the mind or purify the soul.
 These wise foundations seek to aid and elevate their pitch :
 You'll benefit both Rich and Poor—by training well the Rich.

THE PLANTING OF THE VINE.

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.

When Noah first planted the Vine,
 The Devil contrived to be there,
 For he saw pretty well that the Finding of Wine
 Was a very important affair.

Mankind had been sober before ;
But had *not* been remarkably good ;
And the cold-blooded crew had deserved all the more
To be deluged and drenched by the Flood.

To assist us in mending our ways,
And more safely our time to employ,
It was kindly determined to shorten our days,
And afford us some generous joy.

Then the grape came to gladden man's heart ;
And a bright dawn of bliss seemed to glow,
When the rainbow and wine-cup could tidings impart,
Of an end both to Water and Woe.

So to hallow the newly-found fruit,
Noah chose a white Lamb without spot ;
And he poured its young blood round the delicate root,
To preserve it from blemish and blot.

But the Devil, such bounty to clog,
And to substitute evil for good,
Slaughtered also a Lion, an Ape, and a Hog,
And manured the young plant with their blood.

The first gush of the Vine's precious balm
Shows its power in an innocent way ;
Like the Lamb's gentle nature, our temper is calm,
While our spirits are playful and gay.

But on tasting more freely the cup,
Then its Leonine vices are found ;
With a combative ardour the heart is lit up,
And resentment and wrath hover round.

Next, the Ape, if still deeper we drink,
His grimaces and gambols will try ;
Till at last, like the Hog, oversated we sink,
And contented lie down in the sty.

In avoiding these villainous beasts,
Let our sense of the blessing be shown :
Let the Lamb's playful spirit preside at our feasts,
Nor let even the Lion be known.

But I would not be ruthlessly told
From all temperate draughts to refrain ;
Lest perhaps, like the sober transgressors of old,
We should bring down the Deluge again.

JAMES CURRIE,

A SOLDIER-POET, and Crimean hero, was born at Selkirk in 1829. The humble circumstances of his grand-parents, who brought him up, were such that his schoolastic education was very limited. At the age of nine he was at work in a mill as a "piecer," and ultimately became a spinner. By diligence and self-application, however, he made good progress in learning during his spare hours. At ten years of age he was in love with Burns, and after reading through his poems several times, he made a journey, barefooted, and with one penny in his pocket, to the tomb of the great bard. Fired by patriotism after reading a *hawker's* edition of the "Life of Wallace," he enlisted into the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and went through the whole of the Crimean Campaign. On the last day of the seige, Currie lost his right arm by a cannon shot, and he has since been in possession of a pension of one shilling per day. After coming home, he was employed as a post-runner to Yair, which office he kept for about six years.

Being out of work, and his circumstances getting straightened, he, in 1863, published a volume entitled "Wayside Musings," and the edition of 1000 copies was cleared out in a few weeks. The poems were mostly composed during his walks by the "silvery Tweed," and during his "lonely rounds" at the mid-night hour on the tented field—being thus literally "Wayside Musings," and frequently jotted down from memory after the day's labours. Although, in some respects many of the pieces were very defective, the volume was favourably received. Owing to his maimed condition, employment was difficult to procure, but the late Hon. William Napier having taken an interest in him, took him to London,

where he joined the *commissionaire* corps, and acted as messenger to the Duke of Sutherland during the "London season." After two years, he returned to Selkirk in poor circumstances, and found temporary employment in the mills. His next resided in Galashiels eleven years, and then removed to his present abode—the sweet little village of Darnick, near Melrose.

Currie is a member of the "Border Bards Association," and frequently contributes verses and occasional prose sketches to the local press and other periodicals. Although varied are the themes on which he has written, his songs feelingly display the tender passion, and an unbounded love of his country is predominant.

THE LASSIE O' BANNERFIELD HA'.

Ilk lad thinks his ain lass the brightest an' rarest
O' a' ither lassies baith here an' awa';
But her that I lo'e is the sweetest an' fairest—
There's nane like the lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

I've mingled 'mangst beauties, whase hearts were beguiling,
That wiss'd ower my een they the glamour micht draw;
Oh, little they dreamt, while on me they kept smiling,
I lo'ed but the lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

Thou kindest, an' dearest, what heart-thrillin' pleasure
Is mine while I drink in thy charms ane an' a';
Thy beauty an' guidness proclaims thee a treasure—
My ain bonny lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

How sweet 'tis at e'enin' to wander thegither
Awa' up the burnie the length o' the fa';
But sweeter by far is a seat 'mang the heather—
My airms roond the lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

O, joy never kent by the chield void o' feeling,
Whase heart never beat to a love-tune awa';
What raptures o' bliss through my bosom keep stealing,
While kissin' the lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

Her smiles cheer my heart like the sunbeams o' simmer,
An' chase the dark cluds o' deep sorrow awa';
If life to me's spared ere again buds the timmer
I'll wed thee—the lassie o' Bannerfield Ha'.

"WEE DAISY."

Wi' achin' heart, an' tearfu' e'e
 We saw oor bonny flow'ret dee,
 The darlin' o' oor hame was she—
 "Wee Daisy!"

Thy patt'rin' feet are quiet now—
 In silence o'er thy clay we bow,
 An' kiss thy cold an' clammy brow—
 "Wee Daisy!"

Thy tiny shoes we've hid away,
 An' a' the toys that day by day
 Were prized by thee in joyous play—
 "Wee Daisy!"

That lock o' hair we'll dearly prize,
 Secured, when death had closed thine eyes;
 But *that* may fade, love *never* dies—
 "Wee Daisy!"

We mourn thy loss, tho' well we know
 Thou could'st not blossom here below
 As thou in Paradise wilt grow—
 "Wee Daisy!"

But hope is ours, ay! ours the faith,
 That when we draw our latest breath
 We'll soar beyond the power o' death—
 "Wee Daisy!"

To realms o' bliss that ne'er decay,
 Where flow'rs in beauty bloom for aye,
 We'll meet *thee* there some future day—
 "Wee Daisy!"

TO A FOUNDLING.

All hail, thou little stranger, hail, who would not welcome thee
 With open arms and generous hearts, whoe'er thou mayest be?
 The heartless ones who left thee thus, the world may never
 know:

Enough, thou hast abandon'd been, wee flow'ret be it so.
 Thou shalt be cared for tenderly, thy wants shall be supplied,
 And love of strangers shall be thine, thy parents have denied.

We cannot roll the veil aside that hides thy future fate;
 'Tis like thy birth—a myst'ry, we cannot penetrate.
 But should'st thy life be spared to thee, who knows but thou
 may prove
 That *worth* from *worthless* ones may spring—a well of boundless
 love.

The seeds of poesy, perchance, are planted in thy soul,
 That may in beauty's bloom burst forth, and spread from pole to
 pole.
 A deathless name may yet be thine, though thou art nameless
 now—
 Ay ! well-earn'd wreaths of laurel yet, may deck thy woman's
 brow.

Strange thoughts are fitting through the mind while thus I gaze
 on thee,
 Though unexpress'd, yet hopeful they, of what thou mayest be.
 True, thou in after years may know what 'tis to suffer care ;
 But oh, may He, whose name is Love, guard thee from ev'ry
 snare.

May thou in beauty grow apace in features, form, and mind,
 And prove to all, who shall thee know, a gem of womankind.
 Though parted from the parent stem, and rudely cast away,
 There's One who'll ne'er desert thee—no, but prove thy friend for
 aye !

May peace within thy bosom reign throughout a long career
 Of usefulness, of faithfulness, and heartfelt godly fear.
 May thou a bright example show to all thy sisterhood ;
 While life is granted thee, may thou prove ever kind and good !

THE DEEIN' LADDIE'S ADDRESS TO HIS MITHER.

O whisht, my mither, dinna greet, O dinna greet for me,
 Tho' noo I'm ga'n, we'll meet again—again we'll meet on hie ;
 Tho' dootless ye are laith to tine your ain wee Johnnie noo,
 A brighter sun than yon will shine sune on your bairnie's broo.

I wonder mither, when I'm there, gin uncle Dav' I'll see ?
 If so d'ye think that he will ken wee Johnnie, dear to thee ?
 An', mither, can ye tell me this, if bairns there hae the power
 To come an' lead their mitthers up, when death wi' them is owre ?

O ! if the countless bairns abune can earthly parents see,
 I ken o' yin will keep a watch on his wi' anxious e'e ;
 For baith you an' my faither hae to Johnnie aye been kind—
 O, 'tis nae wonder that I'm laith to leave ye baith behind.

Ah ! whisht, my mither, dicht your een, list to that music there,
 It seems as if there was a band o' singers i' the air.
 Come nearer, mither—nearer yet—d'ye hear the singin' noo ?
 That is the happy band I'll join whene'er I part wi' you.

The darkness noo is comin' on, I haena lang to stay,
 O kiss me, mither, ance or twice, before I gang away.
 An' O ! the darkness gathers roun' a' that I noo can see—
 Ere dawn of morn', ae step, unseen, shall sinder you an' me.

THE CAMERON'S FAREWHEEL.

The bugle is sounding the "Bonnets o' blue,"
 An' that is the Cameron's ca', lassie ;
 Ilk hero maun sune to that land bid adieu,
 Sae dear to the hearts o' us a', lassie.

The field is before us whaur mony may fa',
 Your lover, perchance, 'mang the rest, lassie ;
 But dinna gi'e way, for the Ruler o' a'
 Has planted strang hopes in my breist, lassie.

Tho' tears o' affection may yet dim my e'e
 For some wha in battle may fa', lassie,
 My thochts mauna rest on the sorrows I'll see,
 But cherish fond hopes when awa', lassie.

To ken that thou lo'est me will lichten the heart,
 An' bear me through ilk trying scene, lassie ;
 Thy love to my bosom will pleasures impart,
 An' happy I'll be as I've been, lassie.

Ae kiss, my dear Annie, syne fareweel awhile,
 An' trust i' the heart that is thine, lassie ;
 Through ilk changing scene, this I pledge wi' a smile,
 I'll lo'e thee while life shall be mine, lassie.

On fields that are blood-stain'd thy lover may tread,
 Whaur thousands may fa' but to dee, lassie,
 Still safe through ilk danger 'midst dying an' dead,
 I'll come back to Scotland an' thee, lassie.



JOHN WRIGHT,

THE Galston poet, as he has generally been called, was as truly a born bard as any man who ever courted the Piërian Nymphs, or drank of Castalia's springs ; although, in the end, he was one of the most unfortunate—as his death was certainly the most melancholy—of all the votaries of the tune-ful Nine. He was born at Auchinclojigh, in the parish of Sorn, in the uplands of Ayrshire, in 1805.

When but a child, Wright's parents removed to the town of Galston, which is situated on the beautiful banks of the Irvine, to the north of Auchincloigh. When about thirteen he was apprenticed as a weaver to a good and intelligent man named George Brown. He, however, was only versed in religious literature, and in polemics; but Wright early soared off into the realms of poetry, his young spirit having been nursed by his lonely rambles among the mountains and by the banks of the sweet Burnawn. Books of all kinds he read with avidity, but poetry was the delight of his soul, and that of Byron had a charm for him above any other. Notwithstanding his most imperfect education, Wright had rhymed almost from infancy; but love, with which his heart was smitten early, made him compose with care. His first effort was a love song; his next was a tragedy, which he entitled "Mahomet, or the Hegira." At this he laboured until it extended to more than fifteen hundred lines, all of which he had to keep on his memory, being unable as yet to commit them to writing. It was, however, condemned by his most intelligent friends, and ultimately he gave it up.

At this time he had to labour at the dull monotonous loom for not less than fifteen hours a-day, but even this did not prevent him, "at stolen hours when labour done," from wandering out by the Irvine, and among the grand old woods of Cessnock, and there indulging his poetic dreams.

In 1824, when he was only nineteen, "The Retrospect" was announced, though it did not appear for four years afterwards. The whole of the first canto, of fifty-nine Spenserian stanzas, he retained on his memory until he could get a friend to write it down. This he at last was able to obtain, and both cantos, with some minor poems, were written out.

With his manuscript buttoned up in his breast, and hardly a copper in his pocket, he set out for Edin-


burgh. Going by Glasgow, he got an introduction to Struthers, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and to Dugald Moore, a Glasgow poet of not a little eminence, author of "The African," "Scenes from the Flood," &c. They read and praised his poems, and assisted him with money to proceed to Edinburgh. Here, when well-nigh desperate, he was introduced to a Dumfriesshire gentleman—the late Mr David Hastings, who succeeded in persuading Professor Wilson to peruse the MS. The latter expressed his approval, and commended the poems highly—treating the poor author with great kindness. Henry Glassford Bell also became his patron and his friend. After a stay of three months in Edinburgh, and acting under the advice of numerous other literary men, he procured nearly one thousand subscribers.

Under these cheering auspices the work appeared, and was most favourably noticed by the *London Quarterly Review*, the *Monthly Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and by many others of lesser note. Strange as it may seem, only a few of the people of his native town were proud of his success, most of them envied his fame, and mocked and jeered at the poet, who scourged them in "The Street Remarkers." A second edition of his poems was soon published, and now the poet married, and might have done well, for he had pocketed almost £100 by his first edition alone; but his success had turned his head, or at least had thrown him sadly off his balance. He took to drinking, left Galston for Cambuslang, parted with his wife, and left her two fine boys. He became a wanderer and a hopeless inebriate, looking behind with regret, and before him with hopeless despair. He continued to write occasionally, and at times tried to struggle back into the paths of sobriety. Then he would launch his terrible imprecations at intemperance. But his self-control seemed to be gone.

At last he was found one night about the year 1846, in the streets of Glasgow, in a deplorable and unconscious state, and was carried into the infirmary, seemingly dying. A Galston man was then employed there, whose duty it was to see all patients properly cleaned. He recognised the unfortunate poet to be his old acquaintance and townsman. Wright died the following day, and the official easily enlisted the sympathies of a number of the Galston folk then resident in Glasgow, and they gave him a decent burial—even among the great, and where so many poets lie—in the Necropolis. A cast of his finely-intellectual head was taken, which, however, latterly shared in the disastrous lot of the poet. For a while it was kept at the infirmary. Ultimately it came into the possession of a Galston man, and was brought to his native town, but meeting with an accident, after sundry repairs, it was at last “used up,” as the mistress of the house said, “in scorin’ the kitchen floor!”

Mr Wm. Todd, an elder brother of the bard of “The Circling Year,” tells us that—as showing how little his high talents were valued, or his lofty poetry admired, by the people of his native place—“His poetry was generally condemned by his fellow-townsmen for its obscurity. No one was able to understand it, except Willie Abbot and Rab Young, and one or two others. But then they both were *weavers*, and wore waistcoats with moleskin sleeves, and so their opinions went for nothing!” Notwithstanding his wayward follies, Wright’s works had reached a third edition three years before his death, and they are still gradually gaining an honourable and enduring place in our literature. In his last great work, “The Life of Burns,” we find the gifted George Gilfillan quoting approvingly from “The Retrospect.”

Our first extracts are from “The Retrospect”—the first is an apostrophe to poverty; the second, which is in praise of woman, forms the conclusion of the poem.



Stern poverty ! how heavy and how hard—
 The struggling heart down-pressing even to death—
 Thou lay'st thy icy fingers on the Bard—
 Thy daggers, poesy did first unsheath,
 Transfix, pale heaving Hope at every breath ;
 No voice to soothe—of all the world even one
 Were bliss ; by early friends now dcomed beneath
 Their high-flown love, their kind consolment gone—
 'Mid the still black'ning storm, unsheltered and alone.

Before thy freezing breath we shrink afar,
 And when removed, to stand or fly we pause,
 Thou roll'st upon us like the rush of war,
 And down we sink in Ruin's earthquake jaws ;
 And, since ourselves have been the bitter cause,
 No arm to aid, no eye to pity near ;
 And what in happier life might find applause,
 Brings but the rude reproach, and vulgar sneer,
 To blight the bleeding heart, and sharpen doom severe.

Shower on me all thy plagues ! yet not aghast
 Will I sink underneath thee ; the wild wave
 Shall sleep beneath thee—tower-o'er-setting blast—
 Or ere I shrink before thee to a slave,
 Or bend beneath thee to a timeless grave ;
 Creation fails not with the bright day gone ;
 Fair flow'rs outlive the spring ; and in its cave
 The diamond wars with darkness ripening on ;
 The tree stands, and thus I, in bloom 'mid winter lone.

.

Man, the proud scoffer, may contemn ; though all
 His schemes of bliss twine round thee—spurn and threat ;
 Yet ever and anon, when ills befall,
 He casts himself a suppliant at thy feet ;
 Frozen apathy not long his wintry seat
 May fix where thou should'st sway—sole mortal boon
 That charm'st through life, and mak'st a deathbed sweet ;
 Grief fades in thy bright beam like mists from noon,
 Or crags that melt in light beneath the summer moon.

Heaven's fairest semblance, woman ! fount where lies
 True sympathy alone ; sweet woman's ire
 Ends with her weeping, like a cloud that dies
 Away when emptied ; but there is a fire
 No tears may stifle, rooted, dark desire
 Of vengeance in proud man, inflamed by time,
 Which not till life-blood quench it, can expire ;
 Like show'r of summer dropped from heavenly clime,
 To soften, brighten earth, is woman ; man, all crime.

Of love unquenched through life, in death that shone,
 Of their wild woes the tale hath long gone by ;
 Its last faint, fitful echo heard alone,
 If chance you roam these woodlands—thus found I
 This little lovely gem, that well might vie
 (From its rust fetters freed, its prison strong,)
 With loveliest treasure underneath the sky ;
 But as it is, its rays confus'dly throng,
 Crude cantlet of sweet, wild, and winding, witching song.

FRIENDSHIP.

I've tried the charms of poesy—
 I've tried the charms of wine ;
 But friendship is a holier tie
 Than both—when both combine.
 Noth the vague of light minds
 Which only life in wassail finds
 And with the goblet's flavour dies ;
 Which may—or may not—be again
 Rekindled in the heated brain,
 When reason spreads her wing and flies.

Not theirs, whose friendship—all of clay—
 Hath not a spark of fire—
 Formed out of Mammon's dust, which they
 Had raked from many a mire ;
 'Tis thine, Intelligence ! that beams,
 And undisguised, *is* what it seems—
 A ray of Nature's holiest light !
 Angelic potency its dower,
 To halo Academic bower,
 Or gild Creation's mental night.

Such friendship felt the Hebrew pair,
 The rivals of a crown ;—
 Yet idol self could claim no share
 In its unmatched renown,
 So purified and so sublime,
 It sheds a light on distant time,
 To vivify a callous world ;
 And raise its own rich monument
 Of song—whose beauty will augment
 As riper Virtue is unfurled.

What was that friendship ? All unfit
 Are accents of the earth,
 With times accumulated wit,
 Such love to shadow forth :
 The mingling of fond hearts and free
 Can all its attributes define ;
 'Twas a communion of such cast,
 As love of womankind surpassed—
 Dominion, glory, wealth and wine.

THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND HILLS.

Shall that dread hour of glory—
 Till Time himself grow hoary—
 Ignobly die in story
 Or in a Briton's ear :
 That hour with horror spangled
 When Liberty lay mangled,
 Her votaries entangled
 On Pentland mountains drear ?

A faithful few, unbending,
 To deathful storms impending,
 Were seen those heights ascending,
 At early watch of morn,
 Pursued—but yet unfearing—
 They sung their songs endearing,
 While a bloody foe appearing,
 Laughed the heavenly sounds to scorn.

For Freedom they had striven,
 In the open face of Heaven :
 Afar 'mongst deserts driven,
 Their front defiance wore.
 On the heights above Dunedin,
 Soon that patriot band lay bleeding,
 And the carrion, foul, were feeding
 Their young with martyrs' gore.

But while their hands were wielding
 The spear, their hearts were building
 On pray'r—hope—faith—unyielding
 To the myrmidons of crime :
 By a hell-let-loose of Nero's,
 Whose names like simooms sear us,
 Were massacred the heroes
 Of the Covenant, sublime.

Then songs of mountain gladness
 Were changed to strains of sadness ;
 While havoc, in its madness,
 Wrought all around despair ;
 Hope seemed forever blighted—
 Sweet mercy fled affrighted—
 From blackest fiends united,
 Tormenting earth and air.

But the sword of justice glancing,
 Came in the rear advancing,
 Heaven's armoury elancing
 Its rays of dreadful sheen :
 Then came vindictive Ruin—
 A monarchy undoing—
 That long had been imbruing
 In blood its hands unclean.

Then smiled each peaceful village—
 No more given o'er to pillage—
 Then flourished trade and tillage—
 Every blessing we adore.
 Be hallow'd and defended,
 The sceptre that's extended,
 The monarch that ascended
 To gladden Albion's shore.

TO THE STREET REMARKERS.

Ye street-remarking, boohorn'd bitches !
 Ye idle, lazy, menseless wretches !
 I'd sooner meet a group o' witches
 On Hallowe'en,
 Than come within your curséd clutches,
 Whaur ye convene.

Ye hae nae sense—ye've nane ava—
 Low, byre-bred haverils, ane and a' !
 Ye gape and glow'r wi' loud guffa,
 At a' that passes,
 And cock your crests, an' crouselly craw,
 Though nocht but asses.

Ye stan' upon the street and smoke,
 An' laugh an' jeer at honest folk,
 An' drive, an' ane anither knock,
 Like mob a-skailin' ;
 I'd sooner far hear puddocks croak,
 Or grumphy yellin' !

Hae ye nae dub at your ain door ?
 Ye idle, blethering, senseless core !
 That ye maun jibe, an' rowt, an' roar
 Till your sides split,
 Each telling loud his pig-sty splore
 O' paltry wit.

I winna say your heads are boss ;
 They're filled wi' something—gowd or dross ;
 Let him wha doubts it keek mair close ;
 An' see the byke !
 Laying their lazy limbs across
 The priest's glebe dyke.

Just note the marrow o' their mirth—
 Ye'll swear that an Egyptian dearth
 O' common sense out owre the earth
 Its black wing stretches,
 An' pray for strength, an' a horse-girth
 To skelp the wretches !

I needna preach ! sic doctrine's stale—
 To you at least of no avail ;
 Ane better wad wi' brutes prevail—
 Even Hielan' donkeys ;
 I tell you, ye but want the tail
 To mak' you monkeys !

THE MAIDEN FAIR.

The moon hung o'er the gay greenwood,
 The greenwood o'er the mossy stream,
 That roll'd in rapture's wildest mood,
 And flutter'd in the fairy beam.
 Through light clouds flash'd the fitful gleam
 O'er hill and dell,—all Nature lay
 Wrapp'd in enchantment, like the dream
 Of her that charm'd my homeward way !

Long had I mark'd thee, maiden fair !
 And drunk of bliss from thy dark eye,
 And still, to feed my fond despair,
 Bless'd thy approach, and, passing by,
 I turn'd me round to gaze and sigh,
 In worship wild, and wish'd thee mine,
 On that fair breast to live and die,
 O'erpower'd with transport so divine !

Still sacred be that hour to love,
 And dear the season of its birth,
 And fair the glade, and green the grove,
 Its bowers ne'er droop in wintry dearth
 Of melody and woodland mirth !—
 The hour, the spot, so dear to me !
 That wean'd my soul from all on earth,
 To be for ever bless'd in thee.

THE OLD BLIGHTED THORN.

All night by the pathway that crosses the moor,
 I waited on Mary, I linger'd till morn,
 Yet thought her not false—she had ever been true
 To her tryst by the old blighted thorn.

I had heard of love lighting to darken the heart,
 Fickle, fleeting as wind and the dews of the morn ;
 Such were not my fears, though I sigh'd all night long,
 And wept 'neath the old blighted thorn.

The snows, that were deep had awaken'd my dread,
 I mark'd her footprints far below by the burn ;
 I sped to the valley—I found her deep sunk,
 On her way to the old blighted thorn !

I whisper'd, "My Mary!"—she spoke not : I caught
 Her hand, press'd her pale cheek—'twas icy and cold ;
 Then sunk on her bosom—its throbbings were o'er—
 Nor knew how I quitted my hold.



ROBERT MENNON,

A WORTHY octogenarian poet, was born in Ayton, Berwickshire, in 1797. On asking Mr Mennon for a few particulars of his career, he modestly wrote as follows:—"Although my life has extended over eighty years, and there are many events which have transpired in that period that I can never forget, they would afford little interest to the outside public. I am the *seventh* son *spoiled*; for a sister came in between an elder brother and me." After receiving a "smatterin'" of reading, writing, and arithmetic, he left school, and went to work with his father, who was a "slater, plasterer, and glazier." After the death of his father, in 1824, he went to London in a Berwick smack—there being few steamers then, and railways were unknown. He settled in London for nearly twenty-six years—twenty-four of which he was with one employer. Here he learned a good deal of men and manners, and his calling afforded him many opportunities of seeing different parts of the country. He also courted a young English woman, and made her his wife. After an absence of twenty years he visited the home where he "first began life's weary race," and the following lines in the second part of a poem on "The Big Arm-Chair," were the outcome of the visit:—

I lifted the latch, entered in, and looked round,
 Made the inmates all wonder and stare ;
 Then round me they pressed, while the tears trickled down
 As I sank in the Big Arm-Chair.

The old eight-day clock seemed to welcome me back ;
 Not a change in its face could I see ;
 The stool that I rode on had fallen to wreck ;
 And the cat was a stranger to me.
 My brothers and sisters, thank God, still survived,
 But looked older and worse for the wear ;
 While their offspring to women and men had arrived,
 Whom I left round the Big Arm-Chair.

Oh, who can describe the emotions I felt,
 That tumult of painful delight,
 When I joined the dear circle that gratefully knelt
 Round the family altar that night.
 For though lowly the cot, and its tenants obscure,
 No home with that home can compare,
 Where the inmates unite in devotion to pour
 Out their heart round the Big Arm-Chair.

The stream ran as pure and the birds sang as gay ;
 All nature looked blooming and fair ;
 But they wanted the charm of youth's happy day
 When I first knew the Big Arm-Chair.
 I've oftentimes thought that the sensitive mind,
 To be happy, should never leave home ;
 For a pleasure is lost that we never can find
 When far amongst strangers we roam.


I stood by the spot where my parents were laid ;
 Looked to heaven and hoped they were there ;
 I wished them not back, but I sighed, as I said
 " Farewell to the Big Arm-Chair."

Mr Mennon established himself in business on his own account in Dunbar, East Lothian, and for nineteen years was very successful. On retiring from active life, he returned to spend the " winter of his days," " after an absence forty-five years," as he tells us, " to dear old Ayton, to the same old house in which I was born, and where I am now resting on my oars—taking it easy, and daily looking in upon my friends, or taking a stroll amongst the scenes of my childhood and youth. But Time is ever making changes. Death has made several calls since I came back, but the heaviest stroke of all was the death of my dear wife, upwards of four years ago, an event which, in anticipation, I thought I never could survive. We lived happily together for forty-eight years, and might truly be said to be ' one flesh.' "

His wants are kindly ministered to by a widowed niece, and, to use his own words again, "I live in the same room in which I first saw the light— my bedstead standing on the identical spot where I was born; and the same dear old sun is now peeping in at my window."

In 1869 Mr Mennon issued a large and very handsome volume entitled "Poems, Moral and Religious." He published much against his inclinations, and it was only after the earnest entreaties of friends well qualified to judge of the merits of his productions that he consented. He could not be accused of rushing rashly into print, and many of his poems had been written half-a-century before. He would not hear of publishing by subscription, which he looked upon as "asking the public to buy 'a pig in a poke.' I have always said if ever I publish, I will do it at my own expense, and let the work speak for itself, while I confess it is my highest ambition, and will be my greatest reward to see my book appreciated. I launch it then upon the sea of public opinion, and hope it will steer clear of the rocks of prejudice, and never be wrecked upon the quicksands of contempt; but afford amusement, and perhaps instruction, to those who may think it worth their trouble to read it, when I may be laid in the dust." The work was a success, and the poet has received many testimonies that his verses have afforded both amusement and consolation to Scotchmen at home and abroad.

Many of his poems are certainly unequal, but they generally indicate that the author has an eye to observe Nature in her gentler moods, and that he is possessed of an amiable heart, and expansive sympathies. An almost feminine gentleness pervades his writings. He is unpretentious and homely, and yet his sentiments are based on keen observation and ripe judgment of the various phases of human life. He still contributes to the local and district press, and the first two poems we quote have been written



during the present year. "A Retrospect" is inscribed to Thomas Watts — "The Broomhouse Minstrel."

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF A STARVING BIRD.

Oh! ease the sorrows of a little bird,
Impell'd by hunger to your cottage door,
I only ask the sweepings of your board,
The crumb that lies unheeded on the floor.

My feathers, by starvation, stand on end,
My wings are stiff, I feel afraid to fly,
My toes around the twig will scarcely bend,
The blinding tear is trembling in my eye.

Last evening I went supperless to bed,
All night sat shiv'ring on a leafless tree,
To-day I cannot find a bit of bread,
Nought but a snow-clad wilderness I see.

No hips or haws upon the hedges shine,
No seeds of wild flowers rustle on the breeze,
The worms and grubs beneath the snow recline,
And nature seems resigned to sit at ease.

No Sympathy my starving kindred show,
Their actions all rude selfishness bespeak,
For when I pick a morsel on the snow
They ruthless pounce and snatch it from my beak.

But surely man will better feelings show,
And stay the hunger of a sinless bird,
Will prove himself God's noblest work below,
And worthy to be styled creation's lord.

Oh! when reclining on your downy bed
You feel the comforts of a happy home,
Think, when the tempest howls far o'er your head,
Of the poor birds that without shelter roam.

And, oh, remember little girls and boys,
When a kind hand tucks in your back all right;
Poor birds, alas, are strangers to these joys—
A home, a mother, a fond kiss at night.

If these reflections flit across your mind
You'll need no promptings from my feeble words;
But a few fragments from each meal you'll find
To scatter round your dwelling for the birds.

Then ease the sorrows of a little bird,
Impelled by hunger to your cottage door:
I only ask the sweepings of your board,
The crumb that lies unnoticed on the floor.

A RETROSPECT.

In youth's gay morn, high on Parnassus Hill,
 I saw Fame's trumpet waiting for a Herald,
 And thought, could I get there by strength and skill,
 I'd make its echoes vibrate through the world !

This made me curb my wild, ambitious views,
 And roam amidst the beauties of the plain,
 To study Nature, court her for my Muse,
 And sing her praises in a humble strain.

With Spring, the ever youthful, ever gay,
 I wandered through the valleys and the woods,
 And saw her oft her magic power display
 Upon the early flowers and sleeping buds.

I've seen her, tripping o'er the flow'ry lea
 With airy step, scarce bent the gowans down :
 Hang lovely garlands on the naked tree,
 And on the hedges spread a verdant crown.

'Midst soft west winds, and fertile genial showers,
 Beneath the splendours of a golden sun,
 Hid in a galaxy of opening flowers,
 She leaves her work to Summer when she's done.

I've seen fair Summer, like a blushing bride,
 Maturing Nature's works on hill and dale,
 Clothing the landscape with an air of pride,
 And shedding heavenly odours on the gale.

I've seen the swallow skimming on the air,
 I've heard the music of the feathered throng,
 I've joined the laverock in his morning prayer,
 And listened to the cuckoo's cheering song.

The sober autumn, with a thoughtful air,
 Came softly peeping just to view the scene,
 His fading yellow locks and shade of care
 Show he is not so young as he has been.

He views the ripening fruit with wistful eye,
 Looks pleased upon the fields of waving grain ;
 Beholds the withering leaves, and heaves a sigh
 Reflecting soon they'll turn to dust again.

Next comes stern Winter—Nature's whipper-in—
 'Midst chilling, stormy winds, and shortening day,
 With grim, distorted face, and artful grin,
 Foreshadows of the game he means to play.

But while he thunders o'er the chimney head,
 Batters my window, rattles at my door,
 I sit beside the fire, or lie in bed,
 And by his raging feel my comforts more.

'Twas scenes like these first tempted me to sing
 On Eye's fair banks when I was yet a boy ;
 And still I try to make the welkin ring
 When I behold them with a childish joy.

I've seen the seasons eighty times return ;
 But, ah ! life's seasons only fill one page :
 The terms of life we only once can mourn—
 Childhood and youth, calm middle-life and age.

But while with me earth's pleasures droop and fade,
 To Him who rules them all I daily pray,
 And hope at last He'll place upon my head
 A crown of glory that will ne'er decay.

THE LASS ON THE BANKS O' THE ALE.

AIR—"Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane."

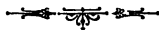
By the saft rowin' stream at the fit o' yon mountain,
 Where linties sing sweetly on ilka green shaw ;
 Where waterfowls sport on the clear glassy fountain,
 Where hawthorns blossom an' primroses blaw.
 'Neath the rude, shelving rock where the corby sits croakin',
 On the snug shelter'd verge o' the green windin' vale,
 'Mang the tall spreadin' firs where the cottage is smokin'
 Lives the bonny young lass on the banks o' the Ale.
 The lovely young lassie, the charmin' young lassie, etc.

She's straight as the cedar, the pride o' the forest,
 An' pure as the stream on its white peebly bed ;
 In hamely attire she eclipses the fairest,
 For beauty's mair lovely when modestly clad.
 While an air o' devotion presides o'er ilk feature,
 Her heart ever feels the poor wanderer's tale ;
 An' the poor's warmest blessings attend this dear creature,
 The bonny young lass on the banks o' the Ale.
 The lovely young lassie, etc.

How pleasant to see on a fine simmer mornin',
 This nymph at the door o' her cottage appear ;
 When Phœbus wi' gowd is the forest adornin',
 An' on ilk tremblin' spray hangs the glittering tear.
 Wi' fluttering wing see the birds flit about her,
 The lamb frae its mither skips light doun the dale !
 While the cavern'd rocks wi' their echoes salute her,
 The bonny young lass on the banks o' the Ale.
 The lovely young lassie, etc.

How happy the dam o' yon newly-fledg'd linnets,
 To see them sit chirpin' on some lowly tree :
 How happy the mither may prize the glad minutes,
 Wha has a' her bairnies in health round her knee.

But happier be to a bliss 'yond comparin'
 Wha for his dear lassie this fair one can hail;
 To wander beside her, her kind favour sharin',
 The bonny young lass on the banks o' the Ale.
 The lovely young lassie, the charming young lassie,
 The bonny young lass on the banks o' the Ale.



ALEXANDER WATT,

SON of the author of "Kate Da'rymple," was born at East Kilbride, a village about eight miles south of Glasgow, in 1841. On asking the favour of a few particulars of his career, he wrote:—"There can be little of special interest in the history of one who has spent his whole life in a secluded village. The seasons as they come and go, or the partings, too frequently for ever, of valued and dear friends, being the chief occasions whereby the round of daily life is diversified. I have no taste for politics. It is a matter of indifference to me who take their places at the State chess-board to play the game of ruling the nation. As for modern theology, the early training which I received in the faith and principles of the covenanters has placed me beyond being enamoured by the Will-o'-the-dance by whomsoever it is led." His father, William Watt, was, as we have already said, a handloom weaver, and enjoyed the reputation of being a sweet song-writer. Some years before the birth of the subject of our sketch, he published the first edition of his songs, many of which had long been favourites through having been sung by several professionals. His paternal grandfather was also a member of the "rhyming brotherhood," and wrote several pieces on the deeds of those who distinguished themselves during the Peninsular War.

When six years of age, Alexander was sent to school, which he attended irregularly till his tenth year, his services during that period being frequently required at home to assist in winding weft, or give a hand in *heddling* webs. In due course he was put to the loom, and spent his leisure hours in the study of literature and music, in which he was assisted by his father, who was precentor of the Parish Church, and was a composer of music as well as of poetry. After his father's death, which took place in 1859, he was apprenticed to a master slater, at which occupation he worked for several years. The difficulty of procuring constant employment induced him to betake himself to labouring work of any kind that could be had, and he has been for the last eight years in the employment of Messrs John Brown & Co., Calderwood, Roman Cement manufacturers.

Although Alexander Watt has written a good deal of both poetry and prose, he has not as yet published in book form. He is a steady and valued contributor to the *Airdrie Advertiser*, and other papers of the district—his sketches of village characters, tales of the past, and others embracing articles on legendary lore, historical traditions, and geological and archæological sketches of the district are able and exceedingly attractive. He is also a story-writer of considerable power, and has been a prize-taker in poetical competitions.

THE BUNDLE O' CLOUTS.

Lang Eppie, the tinkler, cam' thro' the toon sellin'
 Her cans, jugs, an' spoons on a cauld, sleety day;
 In true troker fashion she ca'd at ilk dwellin',
 An' on ilk floorhead did her cargo display.
 Her apron was slung roun' her neck like a hammock,
 But wi' what it was fill'd mony wives had their doots,
 Some reckon'd it might be aitmeal to mak' drummock,
 While ithers maintain'd 'twas a bundle o' clouts.

Her sales werna mony, for siller was scanty,
 An' mony were tholein' fell Poverty's blight;
 Ah! little ken sic as are rowin' in plenty,
 What puir folk maun dree to gar their hearts loup light.

Oh ! did they but think o' the hooseless an' hameless,
 They wadna disdainfully turn up their snouts
 Wi' sic cursed pride at the lowly and blameless,
 Wha trudge thro' the warld wi' a bundle o' clouts.

The gloamin' brocht Eppie to oor hallin weary,
 The tear in her e'e, her claes dreepin' wi' weat ;
 She socht but a glaff o' the ingle sae cheerie,
 To help her to combat the snell wind an' sleet.
 We welcom'd her ben, for bauld Boreas was blawin'
 Frae his muckle horn mony heart-chillin' toots ;
 An' while wi' bythe face her cauld feet she sat thawin',
 She laid on her lap the wee bundle o' clouts.

The tale o' her waes that she tauld was heart-rendin',
 For bield she had nane save the lone whinny dell,
 Whilk was little worth when hail blasts were descendin',
 Or pitiless rain drove athwart the bleak fell.
 Oor bairns gather'd round her, an' curiously keekit,
 For few o' her craft are noo seen hereabouts ;
 An' great was their wonder when oot at them peepit
 Twa bonnie blue e'en frae the bundle o' clouts.

The sweet, smilin' face o' a winsome wee lassie,
 Belyve was disclos'd to the wee wond'rer's gaze ;
 An' she stretch'd oot her tae to the ingle sae cozy,
 That were nitter'd wi' cauld thro' her thin duds o' claes.
 Her mither socht duds for't at hames o' the wealthy,
 But unco sma' help 's got frae Mammon's recruits ;
 They tak' ower guid care o' their gear an' their pelf aye,
 To bestow 't on a bairn in a bundle o' clouts.

When night's gloomy screen owre the welkin was creepin',
 Eppie row'd up the bairnie, an' left the fire-en'
 To meet her guidman, wha was lanely watch keepin',
 In the lown o' the plantation o' Nerston Mill Glen.
 Frae Famine—fell spectre, sae awsome an' eerie,
 That aft like a vampire across life's path shoots,
 An' Winter's snell breath, sae heart-skaithin' an' dreary,
 May Heaven shield that bairn in the bundle o' clouts.

There are righteous folk plenty, but, somehow or ither,
 They aften forget to be kind to the puir ;
 Yet they claim Him aboon as their leal Elder Brither,
 Tho' to dae what He bids them they seem no to care.
 They may trow that their grave, sanctimonious grimaces,
 Will stand in the place o' true charity's fruits ;
 But the Ruler on high will confuse a' their faces
 Wha despise a wee bairn in a bundle o' clouts.

MAINS CASTLE.

How drear and desolate thou stand'st, and hastening to thy fall ;
 Thy crest of graceful turrets long have vanish'd past recall ;
 Thy crumbling tower, and battlements, and broken arches tell
 Of strength and splendour, e'er thou felt grim ruin's ruthless
 spell,

The streamlet winding through the vale, the meadows sweet
 among,

Thy ancient glory seems to make the burden of its song.
 The yew that long time wept thy fate, through many changeful
 years,

Has ceased to mourn thy hapless state with sympathetic tears.
 The shrivel'd yew-tree, rent and torn by many a stormy blast,
 Did with reluctance quail before destruction's hand at last ;
 But in the age of archery full many a trusty bow
 It yielded to brave men-at-arms to combat with the foe ;
 And on its sturdy branches, too, whene'er the chiefs desired
 To wreak despotic vengeance, many a hapless wretch expired.

From the grim cheerless chambers oft in the still noon of night,
 The 'lated peasant screams still hear that fill him with affright ;
 He hastens from the dismal scene in panic and in dread,
 As if the dungeon's gloomy vault had given up its dead ;
 Or sprites of such as had within the noisome cell been cast,
 Came forth to tell the tragic tales of ages long since past ;
 Such is his fear that e'en the owl complaining to the moon,
 Seems like a voice from paradise, or friendship's hallow'd boon.

Oblivion's shadows deepen round the glory and the fame,
 That long ere while a halo shed o'er mighty Comyn's name ;
 But hoar tradition whispers still of wealth and feudal pride,
 Which in the noonday of the race was with their name allied.
 By treachery to Wallace wight in Scotland's evil hour,
 Their ancient dignity was lost, despoiled their rank and power,
 And suddenly their sun grew dim, nay set in ebon gloom,
 When the Red Comyn from the Bruce received a traitor's doom.

Lost then to them for evermore were these green hills and plains,
 And trusty Dunrod in their wake became the lord of Mains,
 From whom a race of nobles sprang, long, long, renown'd in war,
 That drove with wild Phaetonian haste in grandeur's giddy ear.

How changed the scene since festal mirth and joy's extatic glee,
 And minstrel's lay of lady gay, and deeds of chivalry
 Rang through the spacious chambers, while the gentle and the
 proud,

With glad acclaim to Dunrod's fame, burst forth in praises loud.
 There Scotland's bravest, brightest sons, secure from war's alarms
 Reposed, while gentle peace prevailed in fortune's downy arms.
 Oft when the gladsome blushing morn her purple mantel spread
 O'er eastern skies, the yelling pack was o'er the drawbridge led,
 While knights and squires, and ladies fair, with dignity and
 grace,

All mingled gay and joyous in the pleasures of the chase ;
 And over hill and dale afar, upon the ear of morn,
 Would burst anon the startling twang of hoarse-resounding horn.
 Time was when from the portalice, with all a chieftian's pride,
 To worship in the village church—the church of good Saint
 Bride—

The last chief of the Dunrod line, that in those halls abode,
 Went forth with gay attendants that on milk-white chargers
 rode;

And as in bright caparison they pranced across the fell,
 There tinkled at each tassel'd mane full many a silver bell.
 But in oppression's ranks at last for evil deeds he shone,
 And soon his arm was shorten'd, and his boasted power was gone,
 Fate—stern, relentless fate—approach'd with fall resistless

sweep,
 And made the remnant of the race a woeful harvest reap.

Now lonely stands the roofless tower—the mighty storm-king's
 prey,

Whose howling furies love to sport among the ruins grey ;
 But time shall from its rocky base remove the ancient pile,
 Where fame and fortune led the dance with chivalry erewhile.

THE FA' O' THE YEAR.

Ye warblers o' the wildwood,
 Why are ye a' sae wae ?
 Nae sangs ye raise to cheer me
 At dawnin' o' the day ;
 O why that eerie chirpin',
 Thae waefu' notes o' fear ?
 Hae ye nae sangs mair canty
 At the fa' o' the year ?

Tho' Autumn's robes o' yellow
 The glens an' woodlands wear,
 An' cornfields ance sae bonny,
 A' naked noo appear ;
 Yet some blythe lay be liltin',
 Melodious, sweet, an' clear,
 When merry kirns we're haudin'
 At the fa' o' the year.

O, bonnie, bonnie birdies,
 The evil days draw near ;
 The gloomy Storm-king's comin',
 An' shortly will be here ;
 But He whase name is Goodness,
 Will mind ye ; dinna fear
 When Boreas rude is ravin'
 The death sang o' the year.

The haws are on the white-thorn,
 The hips are on the brier,
 The berries on the rowan tree
 Your little hearts will cheer,

Until the gloom o' winter,
 The spring awa' shall clear,
 An' set ye singin' gaily
 The life-sang o' the year.

Sweet warblers o' the wildwood,
 Then why sae sad an' wae ;
 For man an' beast there's plenty,
 To meet cauld winter's away ;
 Tho' noo the sun be hidden,
 He yet will shine fu' clear,
 An' lauch awa this sadness,
 Gin the spring-tide o' the year.

THE COMING O' THE SPRING.

The snaw has left the mountain's side, an' ilka upland rill,
 Careerin' frae its fountain head, rins bickerin' down the hill ;
 Rejoicing in the sunny beams the merry midges dance ;
 While up the caller, crystal streams the minnowy shoals advance.

The robin to the wood retreats to end his wintry cares,
 The plaintive cushat gladly greets the zephyr's gentle airs ;
 While on the plantain's sunny side the merles sweetly sing,
 An' hail wi' love, an' joy an' pride the coming o' the Spring.

Blythe Nature noo wi' eident hand resumes her wark again,
 An' weaves a web o' verdure grand on wood, an' hlll, an' plain ;
 The early gowans deck the leas, an' boughs wi' green leaves hing,
 Whaur sweetly sing the merry bees the coming o' the Spring.

The village bairns amang the knowes, or by the burnie clear,
 Noo gaily wreathe aroun' their brows the firstlings o' the year ;
 Nae king on coronation day like them can lauch or sing,
 Or hail mair blythesomely than they the coming o' the Spring.

Auld folk that by the ingle nook—the cheerless winter past—
 Noo daunder by the wimplin' burn secure frae Boreas' blast,
 Tho' life's to them a burden grown, yet Hope on joyfu' wing,
 Wafts high their thoughts to yon abode, where blooms unfading
 Spring.



WILLIAM MILLER.

JUST as the sweetest spots, and the most beautiful scenery in all our mountain land, are often to be found hidden away in nameless fairy glens, and concealed in solitary nooks, far from the common paths of the fussy tourist and the "professional" pleasure-seeker, so frequently the best and the most loveable of the human race are to be met with in the humblest situations, and hidden away altogether from the glare of the great world, and from the busy, bustling walks of life. The lives of such men are not always, however, devoid of interest, or quite without any air of romance. The life of William Miller furnishes a conclusive proof of this. He was a native of Dalkeith, and was born there about the year 1810. All his life was spent in his much-loved native place. To him the wide waving woods which surround it, and the blue purling streams which sweep past it on either side, were an unfailing source of pleasure, as almost all his sweet poetical effusions testify. He delighted in solitary walks, and many of his best poems were composed when wandering alone by the banks of the South and North Esk streams. His father was check-clerk at one of Sir John Hope's collieries, and highly respected. Young Miller, having received a fair English education, was taken from school to be made a tailor. Afterwards, he generally worked by himself in his mother's house, as he greatly preferred being alone to working in the company of others, in the bustle and stir of a workshop.

In 1838 the shy bard published a volume of poems, entitled "Hours of Solitude." It was well received by his fellow-townsmen, and favourably noticed by the press. He died in 1865 in consequence of injuries received at Eskbank railway station on the return of an excursion party, which he had accom-

panied to Innerleithen. William Miller was never married; but to find a true poet who had not been in love, would be about as difficult to meet with as it is to get hold of the philosopher's stone! The humble tailor, therefore, had felt the tender passion. He was engaged to be married to a young woman, an orphan, of the name of Mary Gordon. We think she belonged to some place in the north, and perhaps she was a "Highland Mary;" at any rate she had come south to Dalkeith to service. Miller and she had gone to Edinburgh "to buy the braws," and they had just entered a jeweller's shop to purchase the wedding ring, when poor Mary was taken so ill that she had to leave the place without it. With great difficulty he got her home, and laid upon that bed from which she never rose again. Ere the lapse of two days "her immortal spirit," to use his own words, "had passed from earth, away through the everlasting gates into the new Jerusalem."

Miller left numerous poems in manuscript, which, on his deathbed, he committed to the keeping of Mr Wm. Todd, now of Edinburgh. Although they excel in purity of sentiment, and fine poetic imagery, Mr Todd has not as yet seen fit to publish them. Our first extract from the works of this genuine son of song, whose life was as pure as his poetry, is the poem which he wrote on the death of his affianced, which he entitles—

A LAMENT FOR MARY.

I little dreamt that loathsome worm,
 Would prove my rival dread!
 I never dreamt that the cold grave
 Would be thy bridal bed!
 Nor thought I that thy wedding dress
 A snow-white shroud should be!
 Thy marriage guests the voiceless dead—
 A silent company!

But gazing through a veil of tears,
 The mournful truth I see;
 Here, bending o'er thy hallow'd tomb,
 I sob, and weep for thee.

Though blighted by the hand of Death,
 My cherished flow'et fair
 Enshrined within my memory
 Shall blossom ever there.

No other human-flow'r that blooms
 In Nature's garden wide,
 Shall share the love I bore for thee—
 My vanish'd joy and pride.
 Since burst asunder now's the chain,
 That bound two hearts in one ;
 In widowhood my heart shall mourn
 For thee, its partner gone.

While Sorrow, with his keenest dart,
 Pierces my inmost core—
 While now, in bitterness of woe
 Thy absence I deplore,
 Sweet Hope ! to soothe my anguish'd heart
 (That boon to mortals given)
 Whispers, though parted now on earth,
 We'll meet again in heaven.

TO A SKYLARK.

Blythe bird of cheerful heart ! how sweetly clear,
 Thy notes melodious fall upon mine ear,
 Ascending slowly up to "Heav'n's gate" high,
 Admiring angels list thy minstrelsy.
 On fluttering wing thou moun'st thy airy way,
 Thy form a speck upon the face of day.
 Now thou art gone beyond the reach of view,
 Lost in the depths of the etherial blue.
 Ha ! once again I hail thee—songster wild,
 Minstrel of morn, and Nature's happiest child ;
 Once more thy mirthful voice of song to rest,
 Wav'ring like leaf, thou seek'st thy lowly nest.
 So soars the bard in fancy's fairy sky—
 So sinks the humble bard to dark obscurity.

SONG OF THE MOON.

My sire, in the West,
 Has retired to rest,—
 The glorious King of day—
 And my lofty throne,
 I now mount upon,
 O'er boundless realms to sway.

As empress of night,
 'Tis my regal right
 To reign over land and sea.
 What monarch of earth,
 Of mortal birth,
 Can rival my sovereignty ?

O'er mountain and wood,
O'er valley and flood,
My silvery veil I spread ;
Whilst a silence reigns,
Through my vast domains,
As if all within were dead.

O'er the regions of Night,
By my soft pale light,
I emulate cheerful day ;
Belated and lone
As he journeys on,
I illumine the traveller's way.

'Neath my friendly ray,
Fond lovers stray,
Their mutual vows to plight ;
And poets love,
Alone to rove,
And gaze on my beautiful light.

In their solitude,
And dreamy mood,
They deem me a lady fair :
Or an angel bright,
From the land of light,
A companionless wanderer.

On the glassy stream,
I quiver and gleam,
And mirror my fair round face,
To the skirting wood,
That o'erhangs the flood,
I lend an enlivening grace.

The all-potent sea
Owns my sovereignty,
On which the great ships ride ;
The maniac main,
To his bed I chain,
And over his tide preside.

The starry train
Pale their light while I reign
Obscured by my splendour bright ;
And their sparkling rays,
In my glory's blaze,
Are lost to the gazer's sight.

A resplendent gem,
In Heaven's diadem,
I seem to the poet's eye,
Or a great lamp bright,
Of reflecting light,
Hung up in the dome of the sky !

SCOTLAND'S HEATHER.

The gifted Ossian—minstrel famed—
 That bard of celtic sang the father ;
 To warlike deeds of other years,
 Attuned his harp among the heather ;
 Scotland's hardy mountain heather,
 Scotland's glen, and muirland heather ;
 While life shall make this breast a hame,
 I aye will love auld Scotland's heather.

Our ancient patriotic sires,
 At the wild war-pipe's call did gather ;
 Embattled on their native strand,
 They laid their foes among the heather ;
 Scotland's bonnie bloomin' heather,
 Scotland's purpled blossom'd heather ;
 While life shall make this breast a hame,
 I aye shall love auld Scotland's heather.

The Cov'nant heroes, injured, brave,
 In holy union pledged thegither ;
 'Gainst tyranny they stood and fought,
 And gained their rights among the heather ;
 Scotland's wild fowl-shelt'ring heather ;
 Scotland's wild bee-haunted heather ;
 While life shall make this breast a hame,
 I aye shall love auld Scotland's heather.

Far frae the crowded city's din,
 Where noxious vapours taint the ether,
 Wi' rural Peace, and sweet Content,
 Gi'e me to dwell among the heather ;
 Scotland's lane, sequester'd heather.
 Scotland's air-perfuming heather :
 While life shall make this breast a hame,
 I aye will love auld Scotland's heather.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

What art thou, gay resplendent thing,
 So like a diamond pure and bright,
 Which sparkles on love's bridal wing
 With soft and radiant light ?

Gazing on thee, in wonder lost,
 My wayward thoughts bewilder'd run.
 To fancy's eye, thou seem'st the ghost
 Of the departed sun !

No ; lovers claim thee for their own ;
 Thou art the virgin star of love ;
 Beneath thy rays they stray alone,
 Their feelings fond to prove.

And Philomela tells to thee,
 Her tender tale of love and song,
 Pour'd out in melting melody,
 The twilight shades among.

And thou'rt the poet's fav'rite beam,
 Beneath whose orb he loves to stray,
 While in a deep poetic dream,
 He weaves his pensive lay.

The Hermit sage, in lonely bower
 In characters of fire express't,—
 Reads thy great author's matchless pow'r
 Brightly in thee confess't,—

Sovereign of eve ! whose glorious train,
 In dazzling splendour shines afar,
 Eclipsing all the pomp of men,
 All hail ! thou queenly star !



REV. JAMES MURRAY,

AUTHOR of "Songs of the Covenant Times," and for more than thirty years minister of the parish of Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire, was born at Langcoat, in the parish of Eddleston, and county of Peebles, about the year 1812. He received his early education at the parish school of Peebles, where the future estimable poet and eloquent minister was a very apt scholar in arithmetic and mathematics. He afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh, making the same rapid progress in the Roman and Greek classics. In these days he was much given to literary pursuits, and his early poems attracted the attention of the Ettrick Shepherd, with whom he became acquainted, and who was his warm friend, and predicted his future fame. He likewise *secured the friendship of men who ranked high in*

the world of literature, among whom were Peter Macleod, David Vedder, and Robert Gilfillan. At this time Mr Murray was a valued contributor to "Whistle Binkie," that storehouse of the superior song literature of Scotland.

During the greater part of his college career he had to struggle with great difficulties, being entirely dependant upon his own exertions; but being well employed as a teacher he surmounted these, and was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Peebles a short time before the Disruption of 1843. When a probationer he became assistant to the late Rev. Mr Hope, of Roxburgh, labouring there for a little with much acceptance. Afterwards he was engaged to assist at Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and was recommended to the people of that place by its worthy minister, the Rev. Dr Hunter. Mr Murray, however, chose to adhere to the first simple terms of his engagement with Dr Hunter.

When so many good and pious ministers withdrew from the Church of Scotland, in the summer of 1843, Mr Murray and his brother Robert (whom we notice next) clung to the Church of their baptism, and they were recommended by the late Mr Stewart, of Liberton (formerly of Sorn), to the Marquis of Bute, then the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, and the result was that James was soon after ordained minister of Old Cumnock, and Robert to the adjoining parish of New Cumnock. From the day Mr Murray was settled in his parish he devoted the whole vigour of his life to the duties of his calling. His recreations were always in strict keeping with the sacredness of his vocation, and his writings in *Macphail's Magazine*, or other periodicals, were invariably of a religious kind.

Mr Murray delighted in the friendship of his brethren, and this he entirely retained to the last, *though* his powers of sarcasm were great, both in *writing* and in debate. He was a most eloquent

speaker ; and almost the last of his public appearances was at a week-day gathering at the grave of Richard Cameron, of covenanting renown, in the lone and wild Airmoss. It was a day of storm and rain, such as is seldom seen in summer, but his earnest, eloquent, and impassioned appeals of admonition and warning rose high above the hoarse and loud voice of the hurricane which swept careering over the moor. In the autumn of 1874, Mr Murray's health began to fail, and he sought its restoration in the south of France. He thought himself, however, that his days were numbered, and when he left he felt persuaded that he would see his native country no more. He lingered there for some weeks, when a voice, as it were, said unto him in the Apocalyptic language, "Come up hither," and on the 30th day of January, 1875, he expired at Mentone, in the 64th year of his age.

With a pious regard for the dust of the good man and pathetic poet, they brought back his remains, and laid them down in the dust not far from where also rests the toil-worn frame of Alexander Peden, "the hill-preacher," of whom Mr Murray had sung so plaintively and well. Besides contributing to the periodicals, Mr Murray published "Elijah the Tishbite," and "The Prophet's Mantle: Being Scenes from the Life of Elisha." Though in these discourses he was treading the same ground with the great Prussian, Fred. W. Krummacher, yet he is thoroughly original, generally as eloquent, and fully as orthodox. In 1861 he published his "Songs of the Covenant Times," in which we have an interesting historical introduction, which is followed by a lengthy poem, "The Hill-Preacher—Alexander Peden." It is written in well-constructed and ringing blank verse, interspersed with a few beautiful lyrics. Fourteen other poems, all on subjects connected with the *covenanting times*, make up the volume. *The whole of these poems have a peculiar sweetness and*

charm about them, and they have a power and a pathos as well which often compel a tear.

Mr Murray always promised to do great things in the walks of literature; but the busy anxious life of a country minister very much excludes the more worldly in that line; and his ambition was more to do good than to astonish. Many of his best poems and ballads are scattered through periodicals which we have not now at hand, but the following will show his style, and are fair samples of his powers.

THE BLACK SATURDAY,

4TH AUGUST, 1621.

“There’s a mirk clud on the sun, gudeman,
And a het gloff on the gress;
And the kye stand thowless on the croft,
Wi’ a look o’ sair distress.

“And the sheep, a’ gathered in knots, gudeman,
Are courin’ upon the hill;
At the mid-day hour it is gloamin’ grown—
I fear it forebodes some ill!

“There’s a red gaw in the north, gudeman,
Like a furnace seven times het;
In mirk aneth and mirk aboon,
The lift and the heights are met.

“I canna see where the lift begins,
Or where the hill-taps end;
And mirk, and mirker still it grows—
May Heaven a’ skaith forefend!”

“O, haud thy peace, mine auld gudewife,
Though mine een be blear’d and dim,
I can feel it mirk when it licht suld be,
And I put my trust in Him.

“And though our shielin’ be dark and dowf,
Yet Ulai’s stream rins clear;
And there sall we gather the gowden fruit,
Through a’ the lightsome year!”

“O, heard ye that fearsome crash, gudeman,
Or saw ye yon flash sae bricht?
As the lift had crack’t, and the sun fa’en thro’,
And the sea had quenched his licht!

"Our son is upon the hill, gudeman,
Our daughter is teddin' hay ;
And meikle I fear that ane, or baith,
Come to skaith on this awsome day ! "

"O, dinna be fley't, mine auld gudewife,
That outhter we're gaun to tyne—
Though wrath be sair on land and sea,
It's nouthter 'gainst yours nor mine.

"And I dred it wad be a day o' dool
For the trespass o' the land ;
'Tis vengeance that cleadeth the lift wi' mirk,
And bareth its red richt hand.

"For a godless, graceless band are met,
This day in Edinbruch toun ;
And a' to set up the thing we hate,
And pu' the gude cause down."

"O, hear ye the thick spate fa', gudeman,
And the hailstanes dirl the pane ?—
Ye're welcome, children ; Heaven be praised,
We see you in life again."

"O, faither, is this the day o' doom,
When the dead and the quick sall meet ?
A fire-clud sits on the heigh hill-tap,
And hisses like hail and sleet.

"The muircock coured 'neath the heather cow,
At the side o' the Corbie-craw ;
And they feared na him, and he feared na me,
And ae dread possest us a' !

"And the fire hung red frae my bonnet-rim,
And flichtered amang my hair ;
And I thocht wi' mysel', as a prayer I said,
We never sall meet aince mair.

The burns rin wild and roarin' rude,
Where burns ne'er wont to be ;
And hadna a gude God led my steps
Ye never had looked on me ! "

And, mither, when up in the spretty clench,
A-kylin' the winter hay,
The mirkness fell down sae thick, I thocht
My sicht had stown away.

"And the laverock that sang i' the lift at morn,
Cam sklentint' down wi' the rain,
And I've keepit the wee thing in my breast
To shelter its heart frae pain ! "

"'Tis a day o' wrath and strife, my bairns
 A day o' storm and mirk ;
 For the King's black bands o' Prelacy
 Are conspirin' against the Kirk.

"O, sit ye doun, my children baith,
 The thunder is wearin' caulm ;
 And Willie sall read the blessed buik,
 And Mary sall sing the psaulm.

"And we'll a' kneel doun by the braid hearth-stane,
 And your faither in faith sall pray,
 That the God o' grace may defend the richt,
 And banish our fears away !"

THE MARTYRS OF CORSEGELLIOCH.

[In the summer of 1635 three covenanters were shot on this lone mountain, which lies about four miles south of Cumnock. A small memorial stone long marked the spot, but in 1827 a handsome monument was erected in its stead. In cutting the foundation for it, the bodies of the three butchered men were found in the moss, lying in their hosen and their plaids, just as they fell ; and although 142 years had passed away since then, neither the bodies nor the clothing were in the least degree decayed. One of them had fine locks of auburn hair, a portion of which, with shreds of their clothing, are still preserved.

On lone Corsegellioch height I stood,
 And gazed afar o'er many a rood
 Of yawning moss, and whistling bent,
 And tufts of blooming heather,
 Which to the breeze sweet perfume lent,
 In the clear autumnal weather.

Wild was the scene, and bleak withal,
 The raven's croak, the lapwing's call,
 And startled covey's noisy flight—
 No other sound we greeted ;
 How sad 'twere thus to spend the night,
 Me thought, as, by the waning light,
 I from the wold retreated.

Yet as my homeward course I plied,
 A grey sepulchral stone I spied ;
 All in a dark morass it stood,
 By pious hands erected,
 Marking a spot, bleak, wild and rude,
 Where Zion's bands, sincere and good,
 Lurked lorn and unprotected.

And 'neath that stone,—oh, sad to tell !
 Three comely youth's sleep where they fell
 In bonnet broad and hoddie gear,
 Shot down by hands unsparing—
 The shepherd of the upland deair,
 Recounts with undissembled tear,
 A deed so foul and daring.

Long had the spot unmarked remained,
 Save by the moss-stone weather stained,
 But known full well to many a one
 Through changing generations,
 Traditionally, from sire to son,
 Whilst crowns and sceptres, lost and won,
 Made strife among the nations.

At length, slight tribute to their fame !
 That stone which bears their honoured name,
 Far up on the horizon's rim,
 Records their mournful story ;
 Heraldic pomp grows mean and dim,
 War's proudest triumphs swart and grim,
 Contrasted with their glory !

For Christ's dear sake, they left their all,
 By Christ's blest cause to stand or fall,
 Braving the worldling's loud disdain,—
 Man's feeblest wrath enduring ;
 But strong in faith of Jesus slain,
 With him to mount, with him to reign,
 Unending bliss securing.

A relic, shown with miser care,
 A treasured lock of auburn hair,
 Was kept by those the stone that reared,
 Struck all with breathless wonder,
 When, as if yesterday interred,
 Those martyrs to the gaze appeared,
 Short space the moss-turf under.

Ah, who can tell what hearts were wrung
 For those lone sleepers, fair and young !—
 What high-wrought hopes, what breathings fond,
 In those dark days and olden,
 Were drown'd in tears for him that owned
 That ringlet soft and golden !

THE PANG O' LOVE.

The pang o' love is ill to dre—
 Hech wow ! the biding o't—
 'Twas like to prove the death o' me,
 I strove sae lang at hiding o't.

When first I saw the wicked thing,
 I wistna it meant ill to me :
 I stralked its bonny head and wing,
 And took the bratchet on my knee ;
 I kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice,
 Sae kind was I in guiding o't,
 When, whisk !—it shot me in a trice,
 And left me to the biding o't.

An' hey me ! how me !
 Hech wow ! the biding o't !
 For ony ill I've had to dree
 Was naething to the biding o't.

The doctors' pondered lang and sair,
 To rid me o' the stanging o't ;
 The skeely wives a year and mair,
 They warstled hard at banging o't.
 But doctors' drugs did fient a haet—
 Ilk wife quat the guiding o't—
 They turned, and left me to my fate,
 Wi' naething for't but biding o't.
 An' hey me ! how me ! etc.

When friends had a' done what they dought,
 Right sair bumbazed my state to see,
 A bonny lass some comfort brought—
 I'll mind her till the day I dee ;
 I tauld her a' my waefu' case,
 And how I'd stri'en at hiding o't,
 And blessings on her honny face !
 She saved me frae the biding o't.
 An' hey me ! how me ! etc.

DINNA GREET FOR ME.

O gently, gently raise me up on this sad bed, my spouse,
 To look ance mair upon the wood where first we changed vows ;
 The Spring is comin', Jeanie, for the trees begin to blaw,
 But ere the leaf is fully blawn, a widow's tears will fa' !
 My heart is heatin' loud and fast, and ilka beat a pang,
 The dead-bell soundin' in my lug has tauld me I maun gang,
 And death has come to our bedside, but oh ! its hard to dee,
 And part wi' a' I've loved sae weel—yet dinna greet for me !

I had a waefu' dream yestreen—what gars me tell it now ?—
 Methought I saw a stranger lad, and he was courtin' you ;
 But the willow-tree hung o'er you, for I watched its branches wave,
 And the wither'd bink ye sat on was a newly cover'd grave !
 The heavy moon was risin' on the simmer day's decline,
 And dead men's banes a' glimmer'd white beneath the pale moon-
 shine.

It was a sad ungrateful dream—for, oh ! your kindly e'e
 Has mair than warld's wealth in its look—ye maunna greet for
 me !


We'll meet within a happier land that opens to my view ;
 And yet Heav'n kens, my earthly heart wad rather stay wi' you,
 Wi' you and that wee bairn, that ance we thocht sae muckle bliss,
 Ower weak a flower to leave alane in sic a warld as this !
 For mony a tear her little e'e may ha'e to gather yet,
 And haply mony a wearie gait awaits her hamless fit ;
 But "The Father of the fatherless" maun fend for her and
 thee—

To doubt wad be a sin, my Jean—sae dinna greet for me !

REV. ROBERT E. MURRAY

3S the younger brother of the subject of the preceding sketch. The life of the younger brother was very much that of the elder. They studied together at the same seminaries of learning, and in the summer months they read the Greek and Roman poets together, and likewise luxuriated in the enticing fields of modern literature. While we know that at college the name of James was always to be found in the prize list, Robert, though too modest to say anything on this matter as regards himself, was nevertheless a favourite student of the late Dr Chalmers. As we have already stated, Robert was ordained minister of the parish of New Cumnock at the Disruption, and here he still continues to labour for the good of his people. Although he has long cultivated literature, yet he has never allowed his love for and his pursuit of it to interfere with the higher interests of his flock.

Besides occasionally contributing to the periodicals, Mr Murray, in 1871, published "The Day-Spring from on High, and other Poems;" and, more recently, he has brought out "The Scriptural Doctrine of Repentance unto Life," a series of twelve superior sermons. Both volumes were received with high favour, and a second edition of "The Day-Spring from on High," with several poems added, is passing through the press at the time we write. "The Day-Spring from on High" is a lengthy poem showing the dealings of the Creator with mankind down through the ages, proving a Divine revelation, and vindicating the ways of God to man. Written in the octosyllabic measure, which is managed with graceful ease, and a fine melodious ring, the reasoning is conducted with great power, notwithstanding



that such a measure is not the best adapted for argument. We give the concluding lines of

THE DAY SPRING.

Say not that more might have been done,
 That witness, constant as the sun,
 Still breaking through the shades of night
 Might flood the soul with heavenly light.
 Must Christ's confessors still expire,
 Tortured amid the sluggish fire?
 Must idle throngs still feast their eyes
 With the meek sufferer's agonies?
 Must Christ in his afflicted saints
 Still bear His cross until He faints,
 And, lifted up on tree accursed,
 Plead for his murderers as at first?
 Awake, awake, ye martyred bands,
 The Lord's first fruits in many lands,
 What golden harvests did ye reap
 In that dark hour ye fell asleep,
 When, bidding things of time farewell
 Ye triumphed o'er the pow'rs of hell?
 Say: when your heart-strings throbb'd with pain,
 And boiled your blood in every vein,
 What power unseen afforded strength
 Till, rising into life at length,
 The tortured Spirit sigh'd no more,
 The victory won—the contest o'er.
 From every land, from every clime,
 With earnest cry, the course of time
 Proclaims the triumph of the faith,
 And oft to sinful man it saith:
 "That counsel shun which makes you stray
 In sinful error's treacherous way."
 The mighty voices of the past
 Dissuade from joys which cannot last,
 Through awful depths of hallow'd ground,
 By sacred fane and holy mound,
 They break like thunder on the ear,
 And fill the anxious heart with fear.
 Yes: Thus, though dead, the martyr speaks
 To him who o'er the Record weeps
 Of deadly hate—of truth oppressed—
 When 'mid the fires Christ was confessed.
 Away, then shades of unbelief,
 And all that ne'er yet brought relief
 To weary soul in depths of woe—
 The peace and joy and hope, which flow
 From faith unfeigned, alone can give
 A balm to him who seeks to live—
 To live in that eternal light
 Which, breaking on the eager sight,

Will guide through want, and grief and pain,
 To Heavenly rest with Christ to reign.
 "Lord, teach my heart to know thy ways,
 O keep my feet from error's maze,
 Thy Holy Spirit ever send,
 That sins, which would my heart-life rend,
 May be reproved through Heavenly grace ;
 Yea, all that's false be pleas'd to efface
 Till on the tablets of my mind
 Not any blemish Thou shalt find.
 When troubles cloud my heaven-ward way,
 And false I feel each earthly stay,
 Uphold me with Thine own right hand,
 O bring me to the Better Land.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

The autumn leaf—Ah me ! how soon
 The summer days roll by :
 It seems to me but yesterday
 Since laughing spring was nigh,
 And yet the yellow autumn leaf
 Whispers the time is not so brief.

The autumn leaf—Thou withering thing,
 What sermons dost thou tell !
 'Tis not alone of woodland gay
 And solitary dell
 Thou lov'st to speak.—Thy rustling breath
 Speaks of frail man's decay and death.

Thou hast a tale of spring-tide hours,
 Frail emblem of decay,
 How opening buds of early flowers
 Smiled on the coming May.
 Alas ! alas ! that things so fair
 Should wither in the summer air.

A tale thou hast of sunny hours
 When sped the month of June ;
 Methinks I hear thee sadly sigh,
 The longest had its noon.
 And then, far in the western wave
 The dying day sought its ocean grave.

"Infant, roaming 'mid the flowers,
 Hither wend with rapid feet,
 Dost thou mark yon serad leaf
 Quivering o'er the garden seat ?
 Say : Dost thou mark it ? Mark it well,
 For lessons sage a leaf may tell.

See it shaketh too and fro,
 Ever as the breezes blow ;
 Yonder leaf, on yonder tree,
 Speaks of blossoms faded now—
 Of spring-tide bloom, and summer morn,
 Shall youth and beauty ere return ?

Dost thou say the woods are green,
 Still the western breeze is bland ?
 Child, 'tis but deception all,
 Winter hovers on the strand,
 And soon the boding autumn gale
 Shall strip the woods and sweep the vale.

Soon shall winter's angry storms
 Madly rage o'er hill and plain.
 How amid the forest glade
 Yonder brook hath changed its strain ;
 And see upon the silent green
 The daisy meek alone is seen."

"Twas thus we mused upon a leaf
 Entranced with pleasing spell ;
 'Twas thus we mused, and as we mused,
 The withering leaflet fell :
 Awhile it fluttered in the gale—
 So sinks frail man in death's dark vale.

R E M O R S E .

"Was the dark deed foully done ?"
 'Neath the shades where streamlets run,
 In the brake where sunbeams play
 All the pleasant summer day,
 'Twas there the wand'rer fell :
 Shadows dark no tale ere tell.

"Did no eye behold thy wrath,
 No silent footstep mark thy path
 When the shriek of agony
 Before the soul ascended high ?"
 "Echo heard that shriek of woe,
 Why, then terror tempt me so ?"

"Hast thou never sought that spot
 In the wood beside the moat,
 Where, when terror filled my soul,
 At midnight thou built the mole—
 Yonder rude mishappen heap,
 O'er which the trembling willows weep ?"

"Hast thou never heard the sigh
Of the streamlet sobbing by?
Have thy nights no ghastly dream
Through which wandering sunbeams gleam?"
"In the day and in the night
I wrestle with a thing of might;
Whose voice is like a streamlet sighing,
And wild shriek on the breezes dying!"

FAITH AND PATIENCE IN ADVERSITY.

The wave breaks on the rocky shore,
Still fretting round it evermore;
The wave rolls backward from the strand,
Aye guided by an unseen hand.
To palace and to cottage door
Sore trials came for evermore;
But vain their oft repeated stroke,
When faith withstandeth every shock,
Till, firmer than the rocky steep
On which the billows dash and leap,
The Soul repels the fellest rage,
And youth survives in hoary age.

E C H O .

Wicked Echo in the vale
Cease to tell a love-sick tale,
Which the maid already knows,
In whose breast love's current flows.
Thou false Echo! Evil Echo!
Up among the leafy brakes
Early morn the cushat wakes.
Hark! its cooing in the dell.
All its joys thou mightest tell;
But cease to vex a maiden's breast.
Why should she for ever list
A voice so false—a tale untrue,
Which her gentle breast will rue;
Treacherous Echo! Wicked Echo!



JOHN YOUNG,

AUTHOR of "Selina, and other Poems," published in 1878, was born at Pitfour, in the parish of St Madoes, in 1826. He received his early education at the Parish School, and afterwards at the Perth Academy. Mr Young was trained as a civil engineer and architect, and is now practising as such in Perth. He is an occasional contributor to the newspaper press, and is known as a gentleman of refined taste and professional skill—fond of scientific, fine art, and literary pursuits. The latter he considers more as a pastime, but he frequently puts his scientific knowledge to practical use. He has a well-established reputation amongst civil engineers, and the lovers of the fine arts.

In 1877 Mr Young published a handsome volume of "Poems" in aid of funds for the erection of a museum for the natural history of Perthshire. "Selina" is a narrative poem of seventy-seven stanzas, and is exceedingly well sustained, and evinces not a little descriptive power and much poetic feeling. The smaller poems and songs are natural and spirited—unmistakably the emanations of a pure and thoughtful mind.

POETS.

Poets, inspired with raptured strains
To touch our finest feeling ;
Life chartered vessels heaven fraught,
And sparks of heaven revealing.

To light our way amid the storms
Of life that thickly rage ;
To fire our zeal in youth, and cheer
Our hearts with ripening age.

To aid to weave the golden web,
Of fellow-trust around us ;
That faith, and hope, and love may rule,
And spite no more confound us.

To urge the common fatherhood
And brotherhood of man ;
And scourge the righteous few who would
A brother's weakness scan.

To crush the weeds and nurse the flowers,
That these may brighter bloom
And make the atmosphere of life
Scent sweet with their perfume.

Yes ! poets cheer and lift us up
Above all earthly wrongs ;
Think for a moment what would be
The world without its songs.

Inspid, heartless, cold, and dull,
Nothing to rouse our fire ;
No burning strains whereby to vent
The thoughts our breasts inspire.

Weaker would be the soldier's arm,
Rougher the sailor's seas ;
The state, the church, the mill would lag,
The lover's love would freeze.

Yet luckless is the poet's fate,
He might as well be mute
For all he gains—he sows the seed
But others win the fruit.

Oh ! pity 'tis that in this life
The poet rarely reaps
The honours due, that freely flow
When in the grave he sleeps.

Lost 'mid the envious moil of life,
Till death hath sealed his fate,
Then comes the meed of merit full,
But comes, for him, too late.

Too late to soothe his burning brain,
Too late his hopes to cheer,
Too late to save from cold disdain
That crushed his life while here.

“ALL GLITTER IS NOT GOLD.”

The trusty friend of many years,
No wealth but heart to show ;
Though one with flash of wealth appears,
Do not his love forego.
The gaudy tinsel often cloaks
A soul to feeling dead ;
That lives on plaudits wealth evokes,
With little heart or head.

Let not new friends untried displace
 The worthy and the old,
 Although they come with polished grace ;
 All glitter is not gold.

When light the load, and smooth the way,
 Your waggon jogs along ;
 Though seeming frank, 'tis vain display
 To offer cattle strong.
 When axle-deep you move no foot,
 An old friend, true as steel—
 While others stand aside—will put
 His shoulder to the wheel.
 Let not new friends, etc.

When fortune blows a prosperous wind,
 Who aids to trim the sail,
 What good if he should leave a friend,
 To face an adverse gale ;
 But he, who does the best he can,
 Through friendship's love untold,
 Denies himself for fellow man,
 Is worth his weight in gold.
 Let not new friends, etc.

SING ON, MY BONNIE BAIRN.

Sing on, my bonnie bairn—sing :
 Thy wee, sweet, silver voice
 To me sounds like the sough o' lands
 Where angel-sangs rejoice.

Thy bonnie broo, fair as the morn,
 Is scarce four summers auld ;
 Thy dawning life, like opening bud,
 O' pure and spotless fauld.

Nae envy stirs thy artless heart,
 Vain-glory, or conceit ;
 Nae venom'd passions rouse thy breast,
 Nae malice or deceit.

Thy soul a' heaven—thy ways a' earth—
 Scarce either, but between :
 Content to play and sing thy sang
 Frae morn to dewy e'en.

Thy trusting faith—thy clinging love—
 Thy large enquiring eyes—
 Thy puzzling queries, hard to tell—
 Thy wonder and surprise !

If there is aught upon this earth
That's wi' a purpose given,
'Tis in thy winning looks and ways,
To draw our hearts to heaven.

They say there are connectin' links
Pervadin' Nature's-law :
Thy spirit fresh frae Nature's God,
Pure as the driven snaw,

Maun be the link connectin' us
Wi' spirit lands above,
Whar a' is love ; for thou art here
The joy and nurse o' love.

Come let me clasp thee to my breast,
And kiss thy broo sae fair :
Thy mither's joy, thy father's pride,
Ay nestle closer there.

O God ! stop wealth—stop everything,
That earthly comforts prove ;
But spare our bairns to bless our hearts,
Or stop the flow o' love.

L A B O U R .

There is a dignity in labour,
And honour from it flows ;
A joy in being diligent
The idle never knows.

None nobler in creation can
More proudly lift his head
Than he who works for working's sake,
And earns by work his bread ;

Who loveth labour for its joys—
Not wealth that from it springs—
But regulation of the mind
And body that it brings.

Observe yon man, reverse the law,
For wealth and leisure sighs,
Toils slavishly these ends to win,
And as he grasps them dies.

He loses present joy for dreams
Of doubtful future rest,
Forgetful, in his eagerness,
The present may prove best.

Then love life's labour for itself—
 For all who do are blest—
 What though it argues weary toil,
 'Tis toil that sweetens rest.

It smooths the pillow of the poor,
 At every evening's close,
 Invites the downy wings of sleep,
 And wins the night's repose.

It banishes malignant thoughts,
 Health from its pursuits flows,
 It dissipates dyspeptic pains
 And other kindred woes.

Be this my most ambitious wish,
 Strong health my whole life through,
 A cheerful and contented mind,
 And plenty work to do.

With these, I fear not, wealth will come
 Sufficient for my end;
 A provident and willing hand
 Shall poverty forefend.



JOHN CAMPBELL,

(“WILL HARROW,”)

AUTHOR of numerous poems instinct with quaint dry humour and keen sarcasm, was born in 1808. His father was a small farmer on the moors of Kinclaven, Perthshire, and John spent his youth as a “son of the soil.” At the age of twenty-five he removed to Dundee, where he remained for seven years. “I went back to the spade again,” as he says in his own quaint style, “and dug my way from Dunblane, to Lintrathen in Forfarshire.” Certainly this was a long “delve.” “Twice,” he adds, “I laid the spade aside, and lived three years in Glasgow, and six in South Africa.” “Will” has been twice married, and now he has passed the three-

score years and ten, solitary and childless; yet he possesses the riches which wealth cannot purchase—a happy temperament. In the intervals of hard physical labour he has drawn consolation from the Muse of his native land. Many of his productions are of a political complexion, for he had in early life been an out-and-out Chartist, and believed almost as firmly in the “six-points” as in the “ten commandments.” Years and reflection, however, has toned his enthusiasm, although it was only recently that he wrote the following “unvarnished lines,” entitled “Here we go, by Jingo Ring”—

Did onybody ever ken
 A Jumpin' Jack like Hughenden,
 Wha sits upon the blarney stane,
 An' thinks to move the world his lane,
 An' douce the Greeks and dish the Whigs,
 An' darn the turban—please the pigs,
 An' teach the Tories a' to lee—
 Swear one is twa, an' twa is three,
 An' white is black, and black is white,
 An' right is wrong, and wrong is right,
 An' mair things than I choose to write;
 An' thimbles twirl wi' jaunty glee,
 An', mockin' John, asks whaur's the pea?
 How John stands this amazes me.
 It was wi' maggots in his crania
 When at Berlin he smirched Britannia,
 An' after throwin' mud upon her,
 Cam' back, an' ca'd it “peace wi' honour.”
 His speech at the Lord Mayor's kail,
 What can be made o't—head or tail?
 Can Tories, or can ony bodie
 Squeeze politiks frae salts an' soddie?
 No more they can, but let that pass—
 Ben's filled the world wi' lauchin' gas.

And “To the Irish Nation”—

Auch, Paddy! you're an awfu' pest,
 A skittish, sad, unruly baste,
 Howlin' Land League an' ither shams,
 Wi' scarce a dud upon your hams,
 An' nought will stop your hungry howl;
 The more you get the more you growl;
 An' noisily ye strut an' geck,
 The beggar's wallet round your neck.

O, what a stream of Irish ills,
 Effluent from a thousand rills;
 An' when the stream is viewed it is
 Mostly made up of froth and fizz.
 Paddy, the evil's in your blood,
 Ye trample freedom in the mud,
 Your nonsense puts a heavy tax on
 The patience o' the sober Saxon.
 The three-fold cord you'll ne'er unlace,
 Unless you move awa' a space,
 Awa' frae honest people's doors,
 A thousand miles ayont th' Azores,
 Then ye can get, ye yillyart tyke,
 Home rule or ony rule ye like,
 But where ye are, ye fashious gowk,
 You'll hae to rule like ither fowk.

WEARIED AND WORN.

Auld an' crazy, wearied an' worn,
 I creep along the shore;
 I hirple o'er the shining sand,
 While my heart is away in a far off land—
 My land, alas, no more.

And sadly muse on brighter days—
 Days now forever flown;
 For here I feebly creep an' cringe,
 In every fibre feel a twinge,
 An' ache in every bone.

When I was young, then on my brow
 Grief ventured not to trace
 The sorrows that becloud it now,
 When I am fading like a bough
 That's torn from its place.

Ah, what a mingled play we see
 Upon life's shifting stage,
 Ever mingling life with death,
 The coming with the parting breath—
 Bright youth with crazy age.

"All flesh is grass," and o'er the field
 The mighty reaper goes;
 But soon or late no stalks is missed,
 Yet o'er the world's perished dust
 Life's stream still gaily flows.

The numbered hour is on the wing;
 'Tis well we do not know.
 All that we know is only this
 Their ignorance is really bliss
 That to the earth we go.

When time shall be no more to me,
 Then my remains inhume
 On a verdant sunny slope,
 Where the gladsome birdies hop,
 Among the golden broom.

Among the bonnie yellow broom
 That breezes wanton wave,
 The golden tassels "wee wi' dew"
 (That every morning will renew)
 To gem my nameless grave.

On the wide uncultured moor,
 Far from the noisy town,
 Where uncaged birdies blythely sing,
 Where the untended wild flowers spring—
 There lay me gently down.



PETER DUNCAN,

REGISTRAR of the parish of Montrose, is a poet of no mean order, who has ever wisely considered the lyre of minor importance to the stern realities of life. Mr Duncan is a native of Montrose. He was educated at the academy there, and entered the *Standard* office as an apprentice compositor. On the suggestion of Provost Calvert, who was then proprietor and editor, he was, however, transferred to the law office of that gentlemen. Here Mr Duncan served his apprenticeship to the legal profession, and subsequently went to Edinburgh, where he remained for seven years in the service of a firm of Writers to the Signet. Failing health compelled him to return to his native town, where he for fifteen years acted as confidential clerk to the late Mr Thos. Barclay. In 1871 Mr Duncan was appointed to the office of Registrar, which he still holds, performing his onerous duties with much tact and ability.

Washington Irvine says that the "possessors of true genius are always retiring and modest." This holds good in the case of Mr Duncan. He has never taken any part in political or municipal matters. His leisure time has been devoted to the enjoyment of literary study—the riches of the cultivated mind. His quiet thoughtful habits have borne fruit in the form of occasional truly able poetic effusions in the local press. One of these—"Where the Wild Flowers Grow"—attracted the critical eye of the late George Gilfillan, who wrote the editor of the paper in which it appeared, asking the name of the author. Having received the desired information, Mr Gilfillan communicated with Mr Duncan, complimenting him on his production, as being very sweet, and having the real ring of the genuine metal. Indeed, so much did the reverend gentleman admire this piece that he induced the editor of the *Dundee Advertiser* to depart from the usual rule of declining to publish extracts from a contemporary, and give the poem wider publicity. The eminent critic subsequently wrote several letters of advice to the poet, and urged him to continue his efforts. Thus encouraged by one so able to appreciate genuine poetry, Mr Duncan has contributed numerous effusions to the press. We give the following pieces, which will show that should he see his way to collect his poems in a volume he has no reason to be ashamed of them, and that success would assuredly attend their publication.

WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

Up among the waving woodlands,
Down along the burnie's side,
Scatter'd o'er the mountain summits,
Growing graceful in their pride;
'Mong the bonnie blooming clover,
Where the breezes breathe so low,
Ankle-deep in purple heather,
Where the wild flowers grow.

'Mong the bonnie bramble roses,
 And the primrose faint and pale,
 And the golden-crested king cup,
 And the blue bell thin and frail ;
 And so far from toil and trouble,
 And away from care and woe,
 I'd sit upon the gowany bank,
 Where the wild flowers grow.

Peeping under long green rushes,
 Like stars in midnight sky,
 The meek and modest violet
 Looks forth to catch the eye.
 By the margin of the streamlet,
 Bloom the daisies white as snow :
 Oh ! to wander in the places
 Where the wild flowers grow !

And the wild flowers are an emblem
 Of man's estate so mean :
 Blooming sweetly for a little,
 And then cut down at e'en.
 For the wild flowers teach a lesson
 To be humble, meek, and low :
 'Tis good to sit and muse awhile
 Where the wild flowers grow.

When weary age comes on apace,
 And the pulse beats faint and low ;
 When the eye grows dim and heavy,
 And the wheels of life move slow ;
 When life's brief day is done with me,
 And in death I'm laid below ;
 Let me lie among the shadows
 Where the wild flowers grow.

BY YON BURNSIDE.

There's not a sweeter place to me
 Than yon burnside ;
 Far from the noisy town I flee
 To yon burnside.
 There to wander in the gloamin'
 'Mong the bonny wild flowers roamin',
 And to watch the ripples foamin'
 By yon burnside.

'Tis sweet to walk at opening day
 By yon burnside ;
 And listen to the lark's love-lay
 By yon burnside ;
 And see the sunbeams as they gleam,
 Like silver in the running stream,
 Waking the flow'rets from their dream
 By yon burnside.

The cares of life seem past away
 By yon burnside ;
 When musing lone I slowly stray
 By yon burnside.
 Dearer to me than rosy bowers
 Are moments spent 'mong Nature's flowers,
 So quickly pass the fleeting hours
 By yon burnside.

The seasons as they change I've seen
 By yon burnside,
 When Spring puts on her robes of green
 By yon burnside,
 When Summer wears her flowery crown,
 When Autumn shows his russet gown,
 When Winter rules with surly frown
 By yon burnside.

When dips the sun o'er yon blue hill
 By yon burnside,
 And Nature seems all hush'd and still
 By yon burnside ;
 Then among the green grass lying,
 I watch the daylight dying,
 Dreaming, thinking, longing, sighing,
 By yon burnside.

I love to muse at gloamin' late
 By yon burnside ;
 To ponder deep and meditate
 By yon burnside ;
 To lift the mind from things of time,
 And think upon a brighter clime,
 And pour my musings out in rhyme
 By yon burnside.

WEARIN' HAME.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
 We're hirplin' doun the brae ;
 The shadows o' life's gloamin', John,
 Are gatherin' thick an' grey.
 The freends o' youthfu' days, John,
 Hae langsyne drapp'd awa',
 Like reed an' wither'd leaves, John,
 When winter breezes blaw.

Nae doot we're wearin' hame, Jean,
 We're noo growin' stiff an' frail :
 We canna work awa', Jean,
 For monie a pain an' ail.
 But though we're auld an' dune, Jean,
 We mauna sair complain ;
 Oor bairns hae aye been kind, Jean,
 Sin we've been left oor lane.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
 I'm tir'd o' a' the care,
 The trouble an' the trials, John,
 That's been oor lot to bear.
 And tho' fouk hae been kind, John—
 Yet ah ! I'd raither hae
 The strength to work oorsel's, John,
 As we've dune monie a day.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean,
 An' hoo sud we be sad ;
 Oor trials hae been but sma', Jean,
 An' that sud mak' us glad.
 Nae doot we've ha'en oor share, Jean,
 But aye we've wara'd thro' ;
 We mauna noo sit down, Jean,
 An' sab, and greet like you.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
 An' oh ! I'm wearied sair,
 To lay me down an' dee, John,
 An' nae be troubled mair.
 I've only but a'e wish, John,
 In a' this world to see,
 To ken your journey's end, John,
 An' then to close your e'e.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean ;
 But yet we dinna ken,
 Wha first will be released, Jean,
 An' wha'll be left alane.
 But we sud just ha'e faith, Jean,
 An' trust a higher hand ;
 For He wha's cared for us, Jean,
 Will yet aye by us stand.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
 An' I sud ne'er complain,
 The lang, rough road o' life, John,
 We'll travel ne'er again.
 An' tho' I'm wearied sair, John ;
 Yet patiently I'll try
 To wait till He sees fit, John,
 Altho' I aften sigh.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean,
 Life's trachle's near a close ;
 We'll sune lay down oor heads, Jean,
 An' sleep in sweet repose.
 And then we'll meet oor freends, Jean,
 When life's sair fecht is dune,
 I' the bright an' happy warld, Jean,
 I' the glorious Hame abune !

IN YON KIRKYARD.

Deep peace and silence reign around,
 In yon kirkyard,
 Scarce broken by a single sound,
 In yon kirkyard,
 The loftiest and the lowliest birth,
 The pomp and poverty of earth,
 All meet and mingle without worth,
 In yon kirkyard.

The simple serf, the lettered sage,
 In yon kirkyard ;
 Soul-glowing youth and chastened age,
 In yon kirkyard ;
 The lowly-born, the son of pride,
 The friend, the foe, lie side by side ;
 All in one common lot allied,
 In yon kirkyard.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
 In yon kirkyard,
 Lie sleeping in the same dark mould,
 In yon kirkyard.
 The peasant from his peaceful plough,
 The scholar with his furrowed brow,
 All rest in peace and stillness now,
 In yon kirkyard.

Long, bygone days come up, and pass,
 In yon kirkyard,
 Before our thoughts, as in glass,
 In yon kirkyard.
 We feel how vain a thing is life,
 With all its bustling, noisy strife,
 For troubles now no more are rife,
 In yon kirkyard.

Our thoughts go back to other years,
 In yon kirkyard,
 Till often come the starting tears,
 In yon kirkyard.
 We marvel at the pride of man,
 As on the tombs the names we scan,
 To think how poor is life's short span,
 In yon kirkyard.

No passions now disturb the breast,
 In yon kirkyard ;
 All warring strifes are now at rest,
 In yon kirkyard.
 For Sorrow's bitter reign is o'er,
 And Pleasure's sunshine gleams no more ;
For all have reached a peaceful shore,
 In yon kirkyard.

But yet, at length, a day will dawn,
 In yon kirkyard,
 The opening graves will widely yawn,
 In yon kirkyard.
 A trumpet sound will rend the skies,
 When all will meet without disguise,
 And from the tombs all will arise,
 In yon kirkyard.



PROFESSOR DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

ON first thoughts, the life of a man of science usually presents comparatively little incident to the biographer, and when the life of such a man has been still further restrained within the limits commonly imposed by an official position, such as an exacting professorship in a university, the variety of biographical narrative is frequently considered as becoming reduced almost to a minimum. What such a life may want, however, in stir and incident, it may fully make up for in the interest which is awakened by a record of the progress of discovery, and of the struggles and battles of a human mind to wrestle from Nature the secret of her laws. While fulfilling with singular success the official duties assigned to him, and leaving a wide and healthy impress on the minds of a younger generation, he may find time for literary work, the narrative of which invests the story of his life with no little interest. We have an illustration of this in the career of Professor Douglas Maclagan.

Douglas Maclagan, M.D., of Edinburgh, was born at Ayr in 1812—his father, Dr David Maclagan, having been previous to that time in the 91st Highlanders, but at the time of the birth of the son we here refer to, he was in the Peninsula. It is a curious *fact that the young professor and poet was baptised*

by the same clergyman who "christened" Robert Burns—viz., his own great-grandfather, Dr Dalrymple of Ayr. Professor Maclagan was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and studied medicine at the University of that city, and also in Berlin and Paris. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, of the Royal Society, and other Scientific Societies, and has been Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh since 1862. He is one of seven brothers who have gained distinction in their several walks in life. We are not called upon here to give prominence to the professional career of the subject under notice. Suffice it to say that he is spoken of as being admirably clear and instructive in his lectures, and as ever holding up before his scholars the type of an ardent student, and a cultivated and high-souled gentleman, and sincere Christian. He ever takes a lively interest in the welfare of the University, to which he has devoted his best energies. He enjoys with rare intensity and love the friendship of his learned brethren, and a select circle of men of literature, science, and art.

In 1850 Professor Maclagan published (Edmonston & Douglas) a volume of songs, entitled "*Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ: Lays of the Poet Laureate of the New Town Dispensary*," of which a second edition came out in 1873. The work was published for the benefit of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. In the preface to the second edition the author states that "the collection of songs, which had formed my contribution to the 'conviviality of the evening' at the annual dinners of the past and present medical officers of the New Town Dispensary of Edinburgh, was in 1850 printed at the request of the members of that pleasant reunion, on the understanding that the profits of the book were to be devoted to the Institution in which we were all interested. It was my good fortune to be able in this way to add a little to the funds of the Dispensary—a very inadequate return

for the large amount of practical instruction which it had afforded to me, during my ten years' service as one of its acting medical officers. The profits, if any, are now to be devoted to the Building Fund of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, so that those who are disposed to buy the book can compensate themselves, under a bad bargain, by the reflection that they may thus, in a small way, contribute to one of the noblest charitable institutions in the kingdom." The illustrations of the vigorous song—"The Battle o' Glen Tilt," which was quoted in all quarters when it first appeared, and in which the Duke of Athole, Professor Balfour, and others figure—are in the best style of the photographic art. Regarding these Professor MacLagan says:—"At a Sketching Club, which met in the house of my friend John Ballantyne, R.S.A., the above song was given out, as the subject on which each member was to exercise his inventive and executive talents. The sketches thus dashed off by the able hands of John Faed, R.S.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., John Ballantyne, R.S.A., W. Fettes Douglas, R.S.A., James Archer, R.S.A., and the late William Crawford, A.R.S.A., were presented to me by Mr Ballantyne. In prospect of the present edition I applied for, and at once got the consent of these distinguished artists, to use their sketches as illustrations, and they have accordingly been photographed by Mr E. W. Dallas, F.R.S.E." The frontispiece is entitled "Amang the Heilan' Hills, man," while the others illustrate the following lines of the song:—

The Duke at this put up his birse,
He vow'd in English and in Erse.

For win' and rain blew up Glen Tilt,
An' roun' his houghs an' through his kilt.

The Glen was closed when they got there,
And oot they couldna pass, man.

The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,
An' said that oot they sudna get.

Balfour he said it was absurd ;
 The Duke was in a rage, man ;
 He said he wadna hear a word
 Although they spak' an age, man.

The volume contains a number of professional ditties, but we prefer to give samples of the others as being of more general interest. The specimens we give will clearly prove that Professor MacLagan is entitled to a place of honour amongst the poets of our country. They show a strong and cheery nature, a transparent and truthful character, and a love of the right, and scorn for the wrong, which endears him to all who have the pleasure of his friendship. Healthiness of tone, without effort or forced sentiment, are apparently their great charm. We quote the following from a fine song, entitled

HEATHER.

The College lads are noo awa',
 The lecture-rooms are a' desertit,
 The Coort o' Session's closed its Ha',
 An' Clerks an' Judges are departit ;
 Nae langer driech Professors drone,
 Nae langer glib-tongued lawyers blether,
 The feck o' folk has left the toon,
 An' I maun aff to tread the heather ;
 Up amang the bonnie heather,
 Little thocht o' win' or weather,
 Free ance mair,
 In caller air,
 To tread the bonnie bloomin' heather.

John Dickson's filled my cartridge-box
 Wi' due supply o' amunition ;
 He has looked o'er the springs an' locks,
 An' says the gun's in prime condition ;
 My jacket's on ; my weel-creeshed buits
 Are saft as kid, though stoot in leather,
 An' lambs'-woo' hose about my cuits,
 I'm ready noo to tread the heather.
 Up amang the bonnie heather,
 Free frae ilka sort o' bather,
 Put aff the cark
 An' care o' wark,
 An' blythely tread the bloomin' heather.

I'll no' get up at skriech o' day,
 My stren'th wi' needless toil consumin',
 Eneuch's as guid's a feast they say.
 I'll hae eneuch afore the gloamin'.
 Oh ! could some philosophic chiel'
 Explain to me some way or ither,
 Hoo hills were no sae harl to spiel
 When first I used to tread the heather.
 But though I'm no' jist a'thegether
 As soople as a black-faced wether,
 Though somethin' auld
 An' no sae yauld,
 I yet hae spunk to tread the heather.

The Twal'th is come, the mornin's fair,
 Frae aff the hill the mist is clearin' ;
 There is nae time for sleepin' mair,
 For half an 'oor the Laird's been steerin' ;
 The powney's saddled at the door ;
 He bears me aff as licht's a feather,
 An' saves the bittock to the muir,
 An' noo I'm fairly on the heather.
 Up amang the purple heather,
 No' a flow'r that man can gather
 Frae garden fair
 Or greenhouse rare
 Can beat the bonnie bloomin' heather.

The keeper's at his trystin' place
 Wi' a' his dogs around him sittin',
 It's money's worth to see his face
 An' get his hearty Hielan' greetin' !
 The very dogs are yelpin' fain
 An' like to break the couplin' leather,
 Sae glad to see us oot again
 Wi' gun in han' upon the heather.
 Up upon the bonnie heather,
 Like a cowl that's slipt the tether,
 Sae brisk I feel
 An' licht o' heel,
 I'm fit to canter o'er the heather.

.

It's pipin' het by afternoon,
 An' men an' dogs are sair forfeuchen,
 Beside the spring we'll set us down
 Oor legs to rest and throats to slocken.
 Oor luncheon is a modest chack,
 Oor drink comes fresh frae earth oor mither,
 The grass oor seat, and at oor back
 A springy buss o' purple heather.

An' sae we ha'e among the heather
 A canty crack wi' ane anither,
 O' sporting days
 Amang the braes,
 That we ha'e had wi' ane anither.

An' even though oor bag were toom,
 Instead o' twenty brace it's haddin',
 It wad be warth oor while to come
 An' view the sicht that's roon' us spreadin' ;
 It's gran' to see the Hielan' hills,
 Though a' their names we canna gether,
 That lift their heids, dour solem' chieles,
 Sae heich abune oor braes o' heather.

 Frae a seat among the heather,
 Stan' they single or thegither,
 Scottish e'e
 Is prood to see
 Oor Hielan' hills an' braes o' heather.

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LIZZIE.

AIR—"Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."

Love, they say, is like a flower,
 Bonnie while it blaws, Lizzie ;
 But, endurin' for an Hour,
 Sune to earth it fa's, Lizzie.
 This is love wi' senseless queans
 That dream about it in their teens,
 Ye better ken what true love means,
 Ye ken that this is fause, Lizzie.
 Twenty years ha'e come and gane
 Sin' first I socht ye for my ain,
 The love that cam' in blossom then
 Yet wi' blossom braw's, Lizzie.

Little gear we had, ye ken,
 To begin our life, Lizzie ;
 Treasure I had neist to nane,
 Binna in my wife, Lizzie.
 To my wishes kindest Heaven
 Better treasure couldna given,
 Gowd wad maybe no ha'e thriven
 E'en had it been rife, Lizzie.
 Gowd, they say, gets everything,
 But true heart-love it canna bring ;
 Gowd is readier aye to fling
 Discord in and strife, Lizzie.

Sunshine, thanks to Heaven, has shed,
 Licht within our ha', Lizzie,
 Though a cloud or twa hae spread
 Shadows o'er us twa, Lizzie.

But when sorrow, grief, or care,
 Frae Lizzie's e'e wrang out the tear,
 Our mutual love but grew the mair
 Wi' ilka watery fa', Lizzie.
 Love and flowers agree in this—
 A blink o' sunshine 's no amiss,
 But were nae rain the grun' to bless,
 They wadna grow ava, Lizzie.

Time begins to lay his han'
 And to show his power, Lizzie ;
 We maun yield, as ithers maun,
 To the carle dour, Lizzie.
 Winter winds may round us blaw,
 Our heads be white wi' winter snaw,
 But warmth o' love, in spite them a',
 Shall cheer our wintry hour, Lizzie.
 Then, though it come stormy weather,
 Gin we're spared to ane anither,
 Auld and canty we'll thegither
 Bide the wintry stour, Lizzie.

MY GRAN'SON.

A blessin' on your sleekit pow,
 My lauchin' chubby-cheekit Oe !
 Fu' blythe I am to see ye grow
 Sae fine a wean ;
 After a towmond's gaen, I trow
 Ye'se walk yer lane.

E'en noo I like to see ye ettle,
 I'm proud ye shaw some spunk an' mettle ;
 Though walkin's just a thocht owre kittle
 As yet for you.
 An' maistly wi' a plump ye settle—
 We'se no say hoo.

Noo o'er a buffet stool ye rum'le,
 Syne o'er yer mither's fit ye tum'le.
 An' aft ye try to rise, but whummil
 An' fa' as aft ;
 But neither need to greet nor grum'le,
 Ye fa' sae saft.

Troth, Providence taks unco pains
 In keepin' skaith frae cats an' weans ;
 Hoo they get a' wi' unbrizzed banes
 Beats me to tell :
 They *fa'*, but are na scarted ance
 For ten they fell.

Ye're safest creepin' on the floor,
 Ye ha'e less chance yer heid to clour;
 It's true, it blacks yer han's wi' stour,
 An' fyles your duds;
 But that'll men' wi' water cure
 An' gude sape-suds.

Your faither's or your mither's han'
 'Ill help ye best to walk or stan'—
 Look up to them, it's God's comman'—
 The first wi' promise;
 An' wha min's this, be't wean or man,
 Reward 'll no miss.

There's mony a man, gin tales be true,
 Could gie a lesson guid to you,
 Wha never wad ha'e had to rue
 A life o' ill,
 Gin he had had the sense to do
 His father's will.

This day ye are a twalmonth auld,
 Guid grant that ye grow stout an' yauld,
 Baith strang o' limb an' braid o' spauld,
 An' may kin' Heeven
 Keep ye when i' the moul's I'm cauld,
 Lang 'mang the leevin.

Nae doot, ye noo are lyin' cosy
 Within your crib, wi' haffets rosy,
 An' wee fat arms an' fatter bosie;
 Oh could I kiss ye!
 But far awa Gran'father owes ye
 This prayer—"God bless ye!"

SAUMON.

AIR.—"Cauld Kail."

There's haddies i' the Firth o' Forth,
 There's turbot big and sma', man;
 There's flukes, though they're but little worth
 There's "caller ou'" an' a', man.
 But fish in shell, or fish in scale,
 Whate'er ye like 't to ca', man,
 There's nane can doot the very wale
 O' fishes is a saumon.

There's herrin catch'd aboot Dunbar,
 An' whitin's aff Skateraw, man;
 But wha sae daft as to compare
 The like o' them to saumon?
 The English folk like whitin's best,
 The Dutch eat herrin' raw, man;
 But ilka body to his taste—
 An' mine's content wi' saumon.

Oh ! mark him rinnin' frae the tide,
 In blue and siller braw, man ;
 The ticks upon his gawsy side,
 Shaw him a new-rin salmon.
 An' though he 'scape the Berwick net,
 The Duke at Floors an' a' man,
 There's mony a chance remainin' yet
 To catch that bonnie saumon.

Across the pool the fisher's flee,
 Fa's licht as nicht a straw, man ;
 Soops doon the stream, an' syne a wee
 Hangs trem'lin' o'er the saumon.
 A moment mair, the line is stent—
 A rug, and then a draw, man ;
 An' noo, the soople tap-piece bent,
 He's tackled wi' his saumon.

Frae aff the birling reel the line
 Like lichtnin' spins awa', man ;
 The fisher lauchs, for he kens fine
 He's heuked a guilly saumon.
 He's up, he's doon, he's here, he's there,
 Wi' mony a twist and thraw, man ;
 Noo deep in Tweed, noo i' the air—
 My troth, a lively saumon.

But stren'th an' natur' for a while
 Can warsell against a' man ;
 Yet natur' aft maun yield to guile,
 As weel in man as saumon.
 An' sae the merry fish that rose
 To tak' that flee sae braw, man,
 Noo sidelins sowms at his life's close,
 A worn an' deein' saumon.

Wi' ready gaff the callant stan's,
 The fish ashore to draw, man ;
 The fisher bids him haud his han's,
 An' no' to hash his saumon.
 " He's clean dune oot ; gae grip the tail,
 Just whar it tapers sma', man,
 An' lan' him up baith safe an' hale—
 My word, a bonnie saumon."

Gae bid the lass set on the pat,
 An' see it 's no owre sma', man,
 An' pit twa goupins in o' saut,
 To boil my bonnie saumon ;
 An' sen' for Jock, an' Rab, an' Tam—
 They 're fishers ane an' a', man—
 An' bid them come to me at haune,
 An' eat my bonnie saumon.

The gentry get their cooks frae France,
 Wi' mony a queer kickshaw, man ;
 But, haith, I wadna tak' their chance,
 When I ha'e sic a saumon.
 Wi' it, an' some o' Scotland's best,
 A cheerer—maybe twa, man,
 We'll gang like decent folk to rest,
 An' dream o' catchin' saumon.

I ance was dinin' i' the toun,
 Whar a' thing is sae braw, man,
 An' there I saw a Lunnon loon
 Eat labster-sauce wi' saumon.
 Wae's me that sic a slaister suid
 Gang into mortal maw, man,
 To fyle the stamac'—spile the fuid,
 An' siccan fuid as saumon.

Wi' flesh as pink as rose in June,
 Wi' curd as white as snaw, man,
 An' sappy broo they boilt him in—
 Oh ! that's what I ca' saumon.
 To my best freen' I canna wish
 That better suid befa', man,
 Than just to ha'e as guid a dish
 As we ha'e wi' our saumon.

To Scotland's ilka honest son,
 Her dochters fair an' a', man ;
 To a' wha lo'e the rod and gun,
 We'll drink wi' a hurra', man ;
 May they frae mony sportin' days
 Baith health and pleesur' draw, man ;
 May muircocks crawl on a' the braes,
 The rivers swarm with saumon.



HUGH BROWN,

THE author of "The Covenanters," although bringing out the first edition of that spirited poem forty-three years ago, is still alive. He is occasionally yet to be found singing, and, like the fabled swans, sweetest of all at the close of life, for *the* gifted bard is now a venerable octogenarian,

and fifty-six years ago we find him singing powerfully and well in the *Scots Magazine*, to which he then contributed a poem on the death of Lord Byron.

Hugh Brown was born about the beginning of the century, in the town of Newmilns, which lies on the beautiful banks of the river Irvine, and is situated in the parish of Loudoun, Ayrshire. After a very ordinary education, he was early put to the muslin weaving trade; but while so engaged he read and learned so well during his evening hours, that he became quite qualified to teach a school himself, his first situation being at Drumclog, in the uplands of Avondale. Previous to this, however, a taste for poetry had grown upon him, and as he wandered around the wilds which lie under the shadow of Loudoun hill, and traversed the ground which had been hallowed by the presence and the praises of the heroes of the covenant, he began, and finished that stirring poem, "The Covenanters," which has long since gained for him no mean place among the poets of Scotland. He had, however, removed to another school—a much better situation—in the town of Galston, before the publication of his poem, which appeared in 1838. Here Mr Brown continued for a length of time greatly respected. Ultimately he removed to Lanark, to a school there, but as old age began to creep upon him he gave up teaching, and went to reside in Glasgow (where he still lives), and found occasional employment in connection with the publishing house of Mr Collins. When resident in Galston, though mingling a good deal in society, which he was so well able to charm by his lively and intelligent conversation, he was noted for his solitary walks among the woods, and by the secluded water-courses which lie around that finely-situated place.

Besides "The Covenanters, and other Poems," which volume has passed through several editions, Mr Brown has contributed a good deal to the perio-

dicals, and was a valued writer in the *Ayrshire Wreath*; and everything he has written shows fine taste and culture, besides bearing the unmistakable stamp of genius upon it. On a greater breadth of canvas, and with all the power and much of the beauty of Graham, he sketches the heroic struggles of the Scottish covenanters in lofty and musical verse. It is a pity that one who has so worthily sung of these champions of liberty and right should be left to close the far-dwindled span of his existence in cheerless pinching penury; and surely were the case of the venerable poet but known a small grant would be given to him from the Royal Bounty fund. Such a thing would not only gladden the heart of the aged bard, but the hearts also of his many intelligent admirers all over the land.

Our first extract is taken from "The Covenanters," and describes the murder of "the Christian carrier" of Priesthill.

THE MURDER OF JOHN BROWN.

List to the tale of one who faultless fell,
Whose humble tombstone decks the moorland dell.

Far on the moor his lonely cot was placed,
A rude unpolished gem upon the waste.
The smoke curled lonely, 'mid the air on high,
A moment hung and melted in the sky;
Where the brook murmured, and the mountain frowned
Through the far-stretching wilderness around;
The wild winged denizens of ether sung;
The shepherd on the breeze his music flung;
The sweet-toned melody of nature there,
Thrilled in sweet carols through the summer air.
The peaceful inmates of that humble hearth,
Lived like primeval dwellers of the earth,—
Summer had smiles that charmed the lingering hour,
With winds perfumed from moss and mountain flow'r;
Cloud, sunshine, stream, the daisy on the sod,
Raised their unbiassed hearts in praise to God.
When Winter swathed the land with unstained snow,
It came the type of holiness below;
When the unfettered tempest high and strong,
Rocked the lone cottage as it swept along,—
Trusting in Him who guides the storm's career,
'Twas God's own music to the listening ear.

Cast on the troubled waters of the time,
 When prayer was treason, piety a crime,
 When persecution raised her red right hand,
 To crush the germ of freedom through the land ;
 Then oft the cottage-light, though faint and far,
 Shone to the wanderer, as a guiding star
 Shines to the sailor on the stormy sea,
 Beaming with hope of happiness to be.

Summer's first morn had dawned upon the wild,
 And Nature's fair and lovely features smiled,
 When pious Brown, with day's first beam arose,
 And called his slumbering children from repose.
 They gathered round the cottage hearth, to raise
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,—
 The holy, untaught melody of heart—
 Dearer to Heaven than all the pomp of art ;
 Unheard by human ear the cadence dies.
 Its last faint murmurs mingling with the skies.
 He read of Love from Mercy's hallowed Book ;—
 Felt in his heart, and glowing in his look,—
 Hoping, exulting o'er the promise given,
 That brightened weeping hours with hopes of heaven :—
 Kneelt with his children at the Eternal throne,
 And pleaded with a fervour not his own ;—
 Breathed from a holy in-born influence given,
 The language of a spirit fit for heaven.
 His soul entranced with high devotion's glow,
 Forgot he was a sufferer here below :—
 When, lo ! a shriek !—the startled echoes rang
 With neighing war-steeds, and the warriors' clang
 Woke him to earth, and drew him from the sky,—
 To clasp his weeping family and die.
 Firm in spirit of his prayer he stood,
 Resigned, yet fearless, calm, but unsubdued.
 " Prepare ! " the dark and fierce avenger cried ;
 " Prepare ! " his language in his hour of pride.

The good man knelt upon the flowery heath,
 Soon to be crimsoned with the tide of death ;
 His farewell pray'r of triumph and repose ;—
 Heaven's glories dawning o'er his earthly woes—
 In the true martyr's spirit pled with heaven,
 His death, his country's wrongs, might be forgiven ;
 And more than angels' eloquence imparts—
 It touched the tearless soldiers' iron hearts ;
 And pity checked that dark and bloody horde,
 Save one—the bosom of their savage lord.
 The martyr rose, with calm unruffled breast,
 Like one prepared for everlasting rest ;
 His weeping little ones were clustered near ;
 He kissed each child, and dropped a parting tear ;
 Breathed a long farewell to his faithful wife ;
 And Nature for a moment clung to life !

When, loud and high, the leader's stern command
 Rose fierce, but vain, above that bloody band ;
 Though stained with slaughter's darkest, foulest hue,
 No arm was raised, no death-winged bullet flew :—
 The ruthless Clavers raised his hand on high,
 Rage in his heart, and mockery in his eye ;
 A moment—and the martyred hero lay
 Bedewed in blood,—his soul had passed away !
 From death and insult, springing to a throne,
 The guilt his foe's, the triumph all his own.

The Theban mother gloried in her son,
 Borne on his shield from battle he had won ;
 The peasant's wife, far on the Scottish moor,
 With none to soothe, did heavier griefs endure ;—
 The Christian matron to her nature true,
 Leant o'er her slaughtered lord and triumphed too.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

The harp of the minstrel is hung in the hall,
 And his fleeting existence is o'er ;
 And still are its strings, as it sleeps on the wall,
 Like the fingers that swept it before.
 His eye, once so bright, has been robb'd of its fire,
 His bosom, once wild as the wave,
 Which the shrill note of liberty's trump could inspire,
 Or the heart-thrilling tones of the well-swept lyre,
 Is silent and still as the grave.

“He had evil within him”—we saw the dark shade
 When his bosom's dark secrets we scan ;
 Yet his arm was still lifted the freeman to aid,
 And his deeds shed a lustre on man.
 If the black cloud of hate o'er his bosom did low'r,
 If he wished to the desert to flee,
 He was only the foe of the minion of pow'r,
 Who, fiend-like, stalks over the earth for an hour,
 But was ever the friend of the free.

The soft scenes of nature for him had no charms,
 The riv'let and fast-fading flow'r
 Awaked not his soul, like the horrid alarms
 When a nation is wreck'd in an hour.
 In the dark-sweeping storm, by Omnipotence driven,
 In the flash and the long pealing roll ;
 In the rocking of earth, in the frowning of heaven,
 When the pillars of nature seem trembling and riven,
 'Twas a beam of delight to his soul.

As he wander'd (O Greece !) o'er thy once hallow'd ground,
 And stood o'er the warrior's grave,
 He heard but the voice of Oppression around,
 And saw but the home of the slave—

As he gazed through the vista of ages gone by,
 In the glory and pride of the world—
 As he gazed on the ruins that round him did lie,
 It drew from his bosom a sorrowful sigh,
 Where Tyranny's flag was unfurl'd.

He tuned his wild harp o'er the ruins of Greece,
 His strains were impassion'd and strong ;
 They solaced his heart, like a seraph of peace,
 While her freedom arose like a song.
 And when the bright sun of their liberty rose,
 His heart full of rapture adored ;
 The morning had dawn'd on their fatal repose,
 Their slumbers were broken, they rushed on their foes,
 To shiver the chains they abhorr'd.

Did he fall in the struggle when Greece would be free ?
 'Twas a star blotted out on their shore,
 But his hovering spirit yet triumphs with thee,
 Though his brave arm can aid thee no more.
 He expired as the torch of thy glory grew bright,
 In the glorious noon of his day ;
 His triumph was short, like the meteor of night
 As it flashes o'er heav'n with its long train of light—
 For like it he vanished away.

You have seen the bright summer sun sink in the west,
 And the glories that shrouded him there,
 Like the splendours that dwell on the heav'n of the blest,
 Immortal, unclouded, and fair.
 So the halo of glory shall circle his name,
 His wreath shall eternally bloom ;
 And Britain triumphant her Byron shall claim,
 As he shines with the great in the temple of Fame,
 The triumph of man o'er the tomb !

THE POET'S WISHES.

Give me the silent evening hour,
 And leave me alone to stray ;
 Give me the old grey ruined tow'r,
 And the setting beam of day ;

Give me the patriot's field of fame,
 And the martyr's hallow'd grave ;
 And oft will I breathe his much-loved name,
 Whose deeds did his country save ;

Give me the glowing page of night,
 To read with a poet's eye ;
 With the lovely moonbeam's sombre light,
 When the broken clouds are nigh ;

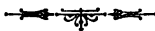
Give me the lightning's vivid flash,
 And the thunder's gathering peal,
 When the ocean billows wildly dash,
 And the quaking mountain's reel ;

Give me the dark and lonely glen,
 And the cave on the mountain's breast,—
 Unstained by the bloody deeds of men,—
 To spread my lone couch of rest ;

Give me dear woman's joyous heart,
 With her soothing, soft caress ;
 Give me the friend that scorns to part
 In the hour of deep distress ;

Give me, oh, give me the God above ;—
 And the world's wildest spot
 Will beam on my bosom with peace and love,
 Like our first-born father's lot ;

Give me the hour of holy mirth,
 That to sainted souls is given ;
 Then bear me away from the climes of earth,
 On an angel's wings to heaven !



WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.D.

PERHAPS Edinburgh is not so rich in literary talent as she once was ; but the contents of this volume will, it is hoped, show that she has still a few survivors of the literary circle of the earlier part of this century. The great age of Scott and Wilson has passed—Neaves has recently left us—but the accomplished author of “Rab and his Friends,” and a small remnant survive, who are remembrancers of the old set who have passed away.

William Graham, LL.D., one of the most accomplished teachers of our time, was born at Dunkeld, in October, 1800. His father removed to Perth soon after, and the only incident Dr Graham records of his residence in the town of his birth is that, while there, he sat on the knee of Neil Gow. After receiving his

school education partly from his father, who was a well-known teacher at Perth, he, at the early age of twelve, was enrolled as a student at the University of Edinburgh. At the end of his curriculum, he taught—first at Perth, where he was his father's assistant till 1823, when he was appointed teacher of English in the academy of Cupar Fife. Before this time he devoted his attention to elocution, and gave his first "readings" in Perth. One of his colleagues and friends in Cupar was the late Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, and he enjoyed there the friendship of Professor Gillespie, of St Andrews, then minister of Cults. In 1831 he was appointed teacher of history, English literature, and elocution in the Military Academy of Edinburgh, and at the same time opened a private academy in that city, and taught in many boarding schools. In 1867 he was appointed teacher and lecturer on elocution in the New College, Edinburgh.

On coming to Edinburgh, Dr Graham entered upon a most successful career as an educationist. He was not only employed in the best schools, but was one of the founders and directors of the Scottish Institution for Ladies, Moray Place—the first of the Ladies' Colleges in the country, in connection with the opening of which he delivered the introductory lecture. He was one of the first presidents of the Educational Institute of Scotland; he also acted as president of the Watt Club in connection with the School of Arts, and on leaving the chair he gave a powerful address which was afterwards published. He also appeared frequently before the public as a most popular elocutionist and lecturer. In the midst of all his multifarious engagements, his pen was not idle. He edited the *Educational Journal* for some time with much tact and ability, and its pages were enriched by many thoughtful articles during his period of office. He wrote for the Educational Series of the Messrs Chambers, "Exer-

cises in Etymology," and a volume on "Elocution," which has had a wide circulation. He also produced numerous contributions, both in prose and verse, to various magazines.

A number of these he afterwards published in a volume, entitled "Lectures, Sketches, and Poetical Pieces," (1873), and from these the poems we give here are extracted. The work was issued in compliance with the wishes of many old pupils. A good deal of the matter is connected with school life, and several of the lectures refer to the state of manners and of education many years ago, and were delivered at the Philosophical Institution, and elsewhere. In this respect it is useful as affording means of ascertaining, by a comparison with the present, what has been the progress of education in the country; while many of the sketches and essays are on subjects of the deepest interest to Scottish readers especially. They include such subjects as the "Neglect of National Music," "Scottish life in the Past," "Vacation Recollections," "The Scotch Accent," &c., with an address by him as chairman at the public dinner at Innerleithen on the occasion of the Scott centenary. The volume was well received, and the *Scotsman* referred to the pleasure it afforded the friends of Dr Graham and the public to have these effusions and lectures, which had hitherto been concealed by anonymity. "His style," says Mr Russell, "is free and natural—his spirit, genial—his experiences, wide and varied. He has read men as well as books, and both of them with sharp perception, and the aid of a fine though not narrow taste." His poetical effusions evince an ardent love of nature and deep, yet delicate humour. Many of them are in commendation of the arts of angling and golfing, and the best songs of modern days in connection with these subjects have been the productions of his pen.

Dr Graham taught for upwards of forty years from nine to ten hours a day, and still continues to teach.

It has been computed that, since the commencement of his career, he must have taught from ten to twelve thousand pupils. In 1879 his public worth and talents were in a measure recognised by a testimonial of £600, which was presented to him by Professor Douglas Maclagan—Lord Deas presiding on the occasion. He is highly esteemed in private life for his equable, genial, and benevolent disposition; for his great fund of information, especially of Scottish reminiscences and anecdotes, which he tells with great effect; and, above all, for his unaffected, gentlemanly, and upright character.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

AIR—O' a' the airts the wind can blaw.

Though Scotia's daring son's are found
In every clime on earth,
No Scotsman ever can forget
The country of his birth.
Though first in fortune's chase he toils,
His hopes incessant burn,
To realise that happy day
When home he shall return.

And wha can justly be so proud
As Scotsmen o' their land?
Where patriotic valour once
Made her most glorious stand.
When 'neath the tread of Bruce's steed
Lay crushed the symbol red,
And Scotland's thistle o'er the field
Triumphant waved its head.

Her music never leaves the heart,
It draws the stranger's ear;
The ruthless Indian feels its power
And leans upon his spear.
The wooer knows its winning art—
And warldliest hearts will glow,
When from the lips of womanhood
Its simple numbers flow.

Her words, though banished court and ha',
And scorned by men o' lear,
Like voices of our earliest friends
Drap kindly in the ear.

When southern words hae tried in vain
 Their most persuasive art,
 Ae hamely Scottish term will find
 Its way right to the heart.

And though at home upon the board
 Our ancient food is rare,
 Our children still we rear with pride
 On her auld halesome fare—
 A flinty race o' hardy loons,
 Light limbed and long in breath,
 Fu' easy fed and thinly clad,
 Prepared for toil and scaith.

Her garb becoming taks the ee,
 Sae varied in its hue ;
 Ne'er manly face looks comelier,
 Than 'neath the bonnet blue.
 Her mountain warrior's kilted line,
 We hail with dread delight,
 And, glorying in each manly limb,
 Ne'er fear the approaching fight.

And thou, O Golf ! o' games the wale,
 Thou art the Scotsman's joy ;
 When on thy links, though old, he feels
 Light-hearted as a boy.
 From taper clubs thy milk-white balls
 In graceful sweeps arise ;
 And in thy rounds, the social crack
 Is linked with exercise.

Should fate ordain that I should leave
 My dear, my native land,
 May I be cast 'mang kindly Scots
 Whose hearts I understand !
 Whose music, tongue, dress, fare, and games,
 Are those we had at hame ;
 New mountain, stream, and glen, might then
 Weel bear a Scottish name.

MY FIRST SALMON.

When first I gaed to live on Tweed,
 To spend a month's vacation,
 I bud to share in what is there
 The common recreation.
 Sae I coft a rod wi' brass weel shod
 The height o' Peebles' steeple,
 And bulky books wi' braw busk'd hooks
 That stunn'd the Tweeddale people.
 For fishing gear I didna spare—
 Creels, boots, and gaff, an' a', man—
 For I had fairly set my mind
 On grippin' nocht but saumon.

I threshed a week through pool and creek,
 Till I was clean dumbfounder'd,
 For fient a fin I e'er brocht in,
 And wife and hairnies wondered.
 The neebors roun' and folks frae toun
 In mockery lamented ;
 And poachers sly as they passed by,
 Glower'd at me as demented—
 While I, with keen and eident look,
 Sae cunning and sae slaw, man,
 Endeavoured wi' my patent hook,
 To wile out my first saumon.

I thocht, indeed o' leaving Tweed,—
 I cudna thole sic scornin',—
 Till, frae my bed, by instinct led,
 I hanged up ae grey mornin',
 Resolved ance mair the stream to dare,
 When nane wad be observin' ;
 For the evil eye o' passers-by
 Aye kept my fingers swervin'—
 And down wad thud my ravelled snood
 Creating such a jaw, man,
 That little prospect e'er had I
 O ought but frichtin' saumon.

When I gaed oot, came fear and doubt,
 For o'er the water porin',
 Twa Tweeddale clods wi' rusty rods
 The streams were sly explorin'.
 They looked on me wi' scornfu' ee,
 As aye wi' little gumption,
 But wha, intent on sic a scent,
 Showed plenty o' presumption.
 "For wha," they muttered, "ever heard
 O' sic a want of awe, man,
 As for a fisher ae week auld
 To think o' catchin' saumon ?"

But guid luck at last gae me a cast—
 My stars they noo were brichtnin'—
 My light-thrown snood scarce touched the flood,
 When down it flew like lichtnin'.
 My heart resiled, my e'en grew wild,
 The landscape round gaed whirlin' ;
 But, quick as licht, I wakened bricht
 To my pirn wildly skirlin',
 Which noo I held to like a helm
 And sae tentily did thrav, man,
 That I had noo a nearer view
 O' grippin' my first saumon.

The Tweeddale loons, they heard the souns
 And saw the fierce contention ;
 Sae doon they ran to lend a han',
 Wi' traitorous pretension.
 I cried, " Haul aff, let go the gaff ;"
 And spite o' their persuasion,
 I spurn'd their help, for now I felt
 I rose to the occasion.
 Sae giving line, and fishin' fine,
 I let him gently draw, man ;
 And when he took a sulky fit,
 I tickled my first saumon.

Hoo can I tell a' that befell ?
 I fished like inspiration ;
 And mason lads frae dykes in squads,
 Looked on wi' admiration.
 Frae neebor hills ran shepherd chieels,
 Wi' colliers mad careerin',
 While by the flood in envious mood
 The Tweeddale lads stood jeerin',
 Expecting still, wi' richt ill will,
 That something might befa', man,
 Which yet a novice might deprive
 O' grippin' his first saumon.

At last cleek'd fair wi' cannie care,
 In silver sheen sae splendid,
 A saumon sound o' thirty pound
 Lay on the bank extended.
 Nae tasteless dish o' lying fish,
 But ane run fresh frae ocean ;
 The first that year in Peeblesshire—
 Was ever sic commotion ?
 Sae fresh was he run frae the sea
 The lice stood in a raw, man,
 And laced like beads the sonay sides
 O' this, my maiden saumon.

The news flew aff like telegraph,
 And reached the town before me,
 And auld and young their wark doon flung
 To stare at and adore me
 My eldest loon, wi' parritch spoon,
 Half naked, ran to meet me,
 While at the door, wi' smiles in store,
 The guidwife stood to greet me—
 Protesting loud, before the crowd
 That she ne'er heard or saw, man,
 O' sic a monster o' the deep
 As this, the guidman's saumon.

"What wad ye wish done wi' this fish?"
 My wife beg'n inquiring;
 "The minister maun hae a share—
 His kindness is untiring."
 Sae doon it went, and up was sent
 A dinner invitation;
 Syne to a party, saumon-panged,
 I gave a long narration
 Of how I wrought, and how I fought,
 And still held by the maw, man,
 This leviathan of the Tweed—
 My first, my champion saumon.

Noo, far and wide, through a' Tweedside
 I'm looked on as perfection;
 In manse and ha', I crouselly craw—
 I've formed a wide connection—
 The *Scotsman*, scanned through a' the land,
 Announced the feat astoundin';
 Next in the *Field* it was revealed,
 And in *Bell's Life in London*—
 A' telling o' an Embro' chiel,
 A sportsman fresh and raw, man,
 Wha had sic luck, and showed sic pluck
 In grippin' his first saumon.

AN IMPRESSION.

I recollect ere yet I went to school,
 My only brother, two years younger, died.
 His face is still as fresh in memory
 As when the black lid hid it from my gaze.
 Behind there fell upon his fair plump shoulders
 A clustering mass of ringlets, which, when moved,
 Varied, like serpents twisting in the sun,
 Or rather like the changeful hues that play
 Around the necks of doves. Clear, mirthful joy
 Basked in the radiance of his infant eye.
 That day before he crept into his death-bed,
 And frequent asked a drink to quench his thirst,
 He came, and throwing his fair, soft round arms
 Around my neck, gazed with an eye so soft,
 Yet so intent and awful in my face,
 That oft I've thought the angel that had come
 To waft his gentle spirit up to heaven
 Mixed his calm look with childhood's, and had lent
 Unto its look of love presaging fire.
 My mother, who then sat close by, and read
 Her Bible, glanced from off its sacred page,
 And caught this strange expression of her child,
Wherein the awful look of heavenly wisdom
Was mixed with that of childish innocence.

She rose, and took the child upon her knee —
 And, looking full into its little face,
 With all a mother's love pressed on his brow
 A fervent kiss ; yet followed by no smile,
 But one large tear, like some sad messenger,
 Stood trembling in her eye. That night my prayers
 I spake with double fervour, and in sleep
 I started full of fearful apprehension.
 It may seem strange—but next week in the dust
 Was laid the lily covered coffin.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

O when shall I breathe the pure air of day,
 When shall the cool breeze on my fevered brow play?
 Shall I ere again see
 'Neath the broad-spreading tree
 My neat whitened cottage repose,
 While around rings the young shrilly voice
 Of my babes as they sport and rejoice?

Shall at evening my wife yet rise from the nook,
 And for my return through the lattice oft look—
 Then come to the door
 With her children before,
 And sweetly for tarrying chide me—
 While gladness her meek eye arrays,
 And a smile on her soft lip plays!

O how oft in the sweet summer eve have I seen
 In the ivy-twined door of my cot stand my Jean!
 The bright sun was setting—
 Yet nature forgetting,
 I saw only her in the scene;
 I hailed her appearance from far,
 And blest her as life's cheering star.

And when I'd arrive, she'd resign the sweet boy
 To my arms, while his infant face brightened with joy;
 Then happy we entered
 Where comfort was centred,
 And feasted on healthiest fare;
 The cricket chirped on the hearth,
 And loud grew the youngsters' mirth.

O then when I woke, as blithe was my heart
 As the song of the lark which from sleep made me start;
 I kissed, where they lay,
 My sweet babes, then away—
 And toiled till the evening fell;
 But toil only sweetened my rest,
 And to our plain fare gave a zest.

O woe to the wars, which compelled me to leave
 The dear spot where joy I could give and receive.
 That morning she wept,
 While I silently crept
 Round the couch of my soft breathing children,
 With a long kiss each fair brow impressing
 While murmuring low my last blessing.

O shall I ere see o'er the wide-spreading wave
 The land of my fathers—the land of the brave?
 Shall the blue bell's light head
 Spring free from my tread
 As I roam through the forest and field?
 Shall I once more climb her steep mountains,
 And drink from her mossy green fountains?

Yes—hope amid darkness and dungeons still reigns,
 Its sweet voice I hear 'mid the clank of my chains;
 It tells me that yet
 My woes I'll forget
 When the blue hills of Scotland appear—
 That my wife and each lovely boy
 Yet shall weep in my arms for joy.



REV. GEORGE JACQUE,

WHO, in connection first with the Relief, and then with the United Presbyterian Church, has been minister of a large and strongly attached congregation in Auchterarder for forty-six years, is also the author of not a few original and exquisite pieces both in prose and in poetry. He impresses all who have even a slight knowledge of him with the idea that he possesses such capacities and energies as would qualify him for engaging successfully in almost any department of intellectual toil. His presence bespeaks power, versatility, and geniality. He would have risen to high excellence in pulpit oratory if his mental qualifications—associated with the literary *graces of style*, and aided by a commanding figure

and a most expressive face—had not been burdened by some vocal obstructions which interfere with the flow and rush of his impassioned eloquence.

What he has done in poetry and in general literature is worthy of being regarded as valuable labour, and not as mere recreation. He might modestly place himself in our large gallery of poets, and be willing to sit or stand anywhere in the company; but he undoubtedly belongs to the "upper ten," and is entitled to a station close beside Thomas Aird.

George Jacque was born shortly after the commencement of the present century, though he is still not only hale, but vigorous and alert. His birth-place was quite that of a Scottish minstrel, "within two bowshots of Douglas Castle" (Lanarkshire). He was educated partly at the parish school and partly at an adventure school in the village of Douglas. He passed through a full college curriculum at Glasgow; and after studying divinity, was called to a pastoral charge at Auchterarder, where he has ever since laboured with great and growing acceptance and success.

The tales which Mr Jacque has produced contain as fine specimens both of humour and of pathos as could be found in Scottish literature. Some of them are constructed and finished with all the art which could have been expended on poems; and, indeed, they only differ from poems because they lack the distribution into fixed numbers of syllables. One of the earliest is also the most beautiful—"Wandering Menie." It might have appeared in Wilson's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" whilst in character, conversation, and incident, there is a reality about which Wilson, in the early days of his authorship, was too often indifferent. Several of Mr Jacque's tales—especially those recently written—*have appeared in separate volumes.* "*The Three Street Orphans*" has enjoyed a very wide circulation, *and as a still more striking proof of its merits it has*

been translated into Danish and Icelandic. A series of volumes written by Mr Jacque is in the course of publication by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. Into those tales religion is introduced in a new and very felicitous way. It is not attached to them by having Scripture texts labelled, or by having a moral prominently paraded. The author shows how we may and should have *sacred fiction* as well as sacred poetry. Nor will an attentive and sympathetic reader doubt that Christianity may be as greatly advanced by sacred fiction as by sacred poetry.

All the prose of Mr Jacque proves that he has the "poetic soul" largely and purely; but he does not lack any of the faculties and arts that are needed for the "accomplishment of verse." He is an Orpheus for words as well as for ideas; and his sway over all kinds of melody is perfect and easy. Quick lyrical movements, and the stately march of heroics are alike under his control. His syllables ripple, and his long lines majestically roll, with melody. He has produced two lengthy poems worthy of preservation; and preservation is the most genuine fame. "The Clouds" (Freeman: London, 1866)—a piece in the heroic measure, and extending to ten cantos. This is grandly yet delicately descriptive, for it deals with mountainous masses that stretch around and above, and with mere specks of breath, and it deals with as great contrasts in colour and in shape. But the most consummately fine description of scenery in sky, land, or ocean must be associated with human beings, and with their character and lot, before they can attract our deepest sympathy and interest; and Mr Jacque has unfortunately chosen to dispense almost entirely with men, women, and children. Under his matchless canopy of "clouds" he has placed no human group, not even a single human history; and by this strange omission he deprives himself of more *than half of his power to influence us.* What should

be a home is thus merely a house—if not its roof only. The other lengthy poem, "Hope, its Lights and Shadows" (William Blackwood & Sons, 1875), is in a great variety of measures. The rhythm and rhyme are all that could be wished, musical yet without the least monotony. The scenery, too, is associated with humanity; but this is represented by a changing succession of human beings under the stimulus of various hopes, and not by the continuous development of a group of men and women who were to be related to each other by a train of incidents. We find a collection of isolated and independent occurrences, instead of a regular tale, arranging a destiny for the leading agents. The poem is, indeed, didactic as well as descriptive; but had the human element consisted of an individual or family narrative, there would have been closer unity and a deeper interest. We could easily offer hundreds of extracts that would show our poet's genius and art. The first selections we give are from "The Clouds"—the "Ocean Telegraph". and "Ruin" being from "Hope, its Lights and Shadows."

List to the skies and they will wisdom teach.
 The deaf may hear, the dumb and dead can preach.
 God means all things our monitors to be,
 The books lie open, and the light is free.
 Did nature give us mind, and eyes, and light,
 And draw the curtain, but forbid the sight?
 Shall regal man descend to servile beast,
 And leave the board where angels love to feast,
 To bait with oxen, and with them to lie,
 And choose an outhouse for the open sky?
 What end is sought, enjoyment or pursuit,
 But what most seek in common with the brute?
 The spider shares the wily statesman's joys,
 And dogs and sharks with warlike hosts rejoice.
 The beetle owns the miser's niggard care,
 And preaching apes the babblers' triumphs share.
 The weakly vain find heaven in the street,
 But peacocks too are bless'd in self-conceit.
 Does glutton's joy in loaded banquets lie?
 The pig with him exults in lavish sty.
 What beast of prey that prowls with stealthy pace,
 But knows with man the pleasures of the chase?

Nor special joy the jewell'd sceptre brings,
 For stolid fish, and birds and beasts have kings.
 But neither hoof, nor fin, nor pinion knows
 The joys which science, or which art bestows,
 And bounteous nature to her vot'ry yields,
 Through all her skies, her oceans, and her fields.
 And where, o'er all, is sage or artist found,
 Untaught of God who tastes the peace profound
 Of humble faith, or shares the hope sublime,
 Which points to thrones beyond the lapse of time?
 Would blinded man his own best interests know,
 His rights assert, and proper ends pursue.
 Where these are sought, unmov'd by praise or blame,
 And uneduc'd by pleasure, pelf or fame,
 In fitting time, the God of harvests will,
 With golden grain, his crowded garner fill.

.

I love ye winds, for ye bring back to me
 The dreams of youth and boyhood's stormy glee,
 When heav'd aloft ye rock'd me on the bough,
 Rear'd the high kite, and steer'd my little prow ;
 And still thy voice its ancient power retains,
 And sends the blood careering through the veins,
 And lifts the soul into a higher sphere,
 Where other thoughts and brighter worlds appear.
 And oft I weary when the listless air,
 And sky sedate, no tidings of you bear,
 For never do ye blow your tempest-horn,
 But night departs and leaves the smiling morn.
 Betimes grim Havoc leaps as with a bound
 Into your seat, and deals destruction round,—
 Strikes towers and temples prostrate at a blow,
 Tears harvests up, and lays whole forests low,
 Whirls children off before their parents' eyes,
 Flings ships on shore, or lifts them to the skies,
 With shot and cannon, as at bowls will play,
 And drive like chaff, the tents of war away ;
 But every blessing has the drop of gall,
 Which fell into it at the fatal fall.

Yet, if betimes you scatter ruin round,
 Full compensation in your gifts is found.
 You sweep the marsh and stir the stagnant pool,
 And all the air you purify and cool ;
 The snows you melt, and dry the humid mead,
 And make it ready for the waiting seed,
 Arouse the lakes that in the valleys sleep,
 Excite the pulses of the ponderous deep,
 Transport the fragrance of the flowers away,
 And 'mongst the grass make mimic billows play ;
 And, seating Autumn in your buoyant car,
 You bear him hence to sow his seeds afar ;

.

And o'er the highway of the heaving deep
 Your wings of air the craft of ocean sweep,
 And oft you form and take the clouds away
 To fields that pant beneath excessive day.
 In torrid climes you change your beaten road,
 And heaven's wains with genial vapours load.
 And ah, what sights your plastic powers reveal,
 To eyes that see, and heads and hearts that feel!
 The pliant clouds to every shape you turn,—
 They go with you, and back with you return;
 In Alpine lands you lay their treasures down,
 And base and peak with snowy vestments crown;
 From crag to crag stupendous roofs you throw,
 And sudden temples form themselves below;
 Or filling up the passes far and near,
 The mountain tops as scatter'd isles appear;
 Or dashing o'er their heads the surging clouds,
 They lie entomb'd beneath their misty shrouds;
 Then up again they heave from out the spray,
 Dark splinter'd crags in a tempestuous bay;
 Or piercing through the clouds which intervene,
 You fling a flood of sunshine on the scene,
 And shadows sink into a deeper night,
 And light itself seems whiter than the light.

A morning comes without a breath of wind,
 And earth, with mist, is muffled up and blind,
 As if the clouds, aweary of their flight,
 Had lighted down to rest them for a night;
 The bush at hand a tree far distant seems,
 And men seem giants walking in their dreams;
 And all things wear a strange unearthly hue,
 And dingy walls shut out the narrow view;
 The hum of life the busy valleys fill,
 And distant bleatings come from yonder hills.
 'Twas there, one misty morn, that there took place
 A sad event which darken'd every face.

A ruin'd cottage standeth, lone and still,
 Beneath the shadow of yon farthest hill,—
 A naked, roofless thing without a door,
 Weeds in its hearth, and nettles on its floor,
 With empty windows wailing in the wind,
 To three old trees that creak and moan behind.
 And one liv'd there, some sixty years ago,
 Lov'd by the good, and scarce the bad his foe.
 His sire and grandsire had before him been,
 In turn, possessors of that humble scene,
 And held at little price a piece of ground,
 Which each returning year with plenty crown'd.
 And so they liv'd, and wax'd in years, and died,
 And had their place from son to sire supplied.

And he who now in their quiet footsteps trode,
 Was, like themselves, a fearer of his God ;
 A wife he had, and knew a father's joy,
 In one fair girl, and one red-cheeked boy ;
 But worth nor wealth can keep that power at bay,
 Which turns or kings or cottars into clay.
 A winter's cold sat resolutely down,
 And kept its place till autumn's leaves were brown ;
 And then it stretch'd him, weak, and thin, and wan,
 Upon his lowly couch—a dying man.
 He called his wife and children round his bed :
 “ I trust in God to save my soul,” he said,
 “ And shall I doubt His providence will guide
 You and your bairns, and for your wants provide ? ”
 He closed his glassy eyes, and down the wan
 And sunken cheeks his tears of blessing ran.
 It was a sight to haunt the mind for years,
 That widow gazing on her dead man's tears.
 Anon she knelt, and mov'd her faltering tongue—
 While round her neck her weeping children clung—
 And cast herself and burden on her God,
 And pray'd for grace to bow beneath the rod,
 If day reveals the earth's refreshing green,
 In night's dark eye the starry skies are seen.
 And time went by (and it has power to soothe
 And chasten grief, as streams their channels smooth),
 And she was bless'd as widow'd heart could be.
 Her thriving crops, and prospering bairns to see.
 The boy was six years now, the girl was nine ;
 She fair as morn, he dark as forest pine ;
 He quiet and moody, but of warm, deep love ;
 She quick and gay, but gentle as the dove ;
 Both frank to friends, with smile and prompt reply,
 But both to strangers, as the landrail, shy.

A shepherd old (four score and five years old),
 Sat down beside a lonely upland fold,
 To drink a draught which careful love had sent
 By one, whose winning ways to all things lent
 A double charm—a little laughing child—
 A grandchild dear, who all his cares beguil'd.
 And first of all, the story he must hear,
 The daily tale she pours into his ear,—
 The flowers she's found, and all her little frights ;
 The day's small sorrows, and its great delights ;
 With running comments on the mix'd contents,
 And sage conclusions on the day's events.
 The good he praises, and the bad reproves,
 But in such guise as one who fondly loves.
*“ But grandpapa, you know, though I am ill,
 You're very good, and God will love me still.”*

"There's no one good but God, my child, and none
 Will God forgive but those who love His Son."
 "I love Him though, and I've His prayer got ;
 And He loves little children, does He not ?"
 "Yes, very much ; and always takes their part,
 When He receives the first place in their heart."
 "And will He give me, if I love Him more,
 The pretty dress I saw at yon shop door ?"
 "No child ! He oft withholds or takes away
 The things we love, lest they should lead astray ;
 And gives us things we do not like, that we
 May love Him more, and wish with Him to be."
 "That's very strange !"

"So we are apt to judge,—
 And always give our toys up with a grudge ;
 But He knows best, for He dwells in the light,
 And when we die, we'll see that He was right."
 He took his bonnet off before he drank,
 His gracious Father for his gift to thank ;
 But whilst he pray'd, a flash of lightning sped,
 And down the pitcher roll'd, and down his head
 Sank on his breast, and back he slowly fell.
 His dog arose, with loud and doleful yell,
 Look'd in his face, and lick'd his hand, and then
 Held up his head, and wildly howl'd again.
 "Hush, Rover, hush !" the little grandchild said,
 And clench'd her fist, and shook her little head—
 "You'll waken grandpapa—he's fallen asleep,
 For he was very tired, and could not keep
 Himself awake." And as she spoke she rais'd
 The reverend head so gently up and laid
 It in her lap, and soft its pillow made,
 And kiss'd the furrow'd brow, and whispering spoke.

And now and then the white hairs she would stroke,
 And wonder why he slept so very long,
 And very sound,—but then, he was not strong,
 And very very tired, and very old,
 And had all day been mending at the fold.

And there she sat, the living with the dead,
 And not a word above her breath she said,—
 Till Rover left, as down the sun sank low
 And brought her mother to that scene of woe.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

"Away beneath the open sky,
 Down in the briny depths I lie,
 With sea-weeds for my pillow ;
 Around me great sea-monsters play,
 And o'er me soundeth night and day
 The seething restless billow.

"O'er crags I pass, and bluffs, and stones,
And meet with dead men's mouldering bones,
And piles of yellow gold ;
Extinct volcanoes, sunken wrecks,
With splintered masts, and riven decks,
And sharks within the hold.

"And as I cross the deep ravine,
Where sounding-line has never been,
What fairy scenes arise !
Scenes now to human vision sealed,
But which, one day, by art revealed,
Shall flash on mortal eyes.

"And when the winds the ocean lash,
I hear the angry billows dash,
And break in thunder dread :
And men in ships go shouting past,
Conflicting with the furious blast
Above my tranquil head.

"Anon I pass the lonely isle,
And round the stormy Cape defile,
Nor aught my course can stay,
Until I reach the landward pole
That guides me to my destined goal,
A thousand leagues away."

And there it lies, from coast to coast,
The longest line the earth can boast,—
The latest, noblest art
Which wit of man has yet designed
To bring together mind to mind,
And thought to thought impart.

Across this highway in the deep
The fleet electric heralds sweep
In twinkling of an eye ;
From where the morning sun ascends,
To where in glory he descends,
Beneath the western sky.

And this is but a part we see
Of what hereafter is to be,—
When wires, as nerves, shall run
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
And bind in one stupendous whole
All nations 'neath the sun.

And when millennial times shall come,
Oppression cease, and war be dumb,
And earth from discord free ;
Although men far apart may lie,
The lightning-rod will bring them nigh,
And they as one shall be.

For were there one continuous wire,
 The message sent on wings of fire,
 With easy usual pace,
 Eight times, with speed of light, around
 The earth's enormous girth would bound
 Within a moment's space.

R U I N .

Ruin is not ruin wholly,
 Evil is not evil solely,
 Each to good its tribute pays;
 Wisdom gathers wit from folly,
 And in depths of melancholy
 Genius sings its sweetest lays,—
 Ruin is not ruin wholly.

Thrusting all its claims aside,
 Ruin casts contempt on pride,
 Blending in one common doom,
 Palace, pyramid, and tomb.
 Nature with a mother's care,
 Strives the mischief to repair,
 And with unremitting toil,
 Brings she fitting seed and soil,
 Clothing broken arch and tower,
 Thick with ivy, shrub, and flower,
 Setting all the birds a-singing,
 Beauty thus from ashes bringing—
 Ruin is not ruin wholly !



T H O M A S A I R D ,

AS a man of pure life, and as a poet of weird power, and lofty imagination, has had none to surpass him among all the great men of the century. He was born, August 28, 1802, at Bowden, a sweet village in Roxburghshire, which lies nestling at the feet of the Eildon hills, and on which, as he tells us in his delightful "Old Bachelor," he ("ill Tam," *as he playfully designates himself in that work*) *so often sported and played in his youth.* The view

from the three conical summits of this picturesque mountain range is very extensive, and is inexpressibly beautiful. It takes in many scenes of high poetic and historical interest scattered over Teviotdale and the Merse; it stretches away to the wild Lammermoor hills, and the classic braes of Yarrow; and far off to the blue heights of the Cheviot mountains; in among the bowery banks of the Tweed; and far along its silver winding way. Near at hand the grand old abbey of Melrose, grown grey beneath the touch of many centuries, looks out from among the surrounding trees, while to the east the fine woods which wave around the long-forsaken fane of Dryburgh are distinctly to be seen, as well as the colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, and the Temple of the Muses in which is placed the bust of Thomson, the bard of "The Seasons."

Such scenes as these, constantly spread out beneath the eye of the singularly contemplative boy, which Aird is said to have seen, must have done much to nurse his poetic sympathies, and cause him to "give his soul to song." Although his parents were but humble people, with little of this world's goods among their hands, yet they designed to educate him for the Church, and with that aim in view he studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he was greatly distinguished as a scholar. He chose, however, to turn aside into the bye-paths of literature, and began to be a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day—particularly to *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the staff of which he continued long, and through life he and the late Professor Wilson were the closest of friends. For a short time he edited the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, and thence passed to Dumfries to become editor of the Conservative organ there—the *Herald*—which he conducted with surpassing ability and rare good taste for thirty years,

And ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,

though many opportunities of doing so, and for bettering his worldly position presented themselves. About the year 1860, and at an age when many men feel themselves at their best for literary labour, Mr Aird retired from his post, having made a modest competence. He loved Dumfries, however, and continued to live there—"the old bachelor"—till the close of his life. After a lengthened period of feeble health he expired on the 28th of April, 1876, in the 74th year of his age.

Mr Aird's first published volume was a small collection of poems, he being then only about the age of twenty. His next, "Religious Characteristics," was brought out in 1827. It is a work of deep and original thought, with occasional passages of gushing but well-balanced eloquence. It has always been a favourite with Christian men possessing a philosophic cast of mind. Writing to Mr A. B. Todd, in July, 1851, Mr Aird, referring to this work, says—" 'Religious Characteristics' is long out of print. I have struck some of the crudities of youth out of it, and intend to publish a second edition on some future day." This, however, he never did. In 1830 appeared "The Captive of Fez," and in 1848 he published "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," which is made up of a number of exceedingly natural and beautiful sketches, one of which, "Buy a Broom," is a powerful and thrillingly interesting tale. In 1852 he edited an edition of the poems of his recently deceased friend, David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, prefixing to it a graceful memoir of his amiable friend. Writing of this work to the gentleman already mentioned—Mr Todd—Mr Aird says: "There is a strong taint of scepticism in many of our literary men in the present day. The dearer to us all should be the memory of a thorough Christian like Moir. He is a model to all of us."

In 1848 Mr Aird collected and published his poems

in a large and handsome octavo volume (Messrs Blackwood). It contains "The Tragedy of Wold," which is one of great power and originality, both of conception and of expression. Among the other lengthy poems are "The Devil's Dream;" "The Christian Bride," which runs on deep and strong, through seventy-five Spenserian stanzas; two "Tales of the Siege of Jerusalem" extend to about twelve hundred lines in the grandest heroic couplet; "The Captive of Fez," in five cantos, is in the same verse, and is a very perfect and interesting production; "Nebuchadnezzar," in eight short cantos, has all the high and lofty grandeur of one of the Old Testament Bards. Though, possibly, "The Devil's Dream" and "The Demoniac" excel all the other poems in point of grandeur and originality. The first of these two last-mentioned is quite unapproached in this respect by any production of the present century. Nor are its occasional soft touches of tenderness and beauty less remarkable than its weird and terrible parts. In a little poem, "My Mother's Grave," Mr Aird displays all the natural tenderness of Cowper, with a greater amount of strength. About two years after, Mr Aird brought out a new and a fourth edition of these poems, with numerous emendations and some additions, and in reference to these he says, in another letter to Mr Todd—"And so ends my rhyming; for, ah me! I am beginning to grow old; and so now leave it to you, and the other younger men, to carry on play."

Mr Aird was on terms of closest friendship with all the leading literary men of his time. Professor Wilson quite adored him, and often consulted him, and was guided by his calm and solid judgment. Carlyle admired his lofty and varied gifts; honoured his pure Christian life, and unbending integrity, and stood more in awe of him than, perhaps, he did of any other man. No man was more generally respected in Dumfries than he. The very "birds of

the air" seemed instinctively to know that his heart overflowed with kindness, for when he walked or sat in his garden, they would perch upon his shoulder and peck from his hand!

In his "Lectures and Miscellanies," the author of "The Circling Year," thus describes Mr Aird's appearance—"We think we see his tall form and noble figure still, as we shook hands and parted to meet no more for ever in the land of living men. There was more of native majesty about him, and he *looked* more a poet than any man we have ever seen. With him has passed away almost the last great Scotchman of the age, and one who linked us to a race of intellectual giants. It is painful thus to see the gradual extinction of those men of renown who formed such a bright galaxy in the literary firmament of a fast receding age." Mr Todd, in the same work, relates a very remarkable circumstance, which happened to himself at the very instant of time when his friend Mr Aird was dying. He gives it thus—"It struck us greatly when the sad news of his (Mr Aird's) decease first reached us, as, indeed, it strikes us still, that, while taking our evening walk on the very night of his death, and watching the setting sun far in the west, shooting his long lines of rosy light in among the splintered peaks of Arran hills, we should have been repeating aloud to ourselves those sweet and pathetic lines from "Buy a Broom" which he puts into the mouth of the warm-hearted and impulsive Italian boy when wailing over the death of his sister, and that we should have stood still then, and repeated a *second* time these charming, melting lines:—

Now sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer-time, the glory of the year;
But ne'er for me, to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach them in the grave, to clear them of the dust.
*But in the skies her peerless eyes the mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the
bless'd.*

Eternal peace her ashes keep ! who loved me through the past ;
And may good Christ my spirit take to be with her's at last.

Though we knew that Mr Aird was unwell, and were wondering how it was faring with him, yet little did we think that, just then, the films of death were gathering over his own eyes, and that they would glow no more here below with all a poet's joy and gladness, as they were wont to do while he gazed, at summer day's decline, upon the glorious saffron and orange tints which lay along the lovely hills of Galloway."

Poetry has represented the devil fighting, plotting, and tempting, but it has never before represented him as dreaming. The versification is of broad, compact, and thundering strength. The fiend alights on Mount Tabor, but not to tarry, for he has no memory of triumphs there. Westward, he tracks his way along the shadowy earth, until the form of African slavery meets his eye, and mounting the "untrodden top of Aksbeck, high and white," he there rests, and the following is

THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave,—
A place of still and pictured life : its roof was ebon air,
And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there ;
It seem'd the grave of man's lost world—of beauty caught by
 blight.

The dreamer knew the work he marr'd, and felt a fiend's delight.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,
And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung ;
In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there,
Their heads forever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air ;
From woods the form of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke ;
The harness'd steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

All creatures once of earth are there, all seal'd with death's pale
 seal

On Lethe's shore. Dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal :
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,
The silent river slowly creeps and licks them all away.
*This is the place of God's first wrath—the mute creation's fall—
Earth marr'd—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.*

Small joy to him that marr'd our world ! for he is hurried on,
 Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts
 his throne :

Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
 Wherein clear spirits of tintured life career in prisoned wars,
 Down on the second lake he's bow'd, where final fate is wrought
 In meshes of eternal fire o'er beings of moral thought.

A giant rock, like mineral stone, instinct with dull red glow,
 Its summit hid in darkness, rose from out the gulf below,
 Whose fretted surf of gleaming waves still broke against its
 sides.

All serpents, as if spun from out the lashings of those tides,
 Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damned cliff amain,
 Their bellies skinn'd with glossy fire ; but none came down
 again.

These be the cares, still coming cares, that hang upon hell's
 throne,
 And live with him, nor leave him, who has rear'd it on that
 stone.

Clouds round it are, that he at will may hide his haughty woe ;
 But, ah ! no fence has it to stay those comers from below.
 The dreamer heard a kingly groan : his own voice ill suppress'd
 He knew, but could not see himself on his high seat distress'd.

Far off, upon the fire-burn'd coast some naked beings stood :
 Down o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to
 brood.

At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his treunbling
 wing,

An angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.
 And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break ;
 Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the welt'ring lake.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam, the crested waves came on,
 Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
 Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear purged by the flame ;
 And sore the salted fires had wash'd the thin immortal frame ;
 And backward, in sore agony, the being stripp'd its locks,
 As a maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reel'd in the yellow smoke,
 As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.
 Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
 Till, like a red bewilder'd map, the skies were scribbled o'er.
 High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard
 The must'ring stores of wrath that fast their coming forms pre-
 pared.

Woe, woe to him whose wickedness first dug this fearful pit !
For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.
In vision still to plague his heart, the fiend is storm'd away,
In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day ;

Away beyond the thund'ring bounds of that tremendous lake,
Through dim bewilder'd shadows that no living semblance take.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that tow'ring visions seem,
Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying
dream ;
Till down, where feet of hills might be, he by a lake was stay'd
Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unallay'd—
A mirror where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,
Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem ;
But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam ;
'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,
And make night's thick blind presence to created things conform.
No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature
cross'd,
No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

Here all is solemn idleness ; no music here, no jars,
Where Silence guards the coast, ere thrill her everlasting bars.
No sun here shines on wanton isles ; but o'er the burning sheet
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat,
As, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

Oh ! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
The last lake of God's wrath, where He His first great enemy
brings.
Deep in the bosom of the gulf the fiend was made to stay,
Till, as it seemed, ten thousand years had o'er him rolled away ;
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space ;
But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling place.

O ! for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,
Him from that flat fixed lethargy impetuously to urge !
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave !
The strokes of wrath, thick let them fall ! a speed so glorious
dread
Would bear him through, the clinging pains would strip from off
his head.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers ;
And O ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam ;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrill'd through his inmost
soul,
And these the words that bow'd his heart with softly sad
control :—

*"No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love ;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;*

No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;
 No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race ;
 But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
 And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

“ And thou shalt dwell ’midst leaves and rills far from this torrid
 heat,
 And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered
 feet ;
 And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
 My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows
 fast ;
 And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests
 abroad,
 And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.”

So spake the unknown cherub’s voice, of sweet affection full,
 And dewy lips the dreamer kissed till his lava breast was cool.
 In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,
 And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;
 Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scattered shores of
 night,
 So turned he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

The vision of the last stern lake, oh ! how it plagued his soul,
 Type of that dull eternity that on him soon must roll,
 When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguill’d,
 And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild ;
 Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,
 But passive fixed endurance, all eternal and the same.

SONG OF THE ITALIAN BOY.

(From “Buy a Broom.”)

The stars that shine o’er day’s decline may tell the hour of love,
 The balmy whisper in the grove the golden moon above,
 But vain the hour of softest pow’r, the moon is dark to me,
 My sister, and my faithful one, and oh ! her death to me !

In trouble aye I cried to her, her beauty and her kiss ;
 For her, my soul was loath to leave so fair a world as this ;
 And glad was I when day’s soft gold again upon me fell,
 And the sweetest voice in all the earth said, “ brother, art thou
 well ? ”

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills ;
 She led me where the white sheep go, on the shining turfy hills.
 And when the mist upon me fell, oh ! she the fairest beam,
 Led forth with silver leading-strings my soul from its dark
 dream.

*Now sailing by the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
 To tell the prime of summer time, the glory of the year ;*

But ne'er for me, to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach them in the grave, to clear them of the
dust !

But in the skies her peerless eyes the Mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the
bless'd !

Eternal peace her ashes keep, who loved me through the past,
And may good Christ my spirit take, to be with her's at last !

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, bonnie birdie, comes sharp twittering o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be ;
She shares not with us winter's gloom, but yet, no faithless
thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with wearied little wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills ;
Light winds are in the leafy woods, and birds, and bubbling
rills ;
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when Nature bids bright days be thy
reward !

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey dew,
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you ;
The mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home :
What can molest thy airy nest ? sleep till the day-spring come !

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping
wing.

The thunder-cloud over us bowed, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brought thee back with leading-strings of
love

To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou has sprung, shall glad thee in
our eaves.

O ! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee, o'er land and sea, the sunshine of his sky ;
And aye our summer shall come round, because it is His word ;
And aye we'll welcome back again its little travelling bird.



JOHN RAE

WAS born on the 25th January, 1859—the hundreth anniversary of the birth of Burns—and was consequently ushered into the world amid a blaze of illuminations, and the general rejoicings of all Scotland, and her wandering sons “the wide world ower.” The place of his birth was an unpretentious farm house at Cross Gight, New Deer, Aberdeenshire. Three or four years after the date of his birth his parents removed to Burngrains, Alvah, Banffshire, where they still reside. At an early age John devoured the chapman literature, in which the north was so rich—war-like ballads and tender tales of love in “ye faire ladye’s bowers.” He still delights in tales of superstition, scraps of folk lore, and any anecdote illustrating our national peculiarities, and the study of such matters has given a rich, ballad tone to several of his poems and songs.

It was designed to make Mr Rae “a son of the soil,” but holding the plough not being exactly suited to his frame of mind and body, he resolved to try the wider fields of commerce. Accordingly he learned the drapery business, but only to find that life behind the counter was not so congenial to his taste as he had anticipated—his love of literature being still pre-eminent. However, he manfully toiled onwards, and after being employed several years in Glasgow he removed to London, and entered one of the city wholesale houses, where perhaps a greater degree of intellectual independence can be exercised than is compatible with the “smile and bow” customs of the retail trade.

He has cultivated with much success his favourite Muse in his spare moments after the bustling business of the day was over—

A bardie son of commerce I,
And here amid the strife
Of cities with their turrets high
I note the tide of life;

And on this tide the man must float
 Who lives amid the throng,
 With little tune to raise the note
 Of sad or joyous song.

The fact that his efforts have been generally appreciated by the press is sufficient recompense to a bard who writes more for "glory" than gold.

THE PIBROCH.

True Scottish hearts with pride it thrills,
 That wild war music of the hills,
 From pibroch of the brave.
 In martial measures loud and free
 Its stirring song of liberty
 Might nerve the meanest slave.

The Scottish blood in all our veins
 Fast courses as its magic strains
 Each heart with ardour fires ;
 For in that rousing, ringing strain
 Each patriot hears the voice again
 That led his gallant sires.

Thou'rt worthy of our meed of praise,
 And honour to the latest days,
 Thou pipe of deathless fame ;
 And at thy sound may hearts aye bound,
 And noble Scottish men be found,
 To venerate thy name.

Oppression's chains can never bind
 The hardy race of valiant mind
 That owns the pibroch grand—
 Whose courage-breathing martial strain,
 Has led on many a bloody plain
 Old Scotia's warrior band.

How proudly 'mong our hills and dells
 Triumphantlly its music swells,
 And rings the glens along !
 E'en mountain eagles, soaring high,
 Swoop downward from their native sky
 To catch the fearless song ;

And echo sends the chorus forth
 Upon the wild winds of the north,
 Till every royal Ben
 Re-echoes back in measures free
 That brave old song of liberty
 And pride of Scottish men.

THE TARTAN.

Come, Scottish men an' Scottish maids,
Put on your tartan kilts an' plaids,
An' deck yoursel's wi' braw cockades,
An' stand up for the Tartan.

Let foreign birkies gape an' stare
At Scotland's sons in garb sae rare,
We still will laugh at them an' wear
Our warld-famous Tartan.

It is the garb our fathers wore
Wi' patriot pride in days o' yore,
An' won on mony a foreign shore
Bright honours in the Tartan.

Upon the field o' Waterloo,
When bullets thick as hailstones flew,
Our plaided pipers loudly blew
To cheer the lads in Tartan.

An' when the cavalry o' France
In floods o' valour did advance,
In vain their fiery steeds did prance,
Around our squares o' Tartan.

The Scottish lads in close array
Stood man to man upon that day,
And thick as leaves the Frenchmen lay
Around our squares o' Tartan.

Thrice glorious garb o' Scotland brave,
For ever let the tartan wave ;
'Tis Freedom's flag, for ne'er a slave
E'er wore the bonnie Tartan.

Come rally then frae Tweed to Spey,
Ye Scottish lads an' lasses gay,
An' wi' one voice declare for aye
To still preserve the Tartan.

THE MINSTREL.

A wanderer of the minstrel train,
With ancient garb and locks of grey,
Stood 'mid the hushed and listening throng,
Which paused as he began to play.

His eyes did glisten as his hand
Swept swiftly o'er the wonderous thing
That poured the gushing sounds so sweet—
Like angel voice it seemed to sing.

Upon the busy street he stood,
While rose the swelling music sweet
In wildly thrilling magic strains
Above the din of hurrying feet.

Now Spring seemed in each warbled note,
With greenening groves and springing flowers,
As bird-like forth the music streamed
Like echoes from the woodland bowers.

Then Summer's sultry skies seemed near,
With lightning's flash and thunder's roll,
While soft and airy zephyrs rose
And winged around the raptured soul.

And Autumn's hollow winds would sigh
And shower the fading forest leaves ;
Anon the changing strain would seem
The rustling grain in golden sheaves.

Then wintry blasts with dreary moan,
And silvery sledge bells tinkling near,
In bursts of grandest music fell
Upon the listening ravished ear.

That wonderous power, immortal dower,
Which gave the minstrel's hand its skill
To thrill the heart and move the soul
Obedient to the wanderer's will,

Threw over all a magic spell
Who heard those strains divinely sweet,
In measured melody that rose
And claimed the busy passer's feet.

The minstrel ceased, and with the throng
He mingled as he moved away ;
I look in vain for him again
With ancient garb and locks of grey.



JOHN ADAM,

A WANDERING minstrel of respectable parentage, is a native of Dundee. At a very early age he was at work in one of the mills there, and he continued at this employment until he became rest-

less. He preferred a wandering life, selling his ballads from town to town, and roaming amid the beauties of Nature, to that of being a useful member of society. The following pieces show that John possesses a little of the "divine afflatus." It is a pity that he has been led astray by the eccentricities of a lively fancy, and allured into the habits of a wandering and precarious life, instead of settling quietly down and securing the esteem of all classes, which his versatile talents would doubtless have secured. The first-quoted piece gives a true sketch of his nomadic career.

WANDERIN' JOHN.

Hae ye seen or heard tell o' a wanderin' chiel,
That some folk hae christened a never-do-well?
But he canna be term'd an idler or drone,
But a wee thocht unsettled—is Wanderin' John.

What led to his roving and rambling abroad?
Nae doot it was drink drove him first to the road;
The pleasure he ance felt had seemingly flown,
This weary and weird-looking—Wanderin' John.

A' kind o' contrivances John had to tak'
For a diet to the belly, and dud to the back;
Sometimes for a breakfast the half o' a scone,
But easy to do wi' was Wanderin' John.

Mankind should be grateful—John made it his rule,
For there's mair to be learn'd than we learn at the school;
Doubly pleased to get beef, but content wi' the bone,
It was just as it happened—wi' Wanderin' John.

You aft micht hae met him doon some lanely dell,
His companions the moor-cock and bonnie blue-bell;
It relieved him sae kindly the silent and lone,
And encouraged the musing o' Wanderin' John.

But pleasures seem scanty, and sorrows seem rife,
So may Guidness be near at the end o' the strife;
Syne the wild wind o' winter wi' musical moan,
Whistle shrill o'er the ashes o' Wanderin' John.

GUID DAYS O' THE PAST.

Wae's me but this warld's been turned upside doon
Wi' pride and presumption since I was a loon,
It has scarce turned out as it bargained to be,
But rather a gey curious warld to me.

Could I muse for a little and draw to my mind,
The auld hoese at hame and a mither sae kind;
How kindly and sagely she used to advise—
Be honest, act justly, be prudent and wise.

But I never again shall be likely to feel,
The joy that I felt at the auld pirn wheel;
The stint dune, sae merry I hied me away
To rejoice by thy banks, ever beautiful Tay.

But alas! 'tis a world baith unco and strange,
With the cry rising rampant, or sighing for change,
And the new introduction proceeding so fast,
The ways of our fathers are things of the past.

The moleskin-sleeved waistcoat is lost to the view,
The sow-backit mutch and wrapper o' blue,
And hame-spun blue-bannet wi' tassle sae red,
Are gane frae my gaze like the friends that are fled.

Education's the rage, and there's plenty o' schools,
May the Lord aye be near us, we've plenty o' fools;
Could ye find heads to haud it there's muckle to learn,
Sic a change since the days o' the tatties and herrin'.

Since the days o' the swells wi' the swallow-tailed blue,
And bonnie brass buttons like guineas when new;
It's a' guid enough wi' a little mair grace,
But pride and presumption puts a' oot o' face.



MARGARET MORRISON,

WIFE of the publisher and proprietor of the *Border Standard* and the *Hawick Advertiser*, was born in Edinburgh. Her father, Robert Greig, was a writer, and she was left an orphan at a very early age. Of late years Mrs Morrison has been almost an invalid, and many of her fine cheery verses have been written while prostrate with physical affliction. She can say, in very truth, "I'm sadest when I sing." Her effusions, however, apart from those adverse conditions, which might plead for tenderness in the critic, are always happy; and,

without neglecting home duties or the claims of a family, she has produced several brief poems that merit preservation.

THE MITHERLESS LAMMIE.

They ha'e tethered a lammie on oor brae face,
An' it fain wa'd be back to its ain auld place,
An' it ma-as for its mither the lee lang day ;
This wee murnin' lammie, that bleats on the brae.

It minds nae the grass, that's sae bonnie an' green,
Nor yet a wee kimmer, wha'd fain be its frien' ;
They are nocht like its mither ; ech, whow ! I am wae
For the heart-broken lammie that bleats on the brae.

An' I pity't the mair, for I'm sair vexed mysel',
But its no for my mither, tho' her name I'll no tell,
For oh, she is winsome, an' bricht as the day,
An' pure as the lammie that bleats on the brae.

But oh, like the lammie's, my longing's in vain,
Tho' to ca' her my dawtie I wad be sae fain ;
'Mong a host o' braw wooers, what chance can I ha'e :
Oh, I'm juist like the lammie that bleats on the brae.

Oh, there ne'er was a lammie that skipped wi' sic grace,
Sae guileless her nature, sae bonnie her face,
An' waefu's the thocht, that we're pairtit for aye,
Like the ewe frae its lammie that bleats on the brae.

Mair lammies may frisk roon the auld ewe's knees,
But nae ither lassie can ever me please,
An' nae ither dam can the puir lammie ha'e ;
Oh, I'm owre like the lammie that bleats on the brae.

But I'll e'en hirsle on thro' this warl' o' change,
An' whaur'er I may wander, 'mong kent folk or strange,
I'll sing o' the lassie sae blythesome an' gay,
An, pure as the lammie that bleats on the brae.

TO BONNIE WEE MYRTLE.

Oh, gay glints the sunbeams owre meadow and hill,
The birdies ance mair gushing melodies trill ;
An' for a' sic a winter they're lookin' fou crouse,
An' fast laying plans about settin' up hoose.

The snowdrops and crocuses hae lang lain still,
But noo through the cauld earth they spring wi' a will ;
They're wearyin' sairly their auld freen's to see—
The buds o' the May and the lily oak tree.

I hae a wee bird I wad like ill to tine ;
 I hae a bright sunbeam, gars ilk corner shine :
 I hae a sweet flower blooms the hale winter through—
 'Tis bonnie wee Myrtle, my cantie wee doo.

Oh, what did I dae 'fore the wee lassie cam',
 Or what's a' earth's riches without my wee lamb ?
 My heart swells wi' joy as I kiss the sweet mou',
 O' my bonnie wee Myrtle, my pawkie wee doo.

A'e morn a wee stranger slipt into the toon,
 And close by oor ingle sae cosy lay doon ;
 My wee birdie thoct we'd nae use for her noo,
 An' aff on her travels she went, the wee doo.

A kind nee'bor met her, and cried " Bless the day !
 Ye're owre a young baby to wander away ;"
 " I'se dot a wee sissy, I'se no baby noo,"
 Spak up my brave Myrtle, the auld-farrant doo.

An' whiles when she sings o' the fair " Happy Land,"
 An' the wee lips are lispin' the words " ittie band,"
 Her e'en look sae queer that I think, wi' a grue,
 She mak's trysts wi' the angels, my guileless wee doo.

May kind heaven spare my wee lammie to me,
 My birdie, my sunbeam, the licht o' my e'e ;
 My sweet scented flower blooms the hale winter through,
 My bonnie wee Myrtle, my artless wee doo.



REBECCA HUTCHEON

S a modest writer of smoothly-running verses. She generally writes in the reflective vein, unmarred by affectation, and characterised by purity and tenderness. She was born at Bowglens, at the head of the beautiful Glen of Drumtochty, in the parish of Fordoun, "about thirty years ago." When a little over eight she began life's labours by herding the cow on a neighbouring croft, and since then she has followed the ordinary round of household duties.

She presently resides in Aberdeen, and relieves the monotony of her daily cares by penning brief, but thoughtful lines.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

My childhood's home, I loved it so,
With its roof of thatch, and its casement low ;
I can see the gleam of its home hearth bright,
And a household met in the kindly light.

I love to think of those childish days,
With their innocent pleasures and trustful ways,
When joys fell thick as the autumn leaves
When the reapers gather the latest sheaves.

When we knew not life, with its work and care,
Its pathways rugged, and stern, and bare ;
But earth was an Eden to our view,
And all its dwellers were good and true.

What chains we wove on the daisied grass,
Where the light and shade alternate pass ;
And the breeze that drowsily swayed the blooms
Bore the breath of a thousand sweet perfumes.

And we loved to hear, where the willows meet,
The trip of the brooklet's silver feet,
Where it leaped o'er a stone till the white foam gleamed—
What a *fall* to our childish eyes it seemed.

Oh, the summer noon on the broom-clad braes,
Where we knew each note of the bird's glad lays ;
And often strayed till the crimsoned west
Sent each tired wing to it's own home-nest.

When wearied out with the world's false ways,
We look fondly back on the childish days ;
And fresh on our hearts, like dews they shine,
The cherished memories of "*auld lang syne*."

LIFE—A JOURNEY.

Fondled oft by loving hands,
Pressed by mother kisses sweet ;
Knows not of life's thorny ways—
Innocent wee baby feet.

Little journey round the room,
Pleased the approving smile to meet ;
Holding mother's fingers firm—
Timid little baby feet.

Never ceasing footsteps now,
 Straying after wild flowers sweet ;
 Chasing summer butterflies—
 Merry, restless childish feet.

Learning's halls must soon be trod,
 Fitting for life's work complete ;
 Childhood' ; Eden left behind—
 Gladsome, eager, boyish feet.

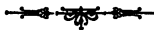
See the lad, in youthful pride—
 Life's glad summer, brief and sweet,
 Painting all the future bright—
 Hopeful, fearless, youthful feet.

Manhood comes, oppres't with care,
 Wearied with the mid-day heat ;
 Fearless eye, and thoughtful brow—
 Sober, earnest, manly feet.

Age comes, leaning on his staff,
 Thinking, " would not rest be sweet,"
 Ah, your rest is nearly won—
 Worn, weary, tired feet.

Laid at last in narrow bed,
 While the pink-tipped daisies sweet
 Grow above the sleeping form—
 Here there's rest for weary feet.

Dawns the resurrection morn,
 Safe upon the golden street ;
 Never more feel fear to stray,
 Never more feel weary feet.



JOHN T. YULE,

NOST-RUNNER, Alva, Stirlingshire, is a voluminous writer of poems and songs, and a fourth singer in our galaxy of poets who follows in honourable calling. He was born, in 1848, at Ilknathort, Kinross-shire, a short distance from Leven. His life has been uneventful. After school hours he was wont to "twist the fringes of

shawls," "give in webs," work in the harvest field, and gather potatoes. At the age of twelve he went to learn the shoemaking trade. He followed this business for a short time in Dollar, and also the village of Scotland-Well, and about nine years ago he was appointed *the* letter-carrier at Alva with its population of about 5000. Although his duties are pretty heavy, he can devote a few hours daily to the awl, and can snatch occasional moments for reading and composition. He is a very frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to several newspapers, under the *noms-de-plume* of "Violo Winifred," "Fugit Hora," &c.

Although his effusions are at times somewhat unequal, and would require pruning and more careful thought, still many of them are pleasing and apparently spontaneous productions. The theme of his Muse is domestic; yet he gives evidence of a strong and intelligent love of Nature, and a deeply-sensitive and loving heart.

WEE ROBIE ROLIC.

Wee Robie Rolic rowin' in glee,
 Puin' the daisies bright, chasin' the bee,
 Throwin' the chuckie stanes, paikin' the kye,
 Wee Robie Rolic, stop noo—fy, fy.
 Come to your mammy noo,
 Come, come to me:
 Scartit your bonny broo,
 Losh, pity me;
 Fy, Robie Rolic wi' tears in your e'e.

Wee Robie Rolic, aff noo again,
 Chasin' the bumble bee over the plain,
 Wi' his big bannet sae firm in his han',
 Creepin' sae cannily, frichtet to stan'.
 There, sic a yell, what has come o'er my bairn,
 Tears runnin' fast noo, an' haudin' his arm.
 Come, come my bonny doo,
 Come, come to me;
 Ah! the beast stanget you—
 Oh! that vile bee;
 Wee Robie Rolic, come, come to my knee.

Wee Robie Rolic, yonder's yer ta,
 Cosh in his oxter a white suck-a-ma;
 Loupin' and rinnin', forgettin' the pain,
 Wee Robie Rolic's a' weel again.
 There, noo, he struts like a big, sonsy man,
 Sayin' "It's mine ta, it's no to oor Tam."
 "Father sweet milk 'ill bring
 Hame to my pet;
 Tender grass frae the spring
 Faither 'll get."
 Wee Robie Rolic, rin, open the yett.

Wee Robie Rolic's sleepin' at last,
 Hands roun' the wee lamb claspit sae fast;
 Ma's bonny lammie is tired out an' sair,
 Frae morn till sunset it's play evermair.
 Down by the fernie brae, down by the dell,
 Whaur yellow flowerets grow by the fay's well.
 Wee Robie Rolic, come
 Rise up to ma,
 Tired wi' ilk frolic, haste,
 Come, come awa';
 Wee Robie Rolic is worth ither twa.

Wee Robie Rolic, what's this I fin'
 In your wee frockie, sae firm stapit in,
 Twa bools, a peerie, a wee curly dug,
 Three legs, a stump, aye, an' wantin' the lug,
 Losh me a cracker, where's he got that—
 Wee Robie Rolic's just a wild brat.
 Come to your bedie ba',
 Sleepy wee man;
 Tak' care and dinna fa'
 O'er the big pan;
 Wee Robie Rolic's fond, fond o' mam.

Three bonny bairnies there in their bed,
 Ane at the fit o't, and twa at the head,
 Father's come in frae the sheep i' the glen,
 Fu' cosy's the cot beside the sheep pen.
 Far far away frae the din o' the plain;
 Plenty o' milk an' meal, nae routh o' gain.
 Saffly on zephyr borne
 Up from the vale—
 Cometh the cuckoo's horn,
 With the stream's wail,
 Strange is its weird voice up from the dale.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I watched the little children play
 Along the stream at evening's fall;
 With merry hearts, through all the day,
 They wandered out; the morning sun

Saw them at happy romp ; and now
 The day is wearing to a close,
 And still their merry laugh is heard
 Through all the vale, and on each brow
 Are flow'rets from the grassy sward.

Oh, happy children in the lane,
 You mind me of the olden time ;
 This is the echo of the same
 Sweet music, and my heart beats chime—
 My heart beats chime, my pulse beats fast,
 My feet would tread the yielding sod ;
 And memory brings the long, long past—
 The faces that are now with God,
 The ones that fainted in life's blast.

Rest, rest—sweet rest is theirs, and we
 A-wander, with a clouded brow ;
 We fain would romp the grassy knowe,
 And dance with gladness on the lea.
 And when I see the children play,
 My heart is with them in the game ;
 Fain would I mingle in their fray,
 As once I did a-down the lane,
 But, ah, my locks are turning grey.

My hair is tinged with grey ; I find
 A strange-like feeling in my soul,
 'Tis changeful as the summer wind,
 These thoughts are not at my control,
 I have a longing after some
 Strange country lying 'yond my ken—
 A higher life, a fairer home,
 And loved ones I would see again—
 My way lies 'yond that mountain zone.

The darkness is around my feet,
 I do not see the way I go ;
 Far, far below me rolls the deep,
 With piercing rocks, and waves of snow.
 Life's road is rough, the way is worn,
 'Tis long and drear, my feet are sore ;
 The light will break at early morn—
 Will break, and I will see life's shore—
 The goal—from yonder mountain hoar.

Why, what is this I feel to-night ?—
 A hand close-clasped within my own,
 I see a fairer, purer light ;
 Full winding is the path I've gone,
 And strong as yonder eagle's flight,
 Faith reacheth out towards the years.
 " 'Tis long," I murmured yesternight,
 But now, I have no craven fears,
 And round my feet is glorious light.

HOLD ON AND DO THE RIGHT.

Hold on and do the right. Life's path is rugged, rough, and worn.

Ye toilers 'mid the city's marts, my brethren in the strife,
Take heart like the great orb of day that shines at early morn.
Excelsior is on our brow, we strive for very life.

We're often weary waiting, striving, fighting with the wrong,
And sick at heart when others fall weak, wounded by the way ;

'Tis ours to give the healing balm, and sing Faith's grand old song

Of love, and hope, and simple trust, and courage 'mid the fray.
Life is not all a vale of gloom ; there's many a spreading plain
Filled with the fragrance of the flowers—peace, happiness, and joy.

Ye sad at heart, hold up your heads ; face life's stiff brae again,
Excelsior is on our flag, and care doth only cloy.

Hold on and do the right, ye bards, glad minstrels of the land

In quiet towns, 'mid city's noise, in hamlets far remote ;

Atune your lyres, and make them thrill with magician's hand,

And touch the human heart for good—this is our task I wot.

'Tis not for fame, 'tis not for gold, or wreaths of fading flowers

We touch the golden harp of song, but to lead our brethren on,

When weary with the ways of life, to fragrant beauteous bowers,
And fill their souls with happy thoughts of many a varied tone.

Hold on and do the right, my lads, at anvil, forge, and mill,

Keep aye a firm heart within, and hands to do and dare ;

God needs the river's mighty force, likewise the purling rill

We'll take life's burdens deftly up, and march with martial air.

The grey-haired sire, the little child, the one with strong right hand,

Are needed in this world of ours to counsel, cheer, and wield

The woodman's axe, and lead the glistening ploughshare o'er the land,

And little ones can lighten up the old man's lonely field.

Dear are thy hills, auld Scotland ! their hoary tops so high,

Their bonny glens, and lonely moors tell of the martyr's doom ;

The fox-glove and the blue-bells grow where meets the blue-arched sky,

The daisy, fern, and wild hill flowers bedecks the martyr's tomb.

Long may thy bairns hold on and do the right o'er all the world ;

The spirits of our worthy sires still beats within our breast,

Prosperity and Freedom dwell where Britain's flag's unfurl'd,

'Neath southern cross, and eastern sky, or prairies of the west.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

WHATEVER deference may be accorded to the titled and the great in other respects, no condescension, certainly, is shown to them as authors. It is rather, indeed, the other way, for while the public get into raptures with a ploughman poet, or an artisan, a postman, or a policeman bard, which sober and discriminating critics often think a little overstrained, somehow the aristocratic poet gets scant justice, and is generally looked upon with a doubt and suspicion not warranted by the true genius which he many times displays. Had Byron not been possessed of a powerful will, and a most combative disposition, he would have been snuffed out, and driven from the ranks of literature by the contemptuous sneers and unmerited taunts of Lord Brougham's unjust criticism in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*. In our own day the poetry of the Marquis of Lorne has been much underrated, and has had little justice done to it by the critics, while the people have been less taken with its force and its beauty than was to be expected from the poetic fervour and the natural glow which it really possesses. Some like cause, doubtless, has kept the genuine and the truly beautiful poetry of Lady Flora Hastings from winning its way into that wide and high popularity of which it is so worthy.

Lady Flora Hastings was the eldest daughter of Francis, Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, and Flora Mure Campbell, Countess of Loudoun, and was born at Edinburgh, February 11th, 1806. Highly educated, talented, and beautiful, she was the ornament of her sex, and of her high station *in life*; and with fine abilities, and a pure poetic taste, *great things* might have been expected from her pen, *had her life* not been blighted and shortened by a

crushing misfortune, the melancholy details of which have not yet been forgotten by the people of her native country. For some time she was lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess of Kent. She died at Buckingham Palace, July 5th, 1839, and was interred in the family vault at Loudoun Kirk, Ayrshire.

Shortly after her death, her sister, Lady Sophia Hastings (afterwards the Marchioness of Bute), edited a volume of her poems, which was published by Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, early in 1841. Although Lady Flora had published nothing in her lifetime, yet having been repeatedly urged to do so, she, in writing to her sister only three months before her death, says that she "had almost decided when she returned home" in doing so, as that estimable lady says "with the view of dedicating whatever profits might be derived from the work to the service of God in the parish where her mother's family have so long resided." In the course of a modest, touching, and finely written preface, dated at Loudoun Castle, November, 1840, Lady Sophia says—"I have been told by many, whose rank in the literary world entitles their opinion to attention, that the intrinsic merits of the poems of Lady Flora Hastings would justify my laying them before the public; yet I must disclaim, as my object, the ambition of acquiring for my sister any degree of literary celebrity, and although I confess that I do feel a thankful confidence that when these compositions are read they will excite respect, if not admiration, for the mind whence they emanated, still it needed a higher motive than either of these to impel me to the undertaking, and I have given them to the world from a fervent desire to fulfil the wishes of a beloved sister—wishes which death has hallowed."

No careful reader of the poems can doubt that the devoted and sorrow-stricken sister did right in giving to the world these chaste and choice productions. *Lady Flora's* mind had evidently been imbued with a

love of poetry very early in life, for at the age of sixteen we find her writing some beautiful and truly poetic lines "To the Moon," and, when not much older, making spirited translations from Horace in verse. When only about twenty, she appears to have been peculiarly impressed by the magnificent, though ruined grandeur and decay of the Coliseum. Hardly anything finer has been written on that vast, hoary structure than this—

"Oft as the lingering rays of parting light
 Hover around yon ruin's towering height,
 And still with fading lustre love to play
 Around the hoary mass, then fleet away—
 I think how apt an emblem there we view
 Of fleeting glory's last, sad, fond adieu ;
 And every beam that gilds the crumbling pile
 Seems as 'twere victory's expiring smile,
 While every gale, and every zephyr's sigh,
 Seem voices of the centuries gone by ;
 And not a tone is heard but seems to chime
 Some sound, memorial of the olden time.
 Oh ! days of victory for ever down,
 When nations bent before thy sevenfold throne."

Throughout the greater part of Lady Flora's poetry there runs a sweet, plaintive melancholy, as if the shadow of death, and of an earthly tomb, were lying along her path even when life was young. Her poetry, therefore, makes a peculiar impression (and an impression for good) upon the heart. A beautiful vein of quiet meditative piety and trust in God runs through the whole, proclaiming the simple, trustful, and pure heart of the accomplished poetess.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING IN AN ALBUM.

Light gliding o'er the silver sea,
 Yon little vessel mark—
 How blithely and how gallantly,
 Sails on the fairy bark !

Flying before the winged gale,
 She steers her watery way ;
 And gaily, through each swelling sail,
 The gladsome zephyrs play.

Before her beams that little star
That never wont to roam ;
The steersman hails it from afar,
It guides him to his *home*.

Oh ! such for ever be *thy* way,
So bright thy fortunes beam ;
And oh, for aye, may Mercy's ray
Sleep on thy life's calm stream !

And when thou seek'st, with untried sail,
A distant unknown realm,
May'st thou the changeless pole-star hail,
And Faith direct the helm !

TO MY FATHER'S SPIRIT.

Oh, Thou to whom my thoughts unceasing tend
My Father, my Instructor, and my Friend !
Best loved on earth, while still to mortals given,
And now, oh ! more than loved, adored in heaven ;
Parted, not sunder'd from us though the cloud
Of earth-born being may thy presence shroud—
Still, father, be it still our bless to prove
Death cannot burst the links of holy love.
Thy spirit still o'er all our thoughts presides,
Soothes us in sorrow, and in trouble guides ;
The delegate of Heaven, thine eye surveys
Our faltering footsteps with paternal gaze ;
Thy hand wipes off the grief-extracted tear,
And thy voice whispers us that Heaven is near.

Not only thus.—When bending o'er the page
Of gifted poet or of hoary sage,
With throbbing heart, as fleet the hours along,
I drink enraptured of the stream of song,
And, tranced, bless the wisdom-prompted line—
Father ! I feel *thy* spirit blend with mine.
And when, my book thrown down, midst busy men,
I move almost this vain world's denizen ;
While through the mazy round my footsteps rove,
If music wakes some tone that leads above
This passing scene ;—her wealth, if genius pours
And charms away the slow and lagging hours—
If pure, high thought in chosen accent flows,
Or guileless wit, irradiating glows—
Transported by the flash of mind I see
All I admire—and fondly turn to thee !

And when in the still calm of summer even,
I gaze upon the deep blue vault of Heaven,
And view those countless orbs of living light,
Leading their mystic measure through the night

Methinks I trace thee in thy bright career,
 Urging thy ceaseless flight from sphere to sphere,
 And bearing on thy seraph wings abroad
 The mandates of the mercy of thy God.
 When 'neath the flowery limes, with murm'ring bees
 Cluster'd, and sighing to the Summer breeze,
 I walk—or when a wider range I tread,
 Thine own old oaks high branching o'er my head ;
 Or when from wooded cliff a glance, I throw
 On thy loved Trent, which brightly rolls below.
 Art thou not near me? Yes! I hear thee, yes!
 Thou still art near to counsel me and bless.
 And as creation, to its Maker's name,
 Pours forth its mingled praise with loud acclaim ;
 When bird and flow'r and incense-breathing hill,
 And rock, and mossy fount, and murm'ring rill ;
 When all that breathes, or *is*, seems to rejoice,
 And loudest swells the hymn, I hear *thy* voice.

THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

“Conquer in this!”—Not unto thee alone
 The vision spake, imperial Constantine!
 Nor, presage only of an earthly throne,
 Blazed in mid-heaven the consecrated sign. •
 Through the unmeasured tract of coming time
 The mystic cross doth with soft lustre glow,
 And speaks through ever age, in every clime,
 To every slave of sin and child of woe.

“Conquer in this!”—Ay, when the rebel heart
 Clings to its idols it was wont to cherish,
 And, as it sees those fleeting boons depart,
 Grieveth that things so bright were formed to perish.
 Arise, bereav'd one! and, athwart the gloom,
 Read in the brightness of that cheering ray—
 “Mourn not, O Christian! though so brief their bloom,
 Nought that is worth a sigh shall pass away.”

“Conquer in this!”—When fairest visions come
 To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers ;
 Binding the exile from a heavenly home,
 To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers :
 Strong in his strength who burst the bonds of sin,
 Clasp to thy bosom, clasp the holy cross ?
 Dost thou not seek a heavenly crown to win ?
 Hast thou not counted all beside as loss ?

“Conquer in this!”—Though powers of earth and hell
 Were leagued to bar thee from thy homeward way,
The cross shall every darkling shade dispel,
Chase every doubt, and re-assure dismay.

Faint not, O wearied one ! faint not : for thee
 The Lord of Righteousness and Glory bled,
 And His good Spirit's influence, with free
 And plenteous unction, is upon thee shed.

"Conquer in this !"—When by thy fever'd bed,
 Thou see'st the dark-wing'd angel take his stand,
 Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,
 And bear thy spirit to the spirit's land :
 Fear not ! the cross sustains thee, and its aid
 In that last trial shall thy succour bring,
 Go fearless through the dark, the untried shade,
 For sin is vanquish, and death hath no sting.

"Conquer in this !"—Strong in thy Saviour's might,
 When bursts the morning of a brighter day,
 Rise, Christian victor in the glorious fight,
 Arise, rejoicing, from thy cell of clay !
 The cross, which led thee scathless through the gloom,
 Shall in that hour heaven's royal banner be ;
 Thou hast o'ercome the world, the flesh, the tomb ;
 Triumph in Him who died and rose for thee.

THE RAINBOW.

Soft glowing in uncertain birth
 Twixt Nature's smiles and tears,
 The bow, O Lord ! which thou has bent,
 Bright in the cloud appears.
 The portal of Thy dwelling place
 That pure arch seems to be,
 And as I bless its mystic light,
 My spirit turns to thee.

Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,
 We hail the ray of love ;
 Thus dawns upon the contrite soul
 Thy mercy from above ;
 And as Thy faithful promise speaks
 Repentant sin forgiven,
 In humble hope we bless the beam
 That points the way to Heaven.



JOHN INGLIS,

AUTHOR of the following poem, is a native of the town of Hawick, having been born there in 1857. He was trained to the frame-work knitting, at which he continued for twelve years, when he went into one of the tweed factories. In 1872 he removed to America, where he succeeded well, but his heart was so strongly attached to the wild and historic scenery of his much-loved Teviotdale, that he returned home in 1874. In 1879 he published a volume entitled "Borderland." The work was a success, and it is but right to mention that the poet handed over the profits as a gift to the building fund of St John's Church, Hawick, then in course of erection. He sings with much force and vigour the praises of his native vale.

BORDERLAND.

They tell of merry England—its palaces and halls,
Which tower above its leafy woods, their old embattled walls;
But, oh, give me the shielings where the heath and thistles wave
O'er the rugged hero's cairn and the gentle martyr's grave!
There playful zephyrs lightly waft fresh fragrance from the fell,
And laverocks 'mid the fleecy cloud their lays triumphant swell,
To charm the Scottish maidens, till in song their voices blend
Round the cozy cottage homes of the bonny Borderland.

When Winter, in his hoary robe, haunts mountain sides and
groves,
And Boreas, with an angry howl, through naked woodland
roves,

There's joy within the shieling of the blithesome Border wight,
By his bonnie blazing fire, when daylight dies in night.
As he leans back in his settle, he gazes with delight
To the joist where hangs the claymore, with basket hilt so bright,
That was wielded by his sires, who died but would not bend
To sacrifice the freedom of the bonnie Borderland.

In fields where noble Wallace led they bravely bore the brunt,
When fortune's tide seemed ebbing, they still kept form and
front,
Till fell the great-souled hero, in the noontide of his fame,
And left stern Scotland weeping o'er the treachery and shame.

But Bruce's war-cry echoed with vengeance wild and high,
 From Carrick's frowning turrets proud Edward to defy ;
 Then rushed the belted yeomen, with spear and sweeping brand,
 From the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland.

Then wild the cry of battle rose, and wide the carnage spread,
 While lunged each gleaming weapon, and on with death they
 sped,

Shouting loud in triumph as they trod the crimson'd plain,
 When the flowery earth was sodden with the hot blood of the
 slain.

But still the conflict deepened with each continuous shock,
 Till England's proudest squadron in wild confusion broke ;
 The fury of the onset no foemen could withstand,
 When they charged for Bruce and Freedom, and the bonnie
 Borderland.

In days of persecution, when the tramp of armed men
 Made them seek the dark seclusion of the deep and lonesome
 glen,

There to suffer cold and hunger without one fret or frown,
 And at last pour forth their life-blood for the martyr's fadeless
 crown,

Whence came these martyred preachers, the holy and the brave,
 Who suffered in the woodland, the moorland, and the cave,
 For their worship, pure and simple, which no despot e'er could
 rend

From the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland ?

Or whence the bards and minstrels who sang in days gone by
 The strain that's ever ringing, the song that ne'er must die ?
 They touch the sympathetic chord, and noble thoughts impart ;
 They swell, in cottage and in hall, each patriotic heart ;
 They charm the lonely bushman, in his cabin far away ;
 They nerve the soldier in the van in danger's darkest day ;
 They build a mighty pillar, which Time shall e'en defend,
 That it may tell *who* lived and loved the bonnie Borderland.

Where joy is ever springing, oh, may it never cease
 To be the hallowed resting-place of piety and peace !
 There at eve the toiling peasant can read the Word of God,
 And teach the children of his care Salvation's blissful road.
 Thus they grow to men and maidens, in beauty and in might,
 With virtue for their guiding star to tread the world aright,
 Clinging fast to truth and justice, that blessings may descend
 On the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland.

WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A RECENTLY-DECEASED, and a truly great and original poet, has said that "Labour, Art, Worship, Love, these make man's life;" and that the good and gifted Thomas Aird was right when he said so, the life and the rich, peculiar poetry of Dr Walter C. Smith most unmistakably prove.

This gifted divine, and pleasing and prolific poet, was born in Aberdeen, on 5th December, 1824, and was educated at the Grammar School there, under Dr Mellom. At the early age of thirteen he was sent to Marischal College, and was so apt and diligent a scholar that he graduated at seventeen. Foolishly then—as he himself afterwards thought—he went to Edinburgh, uncertain what course of life to follow; but two years afterwards (at the Disruption of the Church of Scotland) he went to study divinity in the new Free Church College; and, on Christmas day, 1850, was ordained minister of the Free (Scotch) Church in Chadwell Street, Islington, London. With a delightful *naïvete*, which makes one smile, he writes regarding his sojourn there—"The church was a small charge, and did not grow larger, so I resigned and returned to Scotland in 1858." He was then chosen minister of Orwell, in Kinross-shire, "having about the same time," as he touchingly writes, "married my late beloved wife, Agnes Monteith." Here he remained for three years, his poetic sympathies being doubtless in the meantime nursed among the breezy braes and fine undulating heights around, and in shadow of the green, though bolder mountain range of the Ochils; and here too, by the bright and ever-surgings cascades of the North Quiech, and on the gentle margin of sweet Lochleven, with *its many stirring* historic memories, we cannot doubt *but that his Muse* was occasionally trying her wings,

and preparing for those lofty and well-sustained flights into the regions of song which she has so frequently taken since.

The Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, having given him a call, he accepted it and laboured there for three years, when he was called to the Free Tron Church, Glasgow, and remained there till five years ago, when he returned once more to Edinburgh as minister of the Free High Church, and where, with a still widening popularity, he at present labours.

Not only in the large body to which he belongs, but among all the Churches of Scotland, there is no name which is better known, or is a greater power, than that of Dr W. C. Smith; and his masterly sermon, "The Modern Sadducee," published in 1874, shows that he is more than a match for our most celebrated scientists when, from infidel positions, they seek to assail the scriptures of truth, and the hopes of immortality, and none of them all ever reasoned more logically, or uttered anything more poetically eloquent than when he says—"I care not very much though it should be proved that grass and flower, fish and insect, bird on the wing, and steer browsing on the meadow, and even the body of man himself, sprang at first from the lumpish clay, or the quivering waters. Certainly it has not yet been proved. There is not one solid fact of this kind established to be the stepping-stone for science across the great mystery of life; and I do object, and I think I am entitled to object, when I am called to launch forth into the blank and sterile region, dark as the spaces that lie between the stars, and to believe that matter of itself is capable of producing all the phenomena of life, not in virtue of any facts that lead to such a conclusion, but simply at the bidding of the scientific imagination. To unsettle so old a faith at the bidding of a mere fancy, does appear to me a somewhat wanton procedure, quite unlike the humility and *patience of the true philosopher.*" Equally grand

is the following passage, which has quite the poetic glow and the eloquent ring—"Science may babble about vibrations and pulsations and nerve-waves and folds of the brain; and all these, for aught I know, may have something to do with thought as its organs and instruments. But love, and reason, and poetry, and devotion are not mere vibrations of any substance; neither are they nitrogen and carbon, nor anything you can see with cunning glass, or test with subtlest drop. If ever man was powerless, in the face of an utter mystery, it is the man of mere science when he has to do with spirit. His scalpels, his microscopes, his vials, his wires, his tests, touch everything but thought; his very processes of reasoning fail him in this province, and he seems unable to see that he may break the Sphinx in pieces, and grind it to powder, without in the least explaining its mystery to us." The dullest reader will at once see that the man who could write in a style like this must have been a poet, whether he had ever written in verse or no. A poet, however, Dr Smith is, and was, in the ordinary sense of the term, before he wrote so eloquently in defence of the truths of religion.

In 1867, when he had reached the mature age of thirty-three years, he published "Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life;" and about the same time he also published a volume of poetry, under the name of "Orwell." Although issued anonymously, he, we believe, has avowed himself the author of "Olrig Grange" (1872), "Borland Hall" (1874), "Hilda among the Broken Gods" (1878), and "Raban: or Life Splinters" (1881).

The first thing which strikes the reader of Dr Smith's poetry is its thorough originality of style, and also of mere expression, and we might add, likewise, in the construction or mechanism of the verse. We do not think, however, that in the *form* of verse which he has generally adopted, he has been altogether happy; and wide though his fame has already

become, we cannot but believe that it would have been wider still had he chosen less cramped and stilted measures. Had he given us the lofty and deep thoughts of "Borland Hall" or "Hilda" in the grand old heroic couplet, or, nobler still and less monotonous, in the Spenserian stanza, the beauties and the charms of these striking poems would have been greatly heightened. That Dr Smith has a fine ear for versification is evident, for he can sport and play with his rhythm and his rhymes as naturally and as gracefully as the summer sunbeams do among the cloud-shadows which lie along the green mountain's breast; but this very power, if applied to popular and more euphonious measures, would give a double charm to his poetry.

Some have compared Dr Smith's rhythmic resources, and power of numbers, to those of Tennyson, but we would rather liken them to Herrick, Heywood, Herbert, and others of the seventeenth century poets—the latter poet Dr Smith especially resembles, in the natural force of his thoughts, and the simplicity yet elegance of his expressions.

There is hardly any poetry which suffers so much from quotation as that of Dr Smith, and no extracts can give any adequate idea of his great strength, or of the full-orbed beauty of his larger poems when read or studied as a whole; nor can they even be understood apart from the poems to which they belong. The following will, however, give an idea of his manner; and though the following songs, from "Borland Hall," are in a different style from that which we have indicated as being a general characteristic of his poetry, they are exquisitely beautiful and most natural in the mouths of students, by whom they are represented as being sung.

SHE IS A WOMAN.

She is a woman to love, to love
 As the flowers love light ;
 All that is best in you is at its best,
 All that the heart opens to her as a guest
 Who makes it bright.

Is she a woman to love, to love
 With soul and heart ?
 And all in her that is sweet and true
 She makes as if it was drawn from you
 By gracious art.

You cannot help but love, but love ;
 Nobody can ;
 She carries a charm with her everywhere,
 Just a circle she makes in the air,
 Bewitching man.

Is it her beauty I love, I love ?
 Is it her mind ?
 Is it her fancy nimble and gay ?
 Or her voice that spirits the soul away ?
 I cannot find.

But she's just a woman to love to love,
 As men love wine
 Madly and blindly : yet why should they
 Bring their hearts to be stolen away,
 When she has mine ?

MYSIE GORDON.

Now where is Mysie Gordon gone ?
 What should take her up the glen,
 Turning, dowie and alone,
 From smithy lads and farming men ?
 Never seen where lasses, daffing
 At the well, are blithely laughing,
 Dinging a' the chields at chaffing :
 Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

Mysie lo'ed a student gay,
 And he vowed he lo'ed her well :
 She gave all her heart away,
 He lo'ed naething but himsel' :
 Then he went to woo his fortune,
 Fleechin', preachin', and exhortin',
 Got a kirk, and now is courtin'—
 But no his Mysie Gordon.

Every night across the moor,
 Where the whaup and peewit cry,
 Mysie seeks his mither's door
 Wi' the saut tear in her eye.
 Little wots his boastfu' minnie,
 Proud to tell about her Johnnie,
 Every word's a stab to bonnie
 Love-sick Mysie Gordon.

A' his letters she maun read,
 A' about the lady braw ;
 Though the lassie's heart may bleed,
 Though it even break in twa ;
 Wae her life may be and weary,
 Mirk the nicht may be and eerie,
 Yet she'll gang, and fain link cheerie,
 Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

Whiles she thinks it maun be richt ;
 She is but a landward girl ;
 He a scholar, and a licht
 Meikle thocht o' by the Earl.
 Whiles she daurna think about it,
 Thole her love, nor live without it,
 Sair alike to trust or doubt it,
 Waesome Mysie Gordon.

Mysie doesna curse the cuif,
 Doesna hate the lady braw,
 Doesna even haud aloof,
 Nor wish them ony ill ava ;
 But she leaves his proudfu' mither,
 Dragging through the dowie heather
 Weary feet by ane anither,
 Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

UP IN THE NORTH.

Up in the North, up in the North,
 There lies the true home of valour and worth ;
 Wild the wind sweeps over moorland and glen,
 But truth is trusty and men are men,
 And hearts grow warmer the farther you go,
 Up to the North with its hills and snow,
 Ho ! for the North, yo ho !

Out of the North, out of the North,
 All the free men of the nations came forth.
 Kings of the sea, they rode, like the waves,
 Crash on the old Roman empire of slaves,
 And the poor cowed slaves and their Cæsars saw
 Rise from its ruins our Freedom and Law,
 Ho ! for the North, yo ho !

Up in the North, up in the North,
 O but our maids are the fairest on earth,
 Simple and pure as the white briar rose,
 And their thoughts like the dew which it clasps as it blows;
 There are no homes but where they be,
 Woman made home in the north countrie,
 Ho! for the north, yo ho!

O for the North, O for the North!
 O to be there when the stars come forth!
 The less that the myrtle or rose is given,
 The more do we see there the glory of heaven,
 And care and burden I leave behind
 When I turn my face to the old North wind,
 Ho! for the North, yo ho!

O THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

O the changes of Life! every five or six years,
 There's a new body fitted on us it appears,
 Like a new suit of clothes made in old-fashioned modes,
 The newer the older—and so where's the odds?
 But hand round the beer, and let it run clear,
 The older the better the body of beer.

We change our opinions, we alter our laws,
 For the sake of a change, or for some other cause,
 We change our old country, our altars, our gods,
 That's but passing our small-change, and so where's the odds?
 While they leave us our beer, all beside may change here,
 For our capital sum is the pottle of beer.

O once it was classics—all Latin and Greek,
 Then came mathematics each day in the week,
 Now it's German and Nature, but every one plods
 With his pipe and his beer—and so where's the odds?
 Smoking and beer! they make Nature appear
 Teutonic and wonderful, smoking and beer.

Erewhile there were battles of Tories and Whigs,
 But they're gone to the limbus of powder and wigs;
 Pit and Fox wouldn't know the new parliament modes,
 But they'd find the old ale—and so where's the odds?
 Amber-bright beer! let no change come near
 The wise, ancient custom of smoking and beer.

THE FALSE SEA.

Singing to you,
 And moaning to me,
 Nothing is true
 In the false cruel sea.

Where its lip kisses
The sands, they are bare,
Where its foam hisses
Nothing lives there ;
When it is smiling,
Hushed as in sleep,
It is beguiling
Some one to weep.

They were seafaring,
With light hearts and free,
And full of the daring
That's bred of the sea :
It crept up the inlet,
And bore them away
Where it laughed in the sunlight,
And dimpled the bay,
Singing to them,
But moaning to me,
Tripping it came,
The cold cruel sea.

I heard the oars dipping,
I heard her bows part
The waves with a rippling
That went through my heart.
And I saw women weeping
And wringing their hands
For the dead that were sleeping
That night on the sands :
For nothing is true
In the false cruel sea
Which is singing to you
And moaning to me.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

From "Hilda."

The very prince of Darkness
Came once to Heaven's gate,
Where Peter and the angels
Talk together as they wait ;
And he brought with him a spirit
In a very dismal state.

Then Satan : "I'm in trouble,
And come here to get advice ;
I've been going up and down there
Where you think we are not nice,
And they will not have this fellow
Among them at any price.

"I took him first to Lamech
And the bloody race of Cain,
But they rose in flat rebellion,
That so mean a rogue should gain
A place with gallant fellows
Who in simple wrath had slain.

"Then I thought of those wild Herods
With their burning diadem,
And their spirits ever haunted
By the babes of Bethlehem :
But they would not have the traitor
Coming sneaking among them.

"After that I looked to Ahab,
And the panther Jezebel ;
But she sprang up like a fury,
'It were shame unspeakable
To lodge a half-hanged felon
Where a queen of men must dwell.'

"I'm afraid there's not a corner
Into which they'll let him in ;
The common rogues are furious
'To confound them with his sin,
And my people are excited,
And the place is full of din."

Then Peter : "Traitor Judas,
Thou hearest what he says,
How the murderers and demons
Abhor thee and thy ways,
Thou betrayer of the Holy,
Who the Ancient is of days."

Then Judas answered meekly :
"Yea, Peter, they are right ;
Cain and Lamech, Ahab, Herod,
They were godless men of might,
But not so vile as I am—
O they loathe me, and are right.

"Jezebel that slew the prophets,
Fawned not on the life she stole ;
Ahab only smote the servants,
Not the Lord who bare our dole ;
There should be a hell expressly
For my miserable soul.

"Let my name be named with horror,
Let my place be wrapt in gloom,
Let me even be hell's lone outcast,
With a solitary doom—
I that kissed Him and betrayed Him
To the cross, and to the tomb."

Then Satan : "There's the mischief,
 He goes whinnying like a saint ;
 I could keep my people quiet,
 But he'd have them penitent.
 Its as bad as if a parson
 Made their very hearts grow faint."

But, as Peter looked on Judas,
 Sunk in utter misery,
 Lo ! there rose before his vision,
 A grey morning by the sea,
 And a weary broken spirit
 On the shores of Galilee.

"O once, too, I despaired,
 For my Lord I had denied,
 And once my heart was breaking,
 For I cursed Him, and I lied ;
 I did not slay myself, but yet
 I wished that I had died.

"Leave thy burden with me, Satan,
 He is not too bad for me ;
 He will get his own place duly,
 And it is not mine to be
 A breaker of the bruised,
 Or the Judge of such as he."

L'ENVOI.

I do not paint a picture just to show
 How cracks the old crust of Faith beneath our feet,
 Partly by light of Heaven and fervent heat,
 Partly by fierce upheaval from below.

Here fissures deep are gashed ; there but a rent
 Scores the shrunk surface thirsting for fresh showers
 To water its dry herbs and drooping flowers ;
 But everywhere is great bewilderment.

God's ploughshare trenches well, nor will He wait
 And see His fallow lying all unbroke,
 Because another's heifer takes the yoke,
 Nor is his furrow always clean and straight.

But still He maketh ready for His sowing,
 And scatters with the sweep of unseen hand
 Fresh seed of life upon the fresh turned land,
 And gathers cloud and sunshine for its growing.

O weep ye for the Home whose tottering wall
 The trembling heart with unseen anguish saw,
 And with untempered mortar daubed its flaw,
 Faith lacking Faith that God is over all.

Weep, yet rejoice ! for her unselfish deeds,
 Mightier than words, have bidden doubt away,
 And led him into light of better day,
 And Love, which is the soul of all the Creeds.

DORTS, THE MASON.

Jeanie, what was yon the minister was saying ;
 I kept the grip o' it while he was praying,
 Saying it o'er and o'er a score o' times,
 Though it got mixed wi' tags o' idle rhymes,
 Until a shower o' texts came plash like rain,
 And fairly washed it clean oot o' my brain.

Folk telling him that he is grand at praying,
 He prays till ane forgets what he's been saying ;
 Prays you stupid wi' a thing that's like a sermon,
 Dripping-wat wi' texts as wi' the dewes of Hermon.
 Oh, they spoil a minister wi' silly praises
 O' a' his paintit words and dainty phrases !

'Twas something about faith and work. Let's see—
 Ye're gleg at reading, lass, and weel may be ;
 Ye had rare schooling, I had almost none,
 But gnaw a book as dogs will gnaw a bone :
 Look it up now, and let me see't in print—
 How that book smells yet o' your mother's mint !

She was a woman ! Oh, that ye may be
 To some one what your mother was to me !
 And yet I never told her, hardly said
 Ae kindly word to her ; and now she's dead !
 Wae's me ! Could I but see her for a minute,
 And show my heart to her, and a' that's in it !

There, that's it, lass ; and are ye sure its Paul ?
 " We're saved by faith, and no by work at all."
 Read it again ; it clean dumfounders me !
 Hand me my specs ; unless my own eyes see
 The very words, I will be bold to doubt it,
 And even then I'll ha'e my thoughts about it.

Ay ! there it is as plain as print can make it,
 God's very word, and nought on earth can shake it.
 Yet doubt in me grew fast as down frae thistle ;
 I learnt the trick o't ere I learnt to whistle.
 Surely my mind must ha'e some kind o' thaw,
 For I could ne'er believe the half I saw.

But for my work, I'll stand to it that none
 Could do a better job in hewing stone,
 Or building either, from a dry-stane dyke
 Up to a kirk and steeple, or the like ;
 And is it nothing that I wrought wi' burr,
But couldna swear aye by the minister.

I never hammered stone, until I saw
 Into its heart, and kent its inmost law ;
 For stones, too, ha'e their way, and they maun be
 Humoured, like women, each in its degree.
 But all my work I did wi' heart and might,
 Till even the whinstones knew they must go right.

There's the new brig, 'twil stand as sure's the Bank ;
 The waterworks—'twas I that dammed the tank
 Among the hills—it never leaked a gill.
 Did not Sir Hew himsel' uphaud my skill
 And work, and vow that he was proud to call
 The man his friend had planned, and made it all ?

My work was true as plummet, line, and rule
 Could make it, though I had but little school,
 And never could believe the half I saw ;
 I never plastered up an ugly flaw.
 God's work is good, I said, and so is mine,
 Right human work, and therefore like divine.

But look just at the kirk that Bailie Clyne
 Robbed them to build, and then compare't wi' mine.
 A bonnie elder he ! to sit and look,
 In the front loft, upon his gilt-clasped book !
 How could I gang to kirk and him sae crouse,
 Smirking at me in yon ramshackle hoose ?

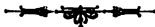
I'm dying. Yes ; but would you have me speak
 What is not true, because my breath comes weak ?
 Oh, he believes of course whate'er he's bid,
 Then taps his finger on his snuff-box lid ;
 But for his work, they'll find it out some day,
 And sorry I'm that I shall be away.

Just bide a wee ; some wastland wind, I'm thinking,
 Will gar yon steeple reel, as't had been drinking.
 Will they say then that faith which does not work
 Will save a man, although he cheat the kirk ?—
 My end is near ! forgiveness now is best !
 Why should the end no' be like all the rest ?

He's to be provost, set him up ! I hear
 He's ta'en the crown o' the causeway many a year,
 And drives his coach, and now he's all the vogue—
 A ruling elder, yet the loon's a rogue.
 I tell you, even in heaven if he should find me,
 I'd take my hat and bang the door behind me.

Draw up the blind ; it's growing unco dim.
 Read me a psalm—we'll say no more o' him—
 A good strong psalm about the evil-doers
 Whom for a while the righteous one endures.
 Surely yon's not the sun that looks so dark,
 Nor *that the singing o' the evening lark.*

What was I saying ? Is this death at length,
 The strong one gripping at my failing strength ?
 Well my job's done—I'll lay my tools aside ;
 And there's your mother, all my joy and pride,
 She's made the hearth neat, and the fire looks bright ;
 It's growing dark ; but she'll ha'e a thing right.



ROBERT HUNTER

WAS born at Hawick in 1854. His parents were "honest aye, though puir folk," who struggled hard to give their children a good education. Robert began early to string together "bits o' jingles," he ever having a great love for poetry. He learned the trade of a powerloom tuner at one of the large factories for which the town is famed, and there, amid the whirr of machinery and the bustle of factory life, he still continues to court his much-loved Muse. Robert Hunter was made Bard of St John's Lodge of Freemasons (No. 111), in 1879, and P.G. Bard of Border District in 1880.

He has contributed chiefly to the local newspapers, and several of his spirited songs in praise of the "craft" have appeared in the *Masonic Magazine*. He had the honour of being second in the Dumfries Statue (Burns) Competition, when Mr Stewart Ross gained the medal. We have much pleasure in giving a place to the following:—

"OOR DEAR AULD MITHER TONGUE."

I lo'e thee yet, I lo'e thee weel—
 Thou dear auld mither tongue—
 There's music in thy hamely soon'
 When spoken or when sung.
 Though strangers ca' thee auld an' plain,
 An' fain wad rin thee doon ;
 Thou'lt stan' as lang as Scotland stan's
 In spite o' foreign loon.

Hoo monie weary Scottish hearts
 By thee hae been made glad,
 When wandering far frae hame an' freenda,
 An' unca lane an' sad.
 They've chanced to hear thy kindly tones
 By some at random flung,
 An' hands hae met, an' hearts been cheered,
 By thee, thou dear auld tongue.

Gae wa' wi' a' yer mimpet words
 That's brocht frae foreign lan's,
 They need sae monie becks an' boos
 Afore folk understand;
 They want the honest hearty ring
 That's felt by auld an' young,
 When listening to thy cheery lilt,
 Thou dear auld mither tongue.

Then ne'er think shame where'er ye be,
 In cottage or in ha';
 But speak the dear auld mither tongue
 Afore baith grite an' sma'.
 Her soul-inspiring stirring strains
 Auld Scotia's harps hae strung,
 An' still her bards shall sing wi' pride
 O' dear auld mither tongue.

O O R R O B I N .

Among the nobles o' the yirth,
 Oor Robin stan's, an' a' that;
 Though humble was his place o' birth,
 An' hard his han's, an' a' that,
 His soul was noble, great, an' free,
 Ower high born Lords, he buir the gree;
 An' aye he scorned the coward lee,
 An' told the truth an' a' that.

He sang o' Scotia's heights an' howes,
 Her glens, her shaws, an' a' that;
 Her brattlin' burns, an' broomie knowes,
 Her Freedom, Laws, an' a' that—
 He sang her lads, an' lassies braw,
 In lowly cot, an' lordly ha',
 An' humbly prayed that aye an' a'
 Might live in peace, an' a' that.

He sang her Thistle, waving free,
 On hill, an' dale, an' a' that;
 Her Daisy blooming bennily,
 By wood an' vale, an' a' that;
 An' wha, like him, could sweetly tell
 The beauties o' the bonnie Bell,
 That tinkles in ilk flowery dell,
 Whaur mawkins sport, an' a' that.

Her Haggis, an' her Cakes he sang,
 Her Barleybree, an' a' that ;
 Her joys he sang, till rafters rang,
 Wi' mirth, an' glee, an' a' that ;
 Her famous weel-lo'ed Halloween,
 When Fairies sport in moonlit dean
 An' play their pranks ; by him has been
 Immortalised, an' a' that.

He sang her pleughman at his pleugh
 Sae blythe, an' gay, an' a' that ;
 Her Cottar, toiling in a sheugh,
 The lea-lang day, an' a' that ;
 An' showed that happiness can dwell
 Without the aid o' magic spell,
 Beneath a hame-spun, weel-worn shell
 O' hoddan grey ; an' a' that.

His words hae cheered the Scot at hame,
 The Scot abroad, an' a' that ;
 Wi' tears o' joy they've bless'd his name,
 An' thankit God, an' a' that,
 For rearing on their native soil,
 This noble, gifted son o' toil,
 To help them through life's care, an' moil,
 Wi' poem, saug, an' a' that.

An' shall not we our homage pay,
 An' Heaven thank, for a' that ;
 Foul fa' the loon, that wad say nay,
 Whate'er his rank, an' a' that.
 We'll rear a monument o' art,
 To him wha can sic joys impart,
 Wha sits enthroned in Scotland's heart,
 Her Bard supreme, an' a' that.

THE FREEMASON'S SECRET.

In an auld burgh toon that I daurna weel name,
 That boasts o' its hicht in the annals o' fame,
 There lived at the time o' this short rhyming tale,
 A canty auld couple baith hearty and hale.
 Fu' lang had they travelled thegither through life,
 Wi' a routh o' its joys and but little o' strife ;
 For the worthy guidman, sae the neebours wad say,
 In settlin' disputes had a pauky auld way.
 And when oucht wad arise to annoy and harass,
 He wad quietly say, "There noo, Jenny, my lass,
 Since for weel or for wae we are tied to ae tether,
 Let's look ower ithers fauts and pu' cheerfu' thegither,"
 And sae, wi' a kindly bit word and a smile,
 The auld wifie's anger he aft wad beguile,
 But the best o' us a' are but mortals, I wot,
 And the auld proverb's true, "There's a crook in ilk lot."

And sae no to gie ye a lengthy narration,
 A crook Jenny had—her guidman was a 'Mason,
 No a mason by trade, but a Freemason grand,
 Wi' his secrets, his signs, and his grips o' the hand.
 And Oh ! but it troubled the auld bodie sair,
 To think he had secrets that she couldna share,
 And for week after week, and year after year,
 Baith early and late the same questions she'd speir,
 She had wrocht roon' his heart, and she'd wrocht roon' his fears,
 She had tried him wi' fleeching, wi' flyting, wi' tears,
 But it a' wadna do, for by nicht or by day
 He only wad answer her, "Nay, Jenny, nay."
 But the hardest o' stanes aye maun yield to the stroke,
 As the constant drap drapping'll wear oot the rock,
 Sae ae cauld winter's nicht when he'd come frae the meeting,
 And Jenny began wi' her fleeching and greeting,
 He rose frae his seat in the deepest vexation,
 Saying, "Weel, weel, at last I shall make ye a 'Mason ;
 Gae bar ilka door, and mak a' thing fu' ticht,
 For awfu's the gait ye maun travel this nicht
 'Mid rapping and chapping, 'mid darkness and gloom,
 And a' sorts o' horrors on this side the tomb,
 Sae mak up yer mind e'er I tak ye ower far,
 Daur ye gang through the secret," quo' Jenny "I daur,"
 But quo' the guidman, "I had almost forgot,
 Whate'er shall we dae for the want o' a goat,
 Gae bring the big stool frae the ben ingle neuk,
 And bring me the poker, the sand-glass, and Bulk,
 Syne tak ye your seat wi' ye'r een steekit ticht
 And ne'er speak a word while I screw doon the licht,
 Noo tak ye this sand-glass, an emblem o' death,
 And ower the guid Bulk swear a terrible aith
 That ye'll never reveal what this nicht ye may hear,
Nor at ye'r guidman ony mair questions speir,
 But wi' Masons and Masonry leave me alane,"
 To whilk she responded wi' solemn "Amen."
 "Noo tak ye the poker, come, ne'er think to fret."
 Quo' Jenny, "My faith ! but ye've made it *richt het*,
 The guidness be wi' us, but this is nae fun,"
 But he stampit his fit like the crack o' a gun,
 "I daur ye to whisper, far less thus to cry,"
 To whilk a sair sich was the only reply ;
 Syne he bent ower her shouther fu' solemn and queer,
 While Jenny sat quaking and trimlin' wi' fear,
 And he whispered fu' low, sae that nae ane micht hear,
 "Will ye promise again *nae mair questions to speir ?*
 But can ye keep secret, speak low in reply,"
 Quo' Jenny, "I can," then quo' Tam—"So can I !"
 And frae that day till this he can gang to the meeting
 Without either fleeching, or flyting, or greeting.

ALEXANDER RANKIN

WAS born in Dundee in 1842, but he spent his boyhood days at Arbroath, to which town his father had removed. Alexander augmented the education common to a working man's son by his own efforts, and at the early age of fourteen he was sent to learn the art of flaxdressing. After completing his apprenticeship, and working as a journeyman for several years, he, with a partner, commenced business. The firm succeeded very well for some time, extending their connection, but at last through dull trade and losses they had to succumb before the crushing hand of misfortune, and the subject of our sketch removed to Brechin, where he is still employed as foreman over the hackling machines at the East Mill Spinning Company's Works.

Notwithstanding that his life has been somewhat chequered, and that he has shared in the proverbial misfortunes of the followers of Apollo, he yet occasionally lilts a canty sang, and modestly and tenderly depicts in the local and district press the innocent glee of childhood, and the joys and comforts of home. He is peculiarly happy when he sings of the healthy mental and moral manhood born of honest labour.

MY BONNY BAIRNIE.

Play on, my bonny bairnie—
 'Tis noo your time for play;
 I like to see you rinnin' roond,
 Or rowin' on the brae.

I like to hear your merry laugh—
 Your wee tongue like a bell;
 It taks me back to ither years,
 When I was young mysel'.

Play on, my bonny bairnie,
 Your bosom's licht and free;
 I like to see my bairnie glad,
 As aye you ought to be.

I like to see your face aye bricht—
 Undimm'd by thocht o' sin ;
 Wi' eenie bricht that aye speak richt,
 And tell o' joy within.

Play on, my bonny bairnie,
 Sae fu' o' joy and mirth ;
 I like to see your wee bit pranks
 And games upon the hearth.

Play on, my bonny bairnie—
 This is your time for play ;
 Play on, my little lammie,
 Be happy while you may.

But, oh, my bonny bairnie,
 Life's day is short—they say ;
 Before you in the future
 A part you hae to play.

Soon you'll hae to mix wi' life,
 And join the world's thrang ;
 God grant you grace to dae the richt,
 And aye to shun the wrang.

H O M E.

There is a place o'er which we brood,
 No matter where or in what mood—
 Its name is home, sweet home.
 No other name sounds half so sweet,
 The heart aye glows with joy to greet
 That dear, dear name of home.

No matter when or where we stray,
 In life's fresh flush or gloamin' grey,
 We love to hear from home.
 Its scenes to us are ever dear,
 To us its skies are ever clear,—
 'Tis thus we muse on home.

There live our friends we love and prize,
 Dear to our heart and in our eyes,—
 Endearing name of home.
 And now by night as well as day
 In dreams we meet them far away,
 And share their love at home.

We think of those we left behind,
 Imprinted firmly in our mind
 Though far away from home.
 Home is the sweet, the golden ray
 That cheers the sailor on his way,
 When bound o'er seas to roam.

And when the skies are overcast,
 And perils fraught on every blast,
 When all is seething foam :
 His darling wife and children fair
 Then cluster in his memory there,
 And courage breathe from home.



WILLIAM M'DOWALL.

THE county town of Dumfries (the Queen of the South, as it has been proudly called) is not more remarkable for its pleasant situation, and the rare beauty of its surroundings, than it has long been for the high excellence of its newspapers, and the great ability of their editors. John M'Diarmid, of the *Courier*, Thomas Aird, of the *Herald*, and William M'Dowall, of the *Standard*, are names widely known and universally honoured, not only in the ranks of journalism, but the more enduring walks of literature. The two first have "gone over to the majority," but the last-named still lives to benefit mankind by the labours of his pen.

William M'Dowall was born at Maxwelltown (opposite Dumfries), in the east of Galloway, in 1815. He was educated at Dumfries Academy, but just as he was acquiring some knowledge of the Latin tongue, his father, who was a commercial traveller, died, and his chance of getting a good classical education was thus lost, and his worldly prospects otherwise dimmed. Put to a trade at which, after serving a regular apprenticeship, he wrought for some years, during which he cultivated his mind so well by reading and study that at length, from being a binder of books, he was quite qualified for, and became, a broad-sheet editor and a maker of books, which, though few in number, owing to the exactive duties

which the management of a bi-weekly newspaper involves, have, without exception, been most favourably received by the public.

When quite a stripling he contributed poetical pieces, letters, and paragraphs to the local journals. In 1843 he went to assist Mr Robert Somers, also a Galloway man, in conducting the *Scottish Herald*, Edinburgh, and from thence he was transferred to the *Banner of Ulster*, which he sub-edited for eighteen months, under the late Mr George Troup. From Belfast he "got a call" to occupy the editorial chair of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*. It was then young in years, and had nearly sunk beneath the many difficulties which it had to face; but now, after an existence of thirty-eight years, and under Mr M'Dowall's talented and judicious management, it is one of the most prosperous provincial newspapers in the United Kingdom.

When in Belfast, Mr M'Dowall sometimes filled the poet's corner of the *Banner*, and he has written numerous poems since he became editor of the *Standard*. "The Man of the Woods, and other Poems," was published so far back as 1844, since which period prose rather than poetry has been the medium of his thoughts—newspaper prose in the form of leaders, critiques, and historical prose—a field of literature which he feels more pleasure in cultivating than that of politics. The grand old Scottish ballads are very dear to him, and he has frequently lectured upon them with great acceptance. Of studious and observant habits, he has made physiognomy a special study for the last forty years, and he has ready for the press a small work, entitled "The Mind in the Face." In 1867 he published a "History of the Burgh of Dumfries, with Notices of Nithsdale, Annandale, and the Western Border," a large, interesting, and exhaustive work. In the preface he says:—"To the preparation of this history the precarious leisure snatched from five years of a somewhat busy

life has been devoted. A second and enlarged edition appeared in 1873.

Two years before the latter date he published "Burns in Dumfriesshire," a sketch of the last eight years of the poet's life, which soon passed into a second edition. In 1876 he published "Memorials of St Michael's, the Old Parish Churchyard of Dumfries," a work of great interest. The subject is thus explained in the preface:—"Undeniably, St Michael's Churchyard is in many respects unique: it is very often spoken of as without a parallel anywhere; and this much at all events may safely be said, that few provincial burial places throughout the United Kingdom can compete with it in antiquity or extent. In one respect it stands alone, presenting an attraction with which no other cemetery throughout the world can vie—in possessing the dust of Robert Burns, and the noble mausoleum raised over it as a tardy tribute to his genius."

It is of Mr M'Dowall as a poet, however, that we have mainly to speak, and it does seem surprising that one who can sing with such truth, power, and beauty should have laid his harp almost wholly aside for well-nigh forty years. Such a thing is quite common, and is not at all surprising, in those who are merely mechanical verse-makers, and who by dint of sore labour succeed in hammering hard, dry prose into the mere form of poetry; but for a poet who could write "The Man of the Woods," and "The Nithsdale Martyrs," every line of which is fresh as the dews of Parnassus, and natural and delightful as the song of the lark above the green hillside, and whose prose writings, moreover, give the clearest evidence that the poetic dew of his youth is still upon him, to turn away from the Muses, who once loved him so much, and inspired him to sing so well, is a source of deep regret.

I WILL HAVE MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE.

Ye call me great, and good, and just,
 The needy's stay, and the stranger's trust ;
 Ye name my name in your place of prayer,
 And speak of my loving-kindness there ;
 Your hands are spread to my holy throne,
 Your lips make music for Me alone,
 And your songs below are like those above,
 And their mutual theme is the God of love.
 But my ear is filled with another strain—
 'Tis the piercing plaint of unheeded pain—
 The deep, dread tones of a Nation's wail,
 As the hearts of her strong men faint and fail :
 It has stilled the singing seraph's lyre,
 It is louder far than the loftiest choir ;
 It has risen first to the golden gate,
 And pleads like a claimant that will not wait ;
 And shall not I in my strength arise,
 And avenge me on all who the claim despise ?

Ye hear it not, or ye give no heed ;
 In vain, with you, do the people plead.
 As your high hearts spurn their lowly suit,
 As your ears are deaf—let your lips be mute—
 For your psalm of praise I cannot bear,
 And my spirit contemns your solemn prayer.
 Your homage is hollow, your worship naught,
 The incense with odour is all unfraught—
 Unleavened by love, such gifts I scorn :
 Ye mind not your brethren's case forlorn.

Once in the lapse of ages past,
 My people were held in fetters fast,
 In a land of drought and the shadow of death,
 Where they spent for others their sweat and breath
 But they prayed to me in the starless night,
 And I heard and pitied their dismal plight ;
 My hand the tyrant-troubler smote,
 And for them a great deliverance wrought,
 Till the people's rightful cause prevailed,
 And I was the Lord of their freedom hailed.

Ye read and admire my grace displayed,
 As I gave these trampled bondsmen aid ;
 Their deeds your Sabbath-songs employ,
 And you share in their jubilee of joy ;
 In praise of freedom's fight and gain,
 Whilst slavery girdles your own domain,
 And brands with its bliss-dispelling shade
 Your fellow-men, in my image made ;
 Though its withering blight on thousands fall,
 Though its banner of dread is their burial-pall ;
 Though its cords are crushing my children dear
 Till life is stayed in its young career,

And the gladsome land which my sweet showers
 lave,
 Yields little to them save a birth and a grave ;
 How are they fallen from their high estate !
 How do their tyrants exult in the gate !
 How is the blaze of their glory dimmed !
 How is the cup of their bitterness brimmed !
 Blasted and dry are their channels of bliss,
 But ye heedless pass by, and think nothing of
 this ;
 Enough that you "Abba Father," cry—
 Whilst the "people's poor ones" pine and die ;
 But their blood I shall yet at your hands require,
 When I rise in the day of my terrible ira.

THE NITHSDALE MARTYRS.

Wax frail and crumble into dust
 Each fretted tomb and storied bust ;
 Memorials of the perished proud
 Be your infirm foundations bowed ;
 Let shattered shaft and plumeless crest
 Time's desolating march attest ;
 The gilded scroll, the blazing urn
 To blank and voiceless stone return ;
 That truncheon to the earth be thrown,
 Its severed sand like ashes strewn,
 That diadem to darkness cast ;
 Its emblematic glory past :—
 Let these memorials, one and all,
 In unrecorded ruin fall ;
 Yea, let the poet's lofty shrine
 Its laurelled garniture resign,
 And sink, with dark oblivion hid ;—
 But spare this rude grey pyramid !
 Time ! take the rest, without a tear,
 But turn aside, nor trample here.
 Though well the chisel and the lyre
 To consecrate the dead conspire,
 And hearts beloved are hushed below,
 Who merit all that these bestow ;
 Yet if thy path must needs be traced
 By mouldering shrines and tombs defaced—
 If these, which Art has called her own,
 But form a footstool for thy throne,
 To tremble 'neath thy tireless tread,
 Then mingle with the insulted dead ;
 If thou canst not thy foot refrain ;
 Take these proud piles which crowd the plain ;
 But, as thou wouldst a blessing earn,
 Spare, spare, the martyrs' humble cairn !—
 Memorial of that doughty band
 Whose blood so often dyed the land—

Of those who trod a toilsome path,
 Thorn-planted by the tyrants' wrath—
 Who nobly braved contempt and shame,
 Contending for Messiah's claim,
 And, leagued in brotherhood and love,
 For His crown-rights and covenant strove,
 Witness ye hills that point to heaven,
 How true the testimony given !
 Witness, ye streams which calmly glide,
 How fearfully their faith was tried !
 Witness, thou vale of Nith so fair,
 Their hours of weariness and care—
 Their days of dread, and nights of pain,
 When shelter there they sought in vain !
 Thy dusty caves their shadows bent,
 Thy craggy glens their foliage lent,
 To clasp within their dim embrace
 The remnant of that stricken race.
 But cruel men have eagle eyes—
 They pierced the folds, and found the prize,
 They found them, with long watching tired,
 But yet with deep devotion fired—
 With haggard look and raiment torn—
 With visage marred, and famine-worn,
 How wasted now each stalwart frame,
 But still their high resolve the same—
 To worship, though the host said nay,
 As conscience pointed out the way :
 Their heart-strings held their birth-right fast,
 It was life's dearest boon and last ;
 In its blest exercise they fell,
 Sore smitten in the mountain dell,
 'Mid taunt and scorn they died—they died—
 By desert stream, and lone hillside.
 And this grey pyramid was piled
 To keep their memory undefiled,
 That men unborn might understand
 The claim of Scotland's martyr'd band.
 Then spare these stones, thou spoiler, Time !
 To touch them were presumptuous crime.



MRS JESSIE J. SIMPSON WATSON.

FROM this poetess we have received several very pretty verse-pictures. Her songs are fresh, natural and cheery, while her descriptive poems possess much beauty of fancy, and her domestic pieces are tender and deeply loving. Mrs Watson was born on St Patrick's day, 1854, in the more mercantile than poetic town of Greenock. Her father is a miller, and she tells us that she "would not have changed the mill, of which I knew every cheek and crannie, for a palace." She thought in her early days that there could be no happiness anywhere like that which she found there. She had entered her 'teens before she began to embody in rhyme her thoughts about the mill and the millers. She thinks that any one would have been poetically inclined there. All around were sugar refineries, railways, boatbuilding yards, &c., and no wonder that the Muse turned aside from their din and bustle, and sought shelter beside the clatter of the mill. Does not the spirit of Poesy seem to haunt a mill, and any dusty miller may catch a glimpse of her if he keeps his eyes open? But now other cares engage her attention. She has a "fireside o' her ain." Yet although duty bids her *live* poetry, rather than write poetry, and although she very properly considers that a clean fireside and a happy home are the unwritten, yet grand and noble poems of daily life, she still can snatch a brief moment to dash off a beautiful poem or a cheerful song.

WE'RE A' WEEL AT HAME.

Wee messenger aneath whose seal sweet mysteries abide,
 Wee trysting nook where hearts may meet tho' lips be sundered
 wide,
O' hie ye to yon distant shore, ayont the billow's faim,
An' whisper in my laddie's ear, we're a' weel at hame.

The bairnies, lad, are thrivin' weel, and glaikit aye wi' fun—
 Wee Johnnie maist can stan' his lane, his mither's daudit son ;
 An' Jamie wi' the towsie hair, sae steerin', aye the same ;
 An' Wattie too, an' Bess and Kate—they're a' weel at hame.

Frae early dawn to late at e'en, they toddle but and ben,
 An' leave fu' monie a neuk to tosh, and duddie goon to men ;
 But blythesome is the couthie heart that's warn'd by love's
 sweet flame,
 An' cantie is the mither's sang when a's weel at hame.

Brisk flee the tentie minutes by till gloamin' shadows fa',
 An' here an' there are lyin' stool, an' doll, an' gird, an' ba' ;
 Nae mair wee toshie feet to bathe, nor gowden locks to kame,
 Ilk bonnie bairn is soun' asleep, an' a' weel at hame.

But laddie, laddie, wha can tell hoo sune the ruthless plou'
 O' warld's carkin' care an' strife may scaith ilk sunny broo ;
 O' wae if in the feckless race o' pleasure, gowd, an' fame,
 They e'en forget the prayers they lisped when a' weel at hame.

O' still to guide ilk bairnie's fit may ae star glint aboon,
 Till, 'mid the dreesome shades o' nicht life's glimmerin' sun
 gangs doon :
 Till far ayont the dowie clouds o' wae, an' grief, an' shame,
 An' safe within the pearly yetts we're a' weel at hame.

DUNE WI' TIME.

O dinna, dinna greet sae sair beside my deein' bed,
 But raise me in your arms ance mair, an' haud my droopin' head
 That I may see the bonnie wood an' hear the burnie's sang,
 An' see the bonnie gownie braes that I hae speel'd sae lang.

The summer sun is sinkin' fast 'mang clouds o' gowden hue,
 An' sune the sicht maun be the last that I maun ha'e o't noo ;
 For, Bessie, Bessie, wha can tell ? e'er neist it lichts the glen,
 This weary heart may bid fareweel to ilka throb o' pain.

I see my flocks on yonder brae, they wander hy the burn,
 An' watch for ane the lea-lang day wha'll never mair return ;
 My kine are lowin' on the hills, my lambs are bleatin' sair,
 They sadly miss the guidin' voice they noo maun hear nae mair.

Nae mair when twilight glints the plain, my plaid aroun' me
 drawn,
 I'll listen to the laverock's notes that echo o'er the lawn ;
 Nae mair I'll wander in the wood when gloamin' shadows fa',
 An' watch the bonnie siller moon an' warlds sae far awa'.

Adoon the brae the streamlet sweet 'll wimple late an' ear',
 The trees that stan' aroun' its banks 'll blossom green an' fair ;
 The yellow broom an' heather bell 'll crown the sunny brae,
 An' *there the happy bairns* 'll pu' the bramble an' the aae.

Ah, Bessie, lass, it's hard to break the ties that bind me here—
To lea' ilk bonnie weel-kent haunt that we hae lo'ed sae dear ;
But oh ! it's harder far to pairt wi' you, my trusted frien'—
It seems to break my very heart, an' dims wi' tears my een.

It's hard to think a stranger lad maun fill my place to you—
That ane I lo'ed sae dearly ance a stranger lad will woo ;
But oh ! it maun be for the best—this sad an' waefu' doom—
That I, in life's sweet morning bricht, maun sink into the tomb.

For oh ! I'm sinkin', sinkin' fast ; the clammie han' o' death
Will triumph sune o'er this puir frame, an' stop my fallin' breath.
Then, Bessie, gently lay me doon—ye ha'e been kind to me—
An' kiss me fondly on the broo ance mair before I dee.

Beside the burnie on the brae ye'll mak' my lowly grave,
Where birds may sing abune my head an' willow branches
 wave ;
Beside the bonny mossy seat, where we were wont to bide,
The burn I lo'ed sae dearly ance will wimple by my side.

Oh ! dark, dark is the dreary bed beside the mountain stream,
An' dull, dull is the weary sleep that kens nae lightsome dream.
But glintin' through the mists o' time a glorious land I see—
A world mair bricht than yonder sun noo greets my wonderin' e'e.

This world noo wadna win me back, though it may seem sae fair,
For, joy, eternal joy is mine, when I shall enter there.
Oh ! what for me is yon pale sun ? what earthly care an' strife ?
I'm dune, for ever dune wi' time—Life, life, eternal life !

COME WI' ME, BESSIE.

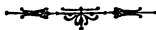
O come wi' me, Bessie,
My lo'esome wee lassie,
The sun's gowden beams are delayin' for thee ;
The minstrels are singin',
The woods are a' ringin',
O come to yon leaf-theekit bowrie wi' me.

Wee Robin sae fenny
Brings oot his ain Jenny
To listen his lyrics o' love in the glen ;
An' couthie an' cantie
Ilk bonnie blythe lintie
Beguiles his wee mate wi' his pawkie love strain.

Lown breezes are blawin',
Saft dew-blabs are fa'in',
Sweet flow'rets are bloomin' for you an' for me ;
The burnie is rinnin',
Sabbin' an' croonin',
Doon the green valleys awa' to the sea.

Frae 'neath ilk green bracken
 The fairies are keekin'
 To see the moon spiel o'er yon heathery brae ;
 When we are a' sleepin'
 Their tryst they are keepin'
 Daffin' an' singin' till dawnin' o' day.

The curtains o' e'enin'
 O'er yon hills are beamin',
 The lamps o' the gloamin' are lichted aboon ;
 Then come to yon bowrie
 E'er dark winter scowrie
 Has stown frae sweet simmer her braw bridal goon.



THOMAS BROWN,

THE proprietor of the extensive estates of Waterhaughs, and Lanfine, in the east of Ayrshire, was born early in the century. His college education was received, first at the University of Glasgow, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He thereafter studied for the Bar at the Edinburgh University, being advised to do so by his uncle, Lord Jeffrey, renowned in law, literature, and politics. Al though Mr Brown became a member of the Scottish bar, he never, however, practised as an advocate, though there can hardly be a doubt that had he done so he would have shone in the profession, as, naturally, he was possessed of a clear understanding, and wit that was always ready at his will. His general knowledge was also broad and deep, while his taste was refined by large and well-directed reading, and by the companionship of the most cultured minds of the time. With William Makepeace Thackeray he was on intimate terms in *his youth*, and had penetration enough to

predict his future success as an author, before the world had perceived or acknowledged his high intellectual power.

Mr Brown, with his sisters, founded the Brown Institutes of Newmilns and Darvel, in which the instruction and entertainment of the villagers are wisely provided for. He died at Edinburgh on the 30th of January, 1873.

The delightful scenery which surrounded his country house, overlooking, as it does, the whole length of the river Irvine, from Loudon hill (with its ancient battle grounds and stirring historical associations) to the sea, with the blue peaks of Arran, far away in the western distance, rising high above the shining waters of the Firth of Clyde, could not fail to move his poetic sympathies. His tastes, however, were purely and severely classical; and so, when he did invoke the Muse, it was not to sing of Scottish scenes, but of great continental events and traditions, ancient as well as modern, such as "The Last Hours of Tiberius," "Margarita Pelagia," "The Legend of St Rosalie," "Catherine De Medici," and the like; while in strongly-drawn characters, but with finely-finished power, he portrayed in a tragedy the dark career of Borgia, that symbol of blackest vice and deepest infamy.

Although Mr Brown published nothing in book form during his life-time, yet it seemed as if he had intended to give his powerful tragedy to the world, for shortly before his death it was revised, and in a great measure re-written by him. We give two of his shorter poems, with the introductory notes by which they are preceded, and we may mention that the volume from which we quote, with a preface by his sister, was printed for private circulation in 1874.

MARGARITA PELEGA.

[In the fifth century, St Nonus preached at Antioch, in the open air, in front of the Church of St Julian the Martyr, from Mark xvi. 9. Margaret, a beautiful actress, interrupted the discourse, and insulted the preacher. She was, on the instant, converted, and was baptised by the name of Pelagia. She is the patron saint of penitents.]

St Nonus preach'd at Antioch, before St Julian's cell,
As the long shades of Easter eve in deepening twilight fell,
Like bees, on tower and city-wall, the clustering myriads hung,
To hear the Gospel of the Lord flow graceful from his tongue.

"Wake, sluggard men of Antioch, to tremble and to weep !
Is this a time for drowsy souls to slumber and to sleep ?
Our text hath told how, like to you, enslaved by fiends unclean,
Your spell-bound, hell-bound sister writhed, the wretched Mag-
dalene ;

How, from her heart, at God's command, her sevenfold torments
flew ;
And now she pleads before His Throne, in angel theme for you.
The voice of mercy speaks by me, to warn you of your fate ;
Unless you quicken and repent. It is not yet too late."—

The preacher paused, as through the crowd, advanced a lady
fair ;
The plume, the jewell'd wreath, adorn'd the tendrils of her hair ;
On flowery robe, on sandal'd feet, were starlight jewels set ;
On armlet, bracelet, golden zone and rubied carcanet.

There was a hum among the throng, a murmur and a stir.
"Let her come forward," Nonus said, "make way, make way
for her."

Intruder on forbidden ground, she will not be controlled.
Alas ! she sang a siren song. Was ever front so bold ?

THE SONG.

The choral hymn, the cloister dim
For those who choose to sigh ;
For me, for me, the vine-hung tree
Shall be my canopy.

Come, Hebe fair, with braided hair
And rosy cup of joy ;
Come, Cupid, play thy roundelay,
My merry minstrel boy !

'Tis, Nonus, thine to mope and pine,
O'er tear-soil'd beads to moan.
Thy mitre's weight, thy staff of state,
To all are loathsome grown. . . .

" 'Tis pity, daughter, that thy song abruptly thus is done.
Take breath, and end the canzonet thou hast so well begun.
Art thou a painted sepulchre, a mass of deadly sin—
All fresh and beautiful without, all rottenness within ?

That soul of thine, that leprous thing which venal vice besmears—
It is not lost. It may be cleansed with penitential tears.
Hell hath its fiends, that cheat like thee, as specious and as vile ;
And thou, with all thy craft, art snared by their alluring smile.

Like blessed Mary, let us pray that thou enfranchised art,
And wholesome flesh reanimate thy flinty rebel heart.
Tear, tear those tawdry trappings off. Unhappy woman throw
Down, to the dust, thy gewgaw gems, the types of shame and
woe.

No, brethren, the All-gracious God, who made her form so fair,
Will not condemn her precious soul to sorrow and despair ; "
'Tis done. The rescued penitent the contrite Margaret stands,
The tear-drop glistening on her cheek, she wrings her folded
hands.

The glorious triumph is achieved, the sacrifice complete ;
That night, attired in sackcloth weed, she knelt at Nonus' feet ;
That night, her gorgeous ornaments were sold to feed the poor ;
That night, she clipp'd her tresses close, and trod them on the
floor ;

That night, a Christian convertite, breathed her baptismal vow ;
The tainted name of Margaret must ne'er be uttered now—
For Nonus spoke in joyful voice, " Henceforward shall she be
A fondled sheep within my fold, her name is Pelagie."

THE LEGEND OF ST ROSALIE.

[Rosalie was the niece of William the Good, who reigned in Sicily in the Pontificate of Celestine III. She mysteriously disappeared from a convent, where, though not a professed nun, she resided. Three hundred years afterwards, remains, believed to be hers, were found on Mount Pellegrino, near Palermo, of which city she is the patron saint. The scene is laid in the nunnery of Cefalu, on the northern coast of Sicily. Mon Gibello is the popular name of Etna.]

Softly ceased the vesper bell,
The anthem died away,
And Rosalie has sought her cell,
To watch, to weep, to pray.

She slept, she dreamt ; Palermo's shore
All torchlit seem'd to be ;
And galleys rode in triumph o'er
The blue Sicilian sea.

"By Rome's high Pontiff sent to thee,
This royal crown is thine ;
He hails thee Heir of Sicily,
And Queen of Palestine.

"Wake, Princess, rise ! relinquish all,
And quit this vestal shrine.
Should cloister'd Cefalu enthrall
That captive soul of thine ?"

And Baron bold and lady bright
Knelt ; but they sued in vain.
"O why," she cried, "should fiends of night
Assume an angel strain ?"

"Since thou wilt spurn our 'broider'd pall
Nor wear our proffer'd crown,
We bring a nobler coronal,
A fairer garland down.

"Agnese's faith, Lucia's fame,
Are poor compared with thine ;
And brighter lamps than theirs shall flame
Around thy holier shrine.

Thy God inflicts no martyr's doom,
Exacts no life of pain"—
The dreamer cried, "Can fiends assume
An angel's rapturous strain ?"

While solemn notes of music fell,
'Midst mystic radiance dim ;
"Alas," she sigh'd, "that fiends of hell
Can mock an angel's hymn !"

"The Moor ! the Moor ! The spear, the sword,
The blazing torch they bring ;
They spoil the altar of the Lord ;
And basely slay the King :

"Beside him saintly Celestine
Lies pale and mangled there,
His heart's blood sprinkles Peter's shrine,
And stains the world's tiare."

"Earth reels and totters to and fro ;
In sulphurous lighting blue
Gibello's fiery torrents flow
On shatter'd Cefalu."

"The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
Hell riots uncontroll'd ;
The wolf, he has the shepherd slain,
And rages in the fold."

"Fly, while the way for flight is clear,
 Ere sorcerous hordes pursue.
 Away ! there is no shelter here
 In outraged Cefalu."

Softly chimed the matin bell ;
 She knelt not in the fane :
 They searched the cloister and the cell
 For Rosalie in vain.

Three hundred silent years came round ;
 The legend scarce was known ;
 When shepherds on the mountain found
 A whiten'd skeleton.

They read, engraven on the rock,
 O'ergrown with mosses grey,
 "Oh, why should fiends of darkness mock
 A seraph's holy lay?"



JOHN RAMSAY,

THE author of "Woodnotes of a Wanderer," and "Gleanings of the Gloamin'," was born at Kilmarnock, in 1802; and if "the genius of misfortune" did not preside at his birth it at least dogged his path through life. His parents were humble people, and though John was sent to school at the early age of five years, yet they were only able to keep him there long enough to enable him to read the Bible and "Barrie's Collection," "to write a little and cypher less." Even at that early age the poetic feeling grew upon him. At the age of ten he became draw-boy to his father, who was then a carpet-weaver. At the same time he commenced to instruct himself, and learned grammar and some Latin. He early began to write for the periodicals—first in an Ayr magazine, and afterwards in the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, of which the late Henry

Glassford Bell was then editor. After working as a carpet weaver for some time, he took a grocer's shop, but did not succeed ; and, with the exception of a few years passed in Edinburgh, became a wanderer in the truest sense till the end of his days.

In 1836 he published his first volume of poetry, nearly the whole edition of 1000 copies having been subscribed for, and in 1839 he brought out a second and enlarged edition. In 1854 (through the influence of Mr Patrick Maxwell, of Edinburgh, author of a life of Miss Susanna Blamire, the charming Cumberland poetess, and himself a poet), Ramsay was appointed officer in that city to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which four years afterwards he resigned on obtaining the situation of Superintendent of Slaughter-Houses there. After a service of eighteen months, he had to take again to wandering from city to city all over Scotland, England and Ireland, selling his works. In this way he had sold not fewer than 9000 copies of his "Wood-notes," and at least 3000 of his latest work, the "Gleanings." He told many strange tales of his adventures when so engaged, and of the men and women of note with whom he had met ; and it is not without interest to the public to know that, having called upon Wordsworth only a year or two before that great poet's death, the venerable bard, while talking to him kindly of his poems and of his prospects, also gave him excellent moral and religious advice.

Ramsay died in Glasgow two years ago, and lies buried in the quiet country churchyard of Kilmaurs, only two miles from the place of his birth. Ramsay's poetry has very considerable strength, though but little lyrical fluency ; and his later writings in no way surpassed, if, indeed, they equalled, the early utterances of his Muse.

TO THE "CUSHIE DOO."

Idol of my early days,
 Come, O come thou in the rays
 Youthful fancy round thee threw !
 Be again my "cushie doo."
 Never ! no, it cannot be ;
 And the fault is all in me.

What a transport filled my breast
 When I first beheld thy nest !
 Flat it was, and hard and bare ;
 Two white eggs were lying there,—
 Worthless in reality,
 Yet a treasure great to me ;
 But a treasure greater still
 When the brood was fledged, with bill
 Smacking, and distended breast,
 Up they rose to guard their nest,
 And each wilful, struggling bird
 To my bonnet was transferred.
 Four long miles, with cranium bare,
 On I trudged then, nor did care
 If it shone, or rained, or blew,
 There was but one point in view ;
 Stopping oft to feast my eyes
 On the panting hapless prize ;
 Not a single thought to spare
 For the stricken parent pair,
 Making all the sylvan vale
 Vocal with their plaintive tale.

Thus we are in every stage,
 Selfish, whether youth or age,
 Boyhood's happy moments flown,
 In the woodland deep, alone,
 Where I lov'd to sit, and be
 Tranced with thy sad melody,
 While the hare was flitting by,
 And the redbreast, summer-sky,
 Started at the pheasant's cry ;
 Then the woodland old and grand
 Was to me a spirit land,
 Whence I dreams of bliss would see
 Robed in immortality.
 There the ivy flung its cloak
 Richest round the aged oak ;
 There the fox-glove stateliest grew ;
 There the wild-rose freshest blew.
 Such imagination's power
 Was in youth's delightful hour.

I've heard in England's southern pale
 The thrilling notes of nightingale ;
 But in some native long-loved scene,
 Where memory's favourites convene,
 'Twere sweeter, though more bleak the view,
 To hear thy strains, dear "cushie doo."

THE WAIL OF THE DISCONSOLATE.

Oh ! loved and lamented, and though from this sphere
For ever departed, in memory still dear !
Yes, mind must relinquish her power to review
The past, when I think not, dear angels, of you.

So formed for to reap the enjoyments of life,
So furnished with parts to prevail in its strife,
And just in the dawning of manhood's glad day,
How saddening to think ye were summoned away.

That natures so earnest, so generous have been
The dupes of the false, and the prey of the mean,
Of malice and ignorant avarice made
The tools, and your lives were the price that you paid !

The voice of the comforter speaks but in vain,
Unwelcome, though friendship is heard in the strain,
And the scenes though in light and in beauty arrayed
Seem dark and unlovely through sorrow's deep shade.

Time was when from Nature sweet solace I drew,
And song was a source of delights ever new ;
But lost to the heart is their generous sway
Since my dear bonnie lads have been laid in the clay.

One hope still remains, but at times it appears
Like the vista of life in the valley of years,
Or moon of the midnight, whose shadowy form
Is struggling and trembling in gusts of the storm.

That hope is, when time and its trials are o'er,
To meet on a fairer, a happier shore :
But favourites of Heav'n are call'd earliest home—
In mercy removed from the evil to come.

O ! loved and lamented, and though from this sphere
For ever departed, in memory still near !
Yes, mind must relinquish her power to review
The past, when I think not, dear angels, of you.



WILLIAM C. CAMERON

IS a poet of singularly tender and melting pathos, and when his education and circumstances during the earlier part of his life are taken into account, one is struck with wonder at finding thoughts both forcible and eloquent which distinguish many of his compositions.

William C. Cameron was born in Dumbarton Castle in 1822—his father being then sergeant and for sometime schoolmaster in the 42nd regiment. On the elder Cameron receiving his discharge he returned to his native Dingwall, and dying soon after, he left his wife and three children to “fight for life.” The mother was greatly respected, and was employed by the late Lady Seaforth, Brahan Castle, for whom she spun linen and did needlework. William was then employed as a message and stable-boy, for which in return he had his food, clothing, and education. At fourteen he became an apprentice shoemaker—a trade he never liked, although he manfully stuck to it, and completed his “time.” On becoming journeyman he set out for the South, and after working in various places, he settled down in Glasgow. He married when he was scarcely twenty, was foreman for thirteen years in a large establishment, and then commenced business for himself in the classic Gallowgate, where he flourished for several years, until he met with reverses. After paying all just claims in full, he became again a servant. At present he is in the employment of Messrs Menzies & Co., publishers, in their Glasgow branch. He is in his element amongst books instead of boots.

In 1875 he, under the patronage of Lady Campbell, of Garscube, issued a selection of his poems—“Light, Shade, and Toil.” The volume was edited by Dr Walter C. Smith, who also prefaced the work

by a commendatory note, and it was heartily reviewed by the press—the *Quarterly Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in particular, spoke of the poems as breathing a very genuine poetic spirit. William Cameron has long been a contributor to the "Poet's Corner" both of our leading newspapers and magazines. A love of Nature in her quieter moods, and a heart alive to the sympathies and affections of friendship are their more marked characteristics. His poems are full of thought and feeling, felicity and imagery, and smoothness of versification. His verses on the joys and sorrows of children are tiny paintings that touch the heart. They are distinct from the gibberish that so often passes for nursery rhymes—showing *heart* and strength, goodness of soul, and much tenderness.

THE ANGEL IN THE CLOUD.

Heigh ho ! my little Willie, my own sweet, bonnie boy,
 Crowing like a bantam cock, in mirthfulness and joy ;
 What, I wonder, are the scenes, that greet your eagle eyes ;
 See you visions in the clouds, of loved ones in the skies ?
 Much I marvel if the shade of her who gave thee birth,
 Comes to guard her boy again through this cold and sinful earth ;
 Ah ! yes, nought else could light your eye, or make you crow so
 loud,
 Save angels hovering o'er your head—the angel in the cloud.

Aye ! dance away, my darling boy, in innocence and health,
 Soon, soon, old Care, in stealth will come, to rob you of your
 wealth ;
 Ah ! soon, too soon, this busy life will shade your polished brow,
 And draw across your dimpled cheeks grief's heavy, iron plough ;
 Your pretty curls of yellow hair grow thin, and grey, and wan,
 Your eyes turn dim with sorrow's tear, my bonnie, little man,
 Your lisping words be changed to threats, your crowing to a
 cough,
 And moans and sighs be heard instead of silvery, ringing
 laugh.

Still, little Willie, play away, youth is for sport and fun ;
 In me a father you'll aye find, and I in you a son ;
 So play away with bat and ball, with boole, and hoop, and top,
 And skip like lambkin on the lea, sweet minative of hope.
 I would not mar your happy hours, for miser's heaps of gold,
 Nor would I cloud your sunny skies, for riches yet untold ;
 For God intended boys should play, and God delights to see
 The rosy days of childhood spent in happiness and glee.

Be careful, little Willie, pet, the world has many wiles,
 And many a hollow heart lies hid beneath the blandest smiles;
 Be sure each step you take is firm, nor trust too much to man,
 For help will only come to those who do the best they can:
 The seeds you sow in youth will grow, and bring forth in due
 time

The blessed fruits of peace and joy, or sorrow, shame, and
 crime;

And, oh! the anguish that I'd feel to see my Willie's name
 Disgraced—disowned, would break my heart, and fill my soul
 with shame.

Yet, Willie, why, why thus repine, 'tis yet the moon of life,
 And brightly beams your morning sun—no harbinger of strife;
 Effulgent be your march to noon, and cheerful be its ray,
 And I will watch your glory spread for the sake of her away;
 A fading flower, I'll gaze up to your splendour, love, and light,
 My heart exulting in your strength, your manliness, and might,
 And moon, and noon, and eventide, shall find me at my prayers,
 Beseeching God to save you from youth's many siren snares.

Ah! yes, my wee, wee manikin, the "Benjie" of the flock,
 I'll tend with a Jacob's care, my little crowing cock;
 My arms shall shelter your fair head, my hand will dry your
 eyes;
 And I will teach your dawning mind the language of the skies.
 O! could I share your every woe, your every sorrow bear,
 Remove each thorn from life's rough road, and drink your cup of
 care;
 Assuage time's sea for your frail barque, and calm its murmurs
 loud,
 In memory dear, of one who sleeps—the angel in the cloud.

"WEE RODDIE'S" GRAVE.

There is a little spot of earth—
 A little bed of slumber blest!
 The winter's blast—the summer's breath,
 Unheeded pass, so sound's the rest
 In "Roddie's" grave.

High o'er the narrow portals grow
 The grass—the flowers kind Nature shed;
 The daisies—like a quilt of snow
 Are spread—for angels make the bed—
 My "Roddie's" Bed!

The eye of day delights to come
 And linger at his holy grave!
 I watch the shadows on the tomb—
 The flickering beams seem loath to leave
 "Wee Roddie's" Grave.

Two golden Summer suns have shone—
 Two merry Autumns full of joy—
 Two weeping winters pass'd and gone—
 Two merry Spring-times have passed by—
 O'er "Roddie's" Grave—

Have passed, since he has sought that shore—
 Life's certain—changeless—cloudless day,
 Where peace and bliss are evermore—
 The mansion bright whose only way
 Is through the Grave.

No mocking marble o'er him weeps—
 Deep, deep, indeed, his memory lives,
 Within my heart his vigil keeps
 A long, dark night :—my whole soul grieves
 O'er "Roddie's" Grave.

I have a little plot of earth—
 'Tis six feet long by three feet wide,
 Nor miles of land have half the worth
 Of that dear bed where rests my pride—
 My "Roddie's" Grave.

Breathe, balmy winds, the trees among—
 Spring—spring ye flowers he loved so well—
 Sing, little birds, your sweetest song—
 For wind, and flower, and bird all tell
 Of "Roddie's" Grave.

THREE IN HEAVEN.

"Woman with the sable garment—
 Woman with the moistened eye !
 Why that sob, and weeping, wailing,
 Why that heart-felt pensive sigh ?
 "O ! my boy, so fair and rosy,
 Is now dead," was the reply.

"He's not dead—dear mourning matron !
 I had children same as thou—
 Three on earth, and three in heaven.
 Why should care-clouds shade my brow ?
 Gone before me to blest mansions,
 Where methinks I see them now !"

Thus I heard two Rachel-mothers
 Speaking of their loved ones gone ;
 Of their places ever vacant,
 Places sacred—aye their own !
 Now these mothers' eyes behold them,
 Angels round their Father's throne.

"Gone before us"—words of beauty ;
 O ! what scenes before me rise !
 Pastures green, and streamlets gliding
 Silver bright as sunny skies ;
 Mellow fruits and foliage leafy,
 Glimpses bright as angel eyes.

"Three in heaven !" O, happy mother !
 Safely housed from hurt and harm.
 "Three in heaven !" no clear eye dimming,
 Drooping head, nor wasting form.
 "Three in heaven !"—nor tempest driven,
 Securely sheltered from all storm.

"Three in heaven !" bliss coming nearer !
 The dimly seen becoming bright !
 "Still small voices" sounding clearer,
 Sunlight gilding clouds of night ;
 Melting music—sweetest singing—
 Faith and hope now lost in sight !

Wisely walk, thou angel-mother—
 "Three in heaven" thy footsteps guide !
 Three loved forms are ever bending,
 Tending closely by thy side !
 Keep thyself all free from earth-taint
Four shall soon in heaven abide !

SONNET—EVENING.

The Day is done, and Night is in her weeds,
 Like matron mourning for her lord's demise ;
 And shining stars are beaming down like eyes
 Of holy angels smiling from the skies,
 And watching with a guardian care the deeds
 Of mortals here below. The day is o'er—
 The city hushed as distant thunder's roar—
 Or as the waves of ocean in half rest—
 Or like an infant on his mother's breast
 Ere slumber seals his eyes ! The hour for thought
 Has come, and man now reads the heavens fraught
 With poesy ! 'Tis Night that gives the soul
 Free scope to ruminate—to scan the scroll
 The heavens contain—the wonders God has wrought.



DUNCAN M'NICOL,

CABMAN, and author of "Bute, and other Poems" (Glasgow: Aird & Coghill, 1879), was born near the village of Luss, Lochlomond, in 1851. His first experience of the world was when he was sent into Inchlonaig (Sir James Colquhoun's deer island) to teach the gamekeeper's children to read—the schoolmaster having recommended him as a boy qualified to teach others. He remained there for eighteen months, during which time he imparted to his scholars all the knowledge he was possessed of. This was when he was fourteen, and from that time till six years ago, his occupation consisted of gardening or any similar work that presented itself. Duncan is presently in the employment of a cab proprietor in Rothesay, where he is much respected.

Although he always *felt* that he could do a little to versifying, he, very wisely, did not write or offer anything for publication till five years ago. Since then he has been a frequent contributor to the local press. His descriptive poem on "Bute" is graphic, and shows much historical knowledge, and an intelligent appreciation of scenery. The prevailing characteristic of his poems is a quaint mixture of pathos and humour, totally free, however, from everything approaching to grossness or vulgarity.

LOCHLOMOND.

'Twas in an auld biggin', wi' broom-theckit riggin',
 That frae on creation I clappit an ee ;
 Where frae their fountains on bonny blue mountains
 The burnies ran lauchin', Lochlomond, to thee.
Chorus.—They may sing o' green mountains an' clear sparklin'
 fountains,
 Or boast o' fair waters ayont the blue sea ;
 But they never, no, never, the union can sever,
 That lies, peerless lake, 'twixt this bosom an' thee.

Oh! wasn't I happy when, a wee steerin' chappie,
 I ran by thy shores a' the lang summer day,
 When for bunches o' gowans, or hips, haws, and rowans,
 I skipp'd o'er each meadow or whin-cover'd brae.

Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

Thae days lang hae vanish'd, but time hasna banish'd
 The memory o' happy hours spent by thy side ;
 An' oft, when soft slumbers my spirit encumbers,
 To thee, sweet Lochlomond, in fancy I glide.

Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

Fair, fair are thy islands, thou géim o' the Highlands,
 Where wave the tall fir and the bounny yew tree,
 An' the mild soughin' currents and wild foamy torrents
 That rush to thy bosom mak' music to me.

Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

'Mid the loud din an' rattle o' life's feckless battle
 My ance bosom-freens may frae memory dee ;
 But where'er I may wander I'll aye grow the fonder,
 An' lovin'ly ponder, Lochlomond, on thee.

Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

FALLEN LEAVES.

As fiercely blows the wintry gale
 O'er wood and lea, o'er hill and vale,
 And whirls with melancholy wail
 Around the eaves.
 Fast flies the driving sleet and rain,
 The branches creak in plaintive strain,
 While on the highway and the plain
 Lie fallen leaves.

No more does kindly nature bloom,
 She scatters not her sweet perfume,
 No more she o'er the lowly tomb
 A garland weaves.
 The hills are bleak, the forests bare,
 Frost's icy breath has chilled the air,
 And on the meadows once so fair
 Lie fallen leaves.

The honeysuckle's scented flower
 No longer decorates the bower,
 But pall-like to the ruined tower
 The ivy cleaves,
 Where nature's gems of varied hue,
 Each morn caressed by heaven's dew,
 In wild but sweet profusion grew,
 Lie fallen leaves.

The feathered tribes no longer sing,
 To sheltered nooks they've taken wing,
 There to abide till genial spring
 The gloom relieves.
 Till then they hover round the shed,
 Till then on friendly crumbs they're fed,
 Till then their heavenly notes are dead
 As fallen leaves.

As fiercely blows life's blighting blast
 With care our souls are overcast,
 While silently, yet sure and fast,
 Death binds his sheaves ;
 And we frail creatures of a day,
 Like flitting shadows pass away,
 And fading, mingle with the clay,
 Like fallen leaves.

TO AN OLD CLOCK.

All household gods their radiance cast,
 O'er the long dead, yet living past,
 Revealing each a volume vast,
 Upon whose pages
 We read, as in the days of yore
 The ancients read from relics hoar,
 The prized, although unwritten lore,
 Of bygone days.

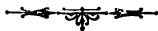
Quaint register of time, on thee
 We thus the past in fancy see,
 Chequered and varied, though it be
 By joy and grief.
 Oft at thee we've looked askance,
 Oft cast on thee an angry glance,
 Or hailed some happy hour's advance—
 However brief.

When first with feeble exclamation
 We swelled the records of creation,
 What thou didst say on that occasion
 Was duly noted.
 While all unseen amid the mirth,
 That echoed round the social hearth,
 And welcomed sinful flesh to earth—
 Fate's legions floated.

With joy thy visage has been scanned,
 As merry wedding guests did stand,
 Waiting the hour when heart and hand
 Should be united.
 While as the sacred deed was sealed,
 And heart and voice to mirth did yield,
 Grim Care, behind the scenes concealed,
 His part recited,

The mother by her infant's bed
 With aching heart thy face has read,
 While pillowing that fevered head
 She loved so dear.
 With fluttering heart she's on thee glanced
 As slowly midnight's hour advanced,
 While fast her fitting fancies danced
 'Twixt hope and fear.

Thy chimes have fallen sad and weird,
 As death the aged Christian neared.
 He's passed the common span of years
 To mortals given.
 "Tic, tic"—he's on the Jordan shore,
 Another, and he's crossing o'er,
 One little "tic"—but just one more—
 He breathes in heaven.



SARAH PARKER DOUGLAS,

BBETTER-KNOWN as "The Irish Girl," was born at Newry, Ireland, in 1824. When she was very young she came over with her parents to a brother then resident in Ayr. Little is known of her education, but as she could write grammatically, and even elegantly, both in prose and verse, it must have been a fairly good one. When about twenty she began to contribute poems to the local newspapers, particularly to the *Advertiser*; and in 1844 her verses on the Burns' Festival attracted the notice of a number of the literary celebrities who had come to Ayr on that great occasion. In 1846, through the kindness of Mr T. M. Gemmell, of the Ayr *Advertiser*, she was enabled to come before the world with a volume of poems, which bore the surprising and almost irreverent title of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." She now became famous, and might have risen in

status as well as in literary renown, for the late Dr Hamilton, of Beechgrove, Mauchline, a landed gentleman of large and kind heart, took her into his family, to have her fully educated and brought under the influence of the best moral, intellectual, and religious training. Such a course, and the beautiful rural retreat, and the pure moral atmosphere, however, did not suit her tastes, and she latterly left altogether. Being enabled, however, to bring out a second, and then a third and a fourth edition of her works, with some new poems always added, she lived on the sale of these, until she married a sort of "hedge" schoolmaster, a Dougal Douglas, who, for a short time, taught the country school of Drumclog, in Avondale. Leaving this situation, the husband, who had a paralytic arm, went about the country selling the works of his wife. She also contributed several prose tales, of some merit, to the newspapers. Latterly, she lived with a sister in a lowly and poor abode in Glasgow. Her husband, who had become a helpless and a hopeless paralytic, died in the hospital at Ayr, while she too was dying, an utterly broken-hearted wreck, blaming the world for its neglect. In this present year (1881) she died in Glasgow, amid poverty, and beneath a mental gloom and depression which it is distressing in the extreme to contemplate.

Her writings show high moral purity and beauty, and are remarkable for their freshness, vigour, fine lyrical flow, as well as clear and penetrating knowledge of human nature; while the lofty claims, and the crowning importance of religion are fully recognised. And while her chequered life will ever be traced with pain, her poems will always be perused with pleasure and surprise.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life's infant stream, how calm and fair
 And beautiful it lies,
 Its silvery surf reflecting clear
 Young morning's cloudless skies !
 How smooth our little bark glides on
 Upon the sunny stream—
 How every thing we gaze upon
 Looks bright as poet's dream !

Unruffled by one breeze of care
 The waters onward glide,
 Unbittered by one woe-fraught tear,
 Flows on the lucid tide ;
 Or if a tear should chance to fall
 In childish sorrowing,
 'Tis lighter than the dewy pearl
 Shook from the skylark's wing.

And oh ! what sweet and gladsome bowers
 The sunny banks adorn—
 We reach and pluck the fadeless flowers,
 That bloom without a thorn ;
 With bounding heart we rapturous drink
 From young joy's guileless spring,
 Nor ever in that bright hour think
 What sorrows yet shall ring

The heart, round which dance dreamy things,
 Bright as the golden beam,
 The orb of day effulgent flings
 Upon the silvery stream.
 On, onward by the current borne,
 We reach the stream of youth ;
 We fancy, as in life's young morn,
 All innocence and truth ;

We see the flowers we loved so much,
 And try to catch the joy ;
 We, passing, grasp—but at our touch
 The transient glories die.
 Now fancy's rainbow tints portray
 Our path along the wave
 All sunshine, and the colours gay
 Hide far the distant grave.

The stream is deeper, wider now,
 And fitful gales arise ;
 Deep whirlpools grumble far below,
 And darker seem the skies.
 We're launched on manhood's watery waste—
 We drink of manhood's cup—
 'Tis gall, and acid to the taste—
 Ah ! where's the honied drop ?

Hope, like a phantom, but allures
 Our way from wave to wave,
 With joys that never can be ours
 This side the darksome grave.
 As little wanton schoolboys try
 Their shadows to out-run,
 So we pursue the fleeting joy,
 And end as we begun.

Then back through disappointment's tears,
 On our past scenes we gaze :
 There, in the vale of other years,
 The stream of early days,
 Bright as the azure vault above,
 In hallowed glory lies :
 Oh ! all seems happiness and love
 'Neath young life's sunny skies.

SPEAK GENTLY OF THE DEAD.

The dead—nay, mention not the dead,
 Thy silence now they claim ;
 Wherefore select the low-laid head,
 If slander be the theme ?

Have they no virtues to record ?
 Then let their vices lie ;
 If from the upright path they err'd
 Who says—"So have not I ?"

The dead—the lost—whate'er their fault
 May've been in life, there's some,
 Some who, with heart all sorrow—fraught,
 Bewail their lonely home ;

Some who have mis'd them from their hearth,
 And could with tears reveal
 Such virtues of the "laid in earth,"
 As purest bosoms feel.

But be it as it may—'tis not
 For us to wound their fame,
 And hold to view each tarnish'd spot
 Once flung upon their hame—

Perhaps by envy—for there are
 Tongues that, with scorpion cling,
 Lay venom'd hold on character,
 E'en till they lose their sting.

But ah ! they might in pity spare
 The sleepers 'neath the sod ;
 E'en though their hearts were prone to err,
 Their gracious judge is God.

Then who are we who so condemn
 Our fellow-mortals here ?
 Arraigned at the same bar with them
 All must at last appear ;

Each one to answer for his own,
 Not for his neighbour's guile ;
 Who then, before that awful throne,
 Can clear himself the while ?

Ah ! then, speak gently of the dead,
 When borne from earth away ;
 The green sod resting on their head
 Might shield from calumny.

ENVY NOT THE POET'S LOT.

Envy not the poet's lot,
 Though his pathway seemeth
 Strewn with roses, and each spot
 Bright as sunlight gleameth.
 There's a thorn amid the flowers
 Which most deeply woundeth ;
 Oft when gladdest seem the bowers
 Sorrow most aboundeth.

Covet not the starry wreath
 Which the poet weareth,
 There is bitterness beneath
 Envy keen prepareth.
 Deem not that each happy lay
 Speaks a heart of gladness—
 Oft his heart appears most gay
 When his soul's all sadness.

Sigh not for the poet's breast
 With its golden visions,
 Still pursuing Hope's bright rest,
 Finding still delusions.
 Grasping at the shadowy thing,
 Ever onward gaining,
 Flinging glory from its wing,
 Ne'er within attaining.

Yet whene'er the poet's hands
 O'er the harp are straying,
 Music's soothing voice commands,
 Sorrow's throbs allaying.
 Not rich eastern dialema
 In his eye appeareth
 Half so glorious as the gems
 Which his forehead weareth.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN, B.A.

NO town in the empire, nor even in the world, we feel certain, has produced so many poets as that of Paisley, and to that number must be added the name of the late William Buchanan, who was born in the year 1821. He was educated at the Grammar School there, and at the University of Glasgow, where he took the first prize for poetry in the Logic Class, and also shone as a quick and a clever scholar, taking the degree of B.A. Studying for the ministry, he became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland about the year 1843, or 1844, and soon after was engaged as assistant at Kilbirnie, in Ayrshire; and in a short time he received a presentation to the parish of Kilmaurs, about two miles from Kilmarnock. For a while things went on smoothly, and his eloquent pulpit ministrations were the delight of his people, and the talk of the neighbouring parishes. On retiring from the ministry he began to contribute pretty largely to the press, and was appointed editor of the *Ayr Observer*, the leading Conservative journal in the county, which he conducted with excellent tact, and uncommon vigour. He afterwards edited the *Edinburgh Courant* for a short time, and, latterly, succeeded the late Thomas Aird as editor of the *Dumfries Herald and Register*. Returning again to the *Ayr Observer*, he died suddenly there, in the county town, in 1866, or 1867.

In 1859, when the whole of the English-speaking world had gone into a state of almost delirious frenzy about the genius of Robert Burns, consequent on the centenary of his birth, Mr Buchanan published "Robert Burns, a Centenary Ode," one of the best of the thousand and one such poems which then inundated the land. The versification is flowing and easy, the imagery natural and graceful, the language

highly poetical, the sarcasm scathing and withering; while the sense and meaning are always clear and unmistakable.

In 1866, shortly before his death, he brought out "A Volume of Verses: Serious, Humorous, and Satirical," which was exceedingly well received, and fully established his fame as a poet of the direct and realistic school. Mr Buchanan had no patience with the crude obscurities and the maudlin conceits of that modern school of poetry, (then at its height, but which is now happily on the decline), which goes wandering about like a bewildered man on a misty moor in search of far-fetched, unmeaning, and ridiculous poetic figures of speech and comparisons, until the poet's strength and the intelligent reader's patience are alike exhausted. In none of his poems did Mr Buchanan ever lose his own way, or bewilder his readers; though in the following withering style he could describe those poets who did both:—

Far higher praises, surely must be thine,
To spurn the probable in every line,
To leave poor tame reality afar,
And with dull reason wage eternal war;
To agonize in rhapsodies unknown
To men or angels, since they are thine own;
To spout and rage, to mutter and to melt,
With passions ne'er conceived, and pangs ne'er felt.

You shake your head. Well then I'll not insist;
I grant scarecrows loom largest through the mist;
And ragged thoughts, just like those ragged birds,
Show greatest covered with a cloud of words."

Had Mr Buchanan commenced earlier in life to cultivate his poetic faculty, or had that life been longer spared, he would undoubtedly have written other and nobler works than any he has left behind, though even these are sufficient to preserve his name.

We would have liked to have given entire the grand, fresh, and rolling "Centenary Ode," but its length compels us to abridge it.

ROBERT BURNS: A CENTENARY ODE.

We hail to-day his glorious birth,
 One hundred years ago,
 Who taught his brothers o'er the earth
 To think, to feel, to glow ;
 Whose independent spirit fires
 In countless thousands now.
 Ay, and will burn till Truth expires—
 That Roman of the plough !—

Who spurned the falsehood of pretence,
 The insolence of pride,
 Who measured men by worth and sense,
 And not by mere outside ;
 Who from the mob that worship state,
 Turned to the sterling few
 That honour—what alone is great—
 The Good, the Just, the True !—

Thy story, Burns, a tale unfolds,
 As thrilling as thy song ;
 Oh ! that the age which now beholds
 Might hate thy crying wrong—
 The cold neglect, contemptuous airs,
 The cruel, callous, sneers
 Proud Dullness towards Genius bears ;
 And worse, mayhap, the tears—

The maudlin tears which only fall
 As soon as men are dead,
 And flow full-coursing down the pall
 Of Bards who wanted bread ;
 The hypocritic tears accurst,
 So like their ways and doom,
 Who used to kill the prophets first,
 And garnished next their tomb !

He gave a voice to every mood,
 A tongue to every scene ;
 His scorn fell like a lashing flood,
 Electric wit between ;
 And satire's blast, rough, roaring, loud,
 Came on like driving hail ;
 How shrunk the shivering liars, cowed,
 Behind their rotten pale !

His genius like the sun forth shone,
 To bless our human sight,
 And clasp the world in one broad zone
 Of bright and living light ;
 To banish gloom—alas that gloom
 His own career should mark !
 Yet though the Sun all else illumine,
 The Sun itself is dark.

In Burns's lustre, oh ! how sweet
 The wild flow'rs round us spread !
 The mountain-daisy at our feet
 Lifts up its modest head ;
 The broom puts on a yellower flush
 Along our banks and braes ;
 The heather wears a deeper blush
 As conscious of our praise.

Fairies foot lighter on the lea,
 And dress in gayer green ;
 Fate wears more pleasing mystery,
 When he holds Hallowe'en ;
 He waves his wand—witches and ghosts
 Our wizard's spell abide ;
 He speaks, and lo ! the hellish hosts,—
 And "Tam's" immortal ride !

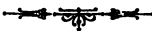
How softly blow those westland winds
 Around the happy spot,
 Where married love its dwelling finds,
 Care and the world forgot ;
 Where peace gives joy a deeper zest
 And sanctifies our lives,
 And each believes his "Jean" the best
 Of women and of wives.

And when that swiftly-footed Time
 Steals on us unaware,
 Writes wrinkles on young Beauty's prime,
 Binds Vigour to his chair ;
 Age looks not crabbed or forlorn
 Although its strength be gone—
 The fresh dew of a second morn
 Is round "John Anderson."

His lyrics stir our British blood
 Wherever Britons toil ;
 They fell the far Canadian wood,
 Dig the Australian soil ;
 Where Northern winters hold their reign,
 And Eastern summers long,
 They bind our sons in one strong chain
 Of Sentiment and Song.

Hail Scotia's Bard ! Long shall be felt
 Thy lyre so many-string'd ;
 To soothe, to madden, and to melt,
 What words like thine are wing'd ?
 One age—and do we deem it hard
 That but one Burns appears ?
 Nay, men were bless'd with such a Bard
 Once in a thousand years !

For he shall live, and shall live on,
 When all those years are past ;
 While harvests wave and rivers run ;
 While pangs and passions last ;
 He'll be till Nature's final hour
 Looks wan in Nature's face,
 A name, a presence, and a power,
 To move the human race.



ALEXANDER LAMONT

("THE VICAR OF DEEPDALE.")

SCOTLAND has not, perhaps, produced so many scholars or eminent names as England, yet in the number of learned men who have been entirely the architects of their own fortune, who, born in the humble walks of life, have acquired erudition by their own unremitting exertions, Scotland is considerably ahead of the sister kingdom. For this, various reasons might be given. The excellence of the instruction afforded by the parish schools, placing learning within the reach of the poorest rustic, must have been one ; and the cheapness of the Scotch Universities, compared to England, is perhaps another. We have given numerous typical instances of this, and Mr Lamont is still another.

Alexander Lamont was born at Johnstone, Renfrewshire, in 1843. His parents removed to Glasgow shortly after his birth. He was educated in Glasgow, and having adopted the profession of a teacher, he attended the Normal College of that city, and then the Arts Classes in its University for three consecutive years. Mr Lamont's first appointment was to a large school in Hamilton, which he presided over for ten years. In 1876 his abilities as a teacher were recognised by the Glasgow School Board, and he accepted office under them as Head Master in Church

Place (Temporary) School, and then as second master in the City Public Schools—schools which the Board have established for the purpose of advancing the higher education, and where much attention is bestowed on the Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages.

In the midst of his arduous and exacting duties as a teacher, Mr Lamont has economised his spare moments, and has given to the world numerous deeply thoughtful essays, sketches, and poems, showing gentle and cordial goodness, warm affection and helpful sympathy, as well as ardour and devotion to the cause of human happiness and improvement. Such subjects he discusses with fervid eloquence, and he clothes his poetic ideas in happy and beautiful language. Indeed, to defecate life of its miseries and its evils is the ruling passion of his soul, and he dedicates to it every power of his mind, and every pulsation of his heart. Mr Lamont has contributed much to the periodical literature of the day. He wrote a romance, "Destiny's Daughter," which appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and was well received. He has written to many of the leading magazines, including—*London Society*, *Belgravia*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Quiver*, *Good Words*, &c. In 1873 he wrote a series of papers to the *People's Friend*, entitled "Thoughts from Deepdale, by the Vicar." These were presumably written by a vicar of the Church of England, who had reached his threescore years and ten, and gave his experiences in Deepdale, and his impressions of spiritual life, and of the sights and sounds of nature in the many years that had passed over his head in the quiet retreat, which he describes as "a little paradise embosomed in one of our sweetest English seaboard counties." The character was a difficult one for a young man, but it was sustained with much power, and these sweet and soothing "messages to the outer world" attracted the attention and admiration of many of our best-

known critics, including the late George Gilfillan, who then formed a warm friendship towards the author, which lasted till the great mind was called away. When he reviewed the papers in book form—a handsome volume published by Hodder & Stoughton, London, entitled “Wayside Wells; or, Thoughts from Deepdale, by Alexander Lamont, 1874”—he said: “When we read some of these beautiful papers in the *People's Friend* we took the author at his word, and supposed him to be an elderly English vicar, living in a romantic dale somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Lake Country, and were quite astonished to learn on enquiry that he was a young man in the West of Scotland, hitherto guiltless of the sin of authorship, except in the shape of some very pleasing verses, and who had life all before him.” It was at Mr Gilfillan's urgent recommendation that the work was taken up by these London publishers, and it is pleasing to add that the book was an immediate success.

We are strongly tempted to give specimens of choice morsels from this work, but our space forbids. Every page is full of the beauty, freshness, and variety of Nature. “The Old Lieutenant's Story,” “The Stream,” “Wayside Wells,” “The Book World,” “A Dream in the Old Church,” and, indeed, all of the papers, display the heart of a poet, and give evidence that the author has *written himself*. Mr Lamont writes in an easy graceful manner, with a fine flow of sentiment, and a depth of feeling, purity of taste, and broad human sympathy which cannot fail to strike a chord in the breast of the reader. Several of his subjects are tenderly pathetic, while others display brightness, richness of style and enthusiasm, affording a stimulus to the strong and thoughtful; while others are calculated to brighten a sad hour, or to afford comfort and hope on a sick-bed. He sees God in Nature, and inasmuch as God's works give us a revelation of Him, they are part of Him. Ex-

ternal Nature brings to the author nothing but hope and joy, and that rest which seems to be as infinite and deep as the blue heavens above him—in his own words, “It is this feeling that sanctifies the songs of the warblers of the grove, gives a deep and sacred mystery to the merry laughter of childhood, and hallows the rosy tints of the wild rose, or the dark purple of the full-blown violet.”

These remarks apply equally to the poetical effusions of Mr Lamont. Many of them flow in a limpid current, with natural artlessness. This applies particularly to those in which he treats of women and children, while others are deeply thoughtful and suggestive. We rarely meet with *fine* lines taken by themselves. The poems, as a rule, are neat and complete, which is more important. It is unfair to a volume or a poem to pull to pieces a line here, or censure an epithet there, now to expose a faulty rhyme, now to turn up a loose construction. As was recently stated, “this may be an excellent way for a critic of activity earning his bread, but he has no more right to be called a critic than a weeder has to be called a gardener.” It should be the business of a critic to detect and make known to the world the good that is in a work rather than the evil. We conclude our sketch with the words of a critic in the *Glasgow Herald*:—“Mr Lamont is quite the reverse of a puling sentimentalist. To those who are acquainted with him personally his book will suggest a singular feature in his literary character. By nature he is full of airy humour; but the moment he takes pen in hand he becomes, as a rule, so serious that readers to whom he is unknown would never imagine that, under his gravest mood and style, he conceals a world of wholesome, peaceful, and jubilant fun.”

Let us hope that Mr Lamont will soon favour the world by publishing a selection of his verses in book form. Of late arduous professional work has pre-

vented him from writing much, but we trust he may yet be able to find time to prepare a second volume.

CHANGED.

The music of Spring's in the grove, Will ;
 The flowers are out in the dell ;
 And the pioneer bee exults, lad,
 O'er the gleam of the cowslip's bell.
 Far down by the murmuring brook, there,
 The shining daffodils blow ;
 But the golden dreams are away, lad,
 That were mine in that spring long ago !

There is balm in the morning breeze, Will ;
 There is song in the morning skies ;
 And the rosy sunbeams kiss, lad,
 The dew from the violets' eyes.
 Far down in the depths of the wood, lad,
 In the twilight the blackbirds sing ;
 But never the joy can they bring, lad,
 That they gave in that golden spring !

There are frisking lambs in the meads, Will ;
 There are bees on the bending flowers ;
 And the wild dove coos to his mate, lad,
 In the hush of the evening hours.
 The lily dreams over the fount, Will,
 And the sunbeam sleeps on the sea ;
 But the songs and the flowers of yore, lad,
 Shall never come back to me !

There's a shadow across my path, Will,
 In the midst of the gleam of Spring ;
 And the piping thrush on the thorn, lad,
 Sings not as it used to sing.
 And the lustre has gone from the stars, Will,
 While they seem far away and cold :
 They are not the stars that looked down, lad,
 Through those glorious nights of old !

There's a grave far down in the vale, Will,
 By the sacred churchyard wall ;
 There often I sit all alone, lad,
 Till the dews in the twilight fall ;
 And I gaze on the violets sweet, Will,
 That watch her with tender eyes ;
 And I mingle my tears with the dews, lad,
 As they come from the far-off skies.

Here are the flowers she gave me, Will—
 "Just withered violets," you say ;
 But I'll ever keep fresh in my heart, lad
 That face that has passed away !

And when in that Garden we meet, Will,
Where the violets always blow,
She'll smile as I give her the flowers, lad,
That I got from her long ago !

O N L Y ?

Only a withered violet ?
Ah ! there's more than the world knows there
In the eventide she gave it
As I gazed on her face so fair,
When her glad blue eyes were gleaming
With a love that was all for me ;
While one little star looked down from afar,
As we kissed 'neath the hawthorn tree !

Only a crumpled letter ?
I've had it for twenty years,
And each glowing word is hallowed
By Memory's sacred tears.
And I've lived in the life she gave me,
When first, in each burning line,
She laid at my feet, with a grace so sweet,
A love that was half divine.

Only a golden ringlet ?
To the world it is nothing more !
But my soul it clasps in its glory
To the light of the days of yore :
And I thrill to its silken softness,
In the depth of my lonely night ;
When I think of the grace of a fair young face,
Where lingered its golden light.

Only a lifelong vision ?
Only a dream of peace ?
Well, well, 'twill be something better
When sorrow and pain shall cease ;
So, I'll cherish these gifts she has left me,
And I'll render them up to her then :
My dream shall be fled, and my grief shall be dead,
When her blue eyes gaze on me again.

T H E R O U N D O F L I F E .

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery :
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
 A sailor lad and a maiden fair ;
 Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
 Is borne again on the listening air.
 For love is young though love be old,
 And love alone the heart can fill ;
 And the dear old tale that has been told
 In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay ;
 A wife looking out on the glistening sea ;
 A prayer for the loved one far away,
 And the prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree ;
 A lifted latch and a radiant face
 By the open door in the falling night ;
 A welcome home and a warm embrace
 From the love of his youth and his children
 bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair ;
 A golden light from the western sky ;
 His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
 And the open Book of God close by.
 Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
 And bright is the glow of the evening star ;
 But dearer to them are the jasper walls
 And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
 Two lying still in their peaceful rest ;
 The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
 In the fiery glow of the amber west.
 Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
 The night that follows the morning clear,
 A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
 Are the round of our lives from year to year !

THE SEED AND THE THOUGHT.

I cast two seeds of precious flowers
 All lightly from my hand away ;
 Heaven watered them with freshest showers,
 And sunlight kissed them all the day.
 The one came up, a lily white—
 A fairer never raised its head :
 The other ne'er to mortal sight
 Was seen, but in the ground lay dead.

I sent two thoughts of equal tone
 Into the throbbing souls of youth ;
 The one sank hopeless and alone,
 Untended e'er by love or truth.

The other fell 'mid peace and song,
 And grew in majesty and grace,
 That made the heart that nursed it strong,
 And looked from out a shining face.

Oh blessed earth that to thy breast
 Took the small seed so cast away,
 And brought it forth as vision blest,
 To lighten up the gloomy day !
 Oh, blessed heart, that took the thought
 In all the love with which 'twas given ;
 To brighten with the joy it brought,
 And bring the giver nearer heaven !

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

The evening sunlight slept on the bay,
 And the West all gleamed like the ruddy ore ;
 The fishermen steered their bark away,
 And the children shouted along the shore.
 The fishermen sang, and the wild sea-mew
 Shot up to the cliff from the shingly bars,
 And it saw them lost in the deepening blue,
 As they sailed away 'mid the rising stars.

The stars went out, and the storm came down,
 And the wailing wind filled all the night ;
 With a chill on their hearts, in the far-off town,
 The wives sat lone by the flickering light ;
 And the wild birds saw, 'mid the lightning's glare,
 A dark speck sink in the seething foam ;
 And a shrill cry rung through the troubled air,
 And a prayer for the babes who were left at home.

In the evening calm the sunlight slept
 Like an amber flood all over the bay ;
 The wives sat down on the cliffs and wept,
 Till the night chill fell on the dying day.
 But the ships sailed on to lands afar,
 And knew not the lingering grief on the shore ;
 The nightingale trilled to the evening star,
 And the ways of the world went on as before !

The thrush pipes sweet to his mate on the thorn,
 And the butterfly gleams past the wandering bee ;
 The lark sings shrill at the gates of the morn,
 And the white sails shine on the far-off sea,
 And the sea-mew answers the curlew's cry,
 And the red sun sinks in the golden main,
 And tears are falling, and lone hearts sigh
 For those who shall never come home again !

JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D.,

CLASSICAL Master in the Royal High School of Edinburgh, is an author and poet of much learning, varied accomplishment, and refined taste. He has proved himself to be a most faithful and vigorous translator from the Latin poets—exhibiting at once high attainments in scholarship and in literature. Dr Cranstoun was born in 1837 at Crossridge, in the parish of Carmichael, Lanarkshire, and was educated at the Parish School. He entered Glasgow University in 1852, and graduated B.A. in 1855. In 1856 he was appointed Classical Master in Hamilton Place Academy, Edinburgh, and was transferred to the Rectorship of the Grammar School of Kirkcudbright in 1860. He held this office till 1872, when he was appointed Rector of Dumfries Academy. In 1873 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow, and on being chosen as Classical Master in the High School of Edinburgh in 1878, he removed to that city. His sound scholarship and profound culture eminently qualified him for that distinguished post.

We have already indicated that it is a popular notion, and not without foundation, that eminence in literature is inconsistent with success at the bar. It is true that solicitors as a rule shun the young advocate who is known to dabble in verses, just as they avoid the great cricketer or the eminent bass singer. The same idea is prevalent in regard to other learned professions, including medical men and teachers. Yet in the fields of literature some names come before us as brilliant exceptions to the general rule, and the subject of our present sketch is one of these. In the midst of his arduous duties Dr Cranstoun has found time to court the Muse, and it has been said that several of the Latin poets have found in the Scottish schoolmaster the most faithful and

vigorous of translators—for he has performed his task with wondrous felicity of language, with a daintiness and delicacy above praise, and altogether creditable to Scottish scholarship. Indeed, fitness for such a work presupposes not only a thorough acquaintance with the style, idioms, and measures of the poets, but the possession of considerable poetic power on the part of the translator.

In 1867 Dr Cranstoun published "The Poems of Valerius Catullus" in English verse (Edinburgh: Nimmo), with life of the poet, excursus, and illustrative notes; in 1872 "The Elegies of Tibullus; and in 1875, "The Elegies of Sextus Propertius" (Edinburgh: Blackwood), with life and notes. These works have been highly spoken of by the leading reviewers of the day, and additional value has been given to the translations by the excellent lives of the poets and truly valuable notes. The undertaking was encompassed with difficulties of no ordinary description, and he has reason to feel proud that the result of his labours has called forth the gratitude, not only of the "gentle reader," but likewise of the professional critic—one of the latter writing as follows:—"Possessing rare qualifications as a translator, he is justly entitled to take a most creditable position among those who have exerted themselves to make the English reader familiar with the works of the leading classical poets. There is a pleasing absence of slovenliness in the present translation. The careful manner in which he has rendered each of the pieces, combined with the voluminous and learned notes that form the latter portion of the volume, shows that he considers no work should be attempted if not deserving of being well performed."

Regarding "Catullus" it has also been said that the "freedom and seeming ease of his style, the result of that high art which conceals itself, together with an unsurpassed richness of imagery and passionate power of conception in his graver pieces, make

the translation of the poetry of Catullus as delicate a duty as any scholar can assume. Honour due, then, to such poets as brave old Catullus—in truth he was not old, never will be old—and to the scholar proved and good who here introduces him in modern attire." The notes are full of much pleasant and ingenious criticism, while the parallel passages from other poets are numerous, apt, and beautiful, showing sparks of that high, pure power, which springs from true genius, and to which no mere versifier can ever attain.

Here we can only give selections from Dr Cranstoun's miscellaneous poems. These have as yet only appeared in our magazines and literary miscellanies, but we hope soon to hear of their being published in book form. They are of sufficient merit to secure the admiration of the general reader, as his translations have been found eminently useful to the scholar and the critic. Many of them abound in bright pictures of some of Nature's aspects—thoughtful and sympathetic, with numerous passages of much beauty. Dr Cranstoun might well be pronounced as a pure lover of Nature, and he gives evidence in the following verses of an appreciation of her beauties such as is given only to the true poet.

THE NEREID.

In radiant splendour, on the glassy waters,
Fair Dian lay like innocence asleep ;
When, clothed in beauty, one of Ocean's daughters
Rose from her palace deep.

Softly she issued through the azure portal,
Her every movement told she was divine ;
I stood and gazed upon the fair immortal,
I knelt before her shrine.

She came, her silken tresses round her trailing,
Thin clouds of spray her forehead circling now
Like the transparent mists of Orient, veiling
Aurora's crimson brow.

Fair was her face, her soft blue eyes bright-beaming ;
 She wore the aspect of a blooming bride ;
 All o'er her form the silver rays were streaming ;
 Round played the amorous tide.

I felt as if I'd drunk some magic potion,
 Strange visions rose before my frenzied brain :
 O could I dive to the deep caves of ocean
 And see that face again !

O for one glimpse of that undreamt-of glory !
 One brief and transient glimpse behind the veil !
 Fearless I'd brave the billows wild and hoary,
 Though Death bestrode the gale.

The heartless world may jeer in cold derision,
 No scorn can from my heart its idol sever ;
 The sweet remembrance of that midnight vision
 Will haunt my soul for ever.

MAY MORNING.

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Over the fresh green lea ;
 Flow'ret and leaflet of glad Beauty born
 Tell of the bright days to be !
 Hail May ! blythe Comer !
 First-born of Summer !
 Welcome to thee !

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Over the old gray hill !
 Myriads of insects of glad Beauty born
 Murmuring melodies trill :
 Rivulets glancing—
 Lambkins a-dancing
 Wayward of will !

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Close by the crystal stream !
 Leaf, bud, and blossom of glad Beauty born
 Faery things in a dream !
 Riverward drooping—
 Lovingly stooping—
 Tranced they seem.

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Deep in the greenwood bowers !
 Primrose on primrose of glad Beauty born
 Fresh with the circling hours !
 Nature restoring—
 Lavishly pouring
 Odorous showers.

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Down in the lonesome dell !
 Cowslip and daisy of glad beauty born,
 Jewelled with joy-tears that fell
 As Aurora, while keeping
 Her vigil, sat weeping :
 May looked so well.

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Over the deep blue sea !
 Wavelet on wavelet of glad Beauty born
 Rolling unfettered and free !
 Dimpledly streaming —
 Goldenly gleaming—
 Radiant with glee !

Sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 Under the clear blue sky !
 Sunbeam on sunbeam of glad Beauty born
 Glory showered down from on high !
 Hark the glad voicing—
 Hark the rejoicing—
 Marred by no sigh !

O sweet is the breath of the merry May morn
 By land and river and sea !
 Flower, leaf, and wavelet of glad Beauty born
 Tell of the bright days to be !
 Hail May, blythe Comer !
 First-born of Summer !
 Welcome to thee !

L I F E.

Stay ! pilgrim, cast thine eyes around,
 Upon the many-coloured ground,
 And see what glories there abound :
 Such is Life's variety.

Or see the rainbow's varying hue
 Enstamped on heaven's bright sea of blue,
 A moment more—gone from the view :
 Such is Life's stability.

Look at the painted butterfly
 That flutters 'neath the Summer sky ;
 With the first breeze 'twill struggling lie :
 Such is Life's felicity.

Fast ever seen, in sunny hours,
 Weeds coiling round the fairest flowers,
 And spoiling Autumn's rosy bowers ?
 Such is Life's amenity.

Hast ever seen the sweet-tongued bee
 Kiss clover-bloom on verdant lea,
 Then quickly from its charmer flee ?
 Such is Life's fidelity.

Hast ever seen a maiden smile,
 And lealest lover sore beguile—
 Her gay young heart clay-cold the while ?—
 Such is Life's sincerity.

Hast seen the clear blue sky o'er cast
 By blackening cloud and darkening blast,
 Then showers of hail come driving fast ?
 Such is Life's serenity.

The brightest sunshine will not last,
 'Tis but a taper in the past ;
 Sweet Summer now—now Winter's blast :
 Such is Life's reality.

Still while the stream of Time shall flow,
 All that we cherish here below
 Decay and change shall surely know :
 This the only certainty.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

Ever pants the heart of mortal
 For a fairer, happier time,
 Yearns to ope the golden portal
 Will reveal a sunnier clime,
 Where the purple hues of morning
 Usher in a cloudless day,
 Fadeless flowers life's path adorning—
 Never dreaming of decay ;
 Sighing for delights and pleasures,
 Joys in aspect ever new ;
 Rich domains, exhaustless treasures,
 Gems of every gorgeous hue.
 Such the fairy realm the heart of dreaming youth delights to
 rear ;
 Summer skies without a dark'ning cloud—a world without a
 tear.

Nought can cool our mad devotion—
 Fancy paints the golden strand ;
 O'er the earth, across the ocean,
 Still we seek the charmed land ;
 And we live but to discover
 That the happy dreams were vain,
 And that clouds still round us hover,
 Yet we sigh and dream again.

And we build our fairy palace,
 Mightier, statelier than before ;
 Deeper quaff from Fancy's chalice,
 Quaff, and yearn, and dream the more.
 Fancies fend as ever poet wove in rapture-breathing strain ;
 Visions idle as the ravings of the fever-wildered brain.

Since the curtain riseth never
 This bright Eden to display,
 Why, in idle longings ever,
 Do we, creatures of a day,
 Thus away our moments fritter
 On a visionary gleam ?
 And the sweets of life embitter
 For the glory of a dream ?
 Fruits there are that cannot perish,
 Garner'd for the just above ;
 Let us live content, and cherish
 Faith in God's unchanging love.
 This can shed upon our sin-blurr'd world a lustre pure and
 bright ;
 Lead us to a land where lowering cloud ne'er glooms the Eternal
 light.

For there is a land of glory
 Eye of mortal may not scan ;
 Where the aged grow not hoary ;
 Where the cheek is never wan ;
 Where the path is never dreary
 In the roll of endless years ;
 Where the soul is never weary
 Nor the eye bedimm'd with tears.
 Death, the mighty, dread Magician,
 Can alone, with potent hand,
 Raise the veil that bars our vision,
 And reveal the beauteous land.
 Then the eye shall gaze on wonders such as man hath never
 seen ;
 Grasp the glories of the future and the glory that hath been.



PETER STILL,

AUTHOR of the "Cottar's Sunday, and other
 Poems," and father of the poet of the same
name we sketched in our first volume, was born in the

parish of Longside, Aberdeenshire, in 1814. He was early sent forth to the world to add his mite to the family exchequer, for we find him when between ten and eleven years of age herding cattle on a wide and wild range of hills some miles distant from his father's house. During the winter months he was sent to school. After marrying (in his twentieth year) he became a day labourer, but his sight began to fail him, and for more than six months he was stone blind. On his sight being restored he was laid aside by other infirmities; indeed his life was one long struggle with misfortune, with sickness, and with poverty.

In 1839 he published a few poems in the hope of "realizing as much profit as keep my famishing family from absolute want." In 1844 he published another small volume, entitled "The Cottar's Sunday, and other Poems," which, coming under the notice of the Professors and Principals of King's College and University of Aberdeen, who interested themselves in his behalf, found a ready sale, and he was thereby enabled to continue the education of his children, and give himself many comforts which had been previously beyond his reach. Like Burns and Thom before him, he was taken to Edinburgh and other places by his patrons, and there lionised; but for all that his heart yearned for his "hamely" fireside, and for the sights and scenes of his struggling manhood. From the time of his being in "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," until his death, he seldom tuned his lyre. His frame had been so enfeebled by his hard labours in moss and moor that the spirit within him had no heart left to sing; but any lilt then warbled had the old fire and ring about it. After struggling a few more years he died at Blackhouse Tollbar, near Peterhead, in 1848, at the early age of thirty-four.

His life was a fragment, a broken clue—
His harp had a tuneful string or two.

He left a widow, who still survives; and we regret to learn that even yet, in her declining years, she has to earn a livelihood by going from house to house as a washerwoman.

His poems are pure specimens of the gentle Doric, with here and there a vein of quiet humour running through them, as witness his "Ye Needna be Courtin' at me, auld man." The following is a fragment of an incomplete, untitled, and unpublished poem, inscribed on the back page of a letter addressed to his brother some short time before his death:

There's sunlight on the earth again,
There's music in the sky;
There's beauty on the brow of May,
And glory in her eye.

She smiles benignly as of yore;
Her mournful days are gone,—
Rejoice again ye fruitful fields,
Put all your beauties on!

Bloom on the braes ye daisies dear;
Bloom on the meadows green;
Ye cowslips yield your golden cups
And mingle in the scene.

Ye bluebells and ye pansies pure
O sweetly gem the plain;
There's glory in the eye of May
And light on earth again.

YE NEEDNA' BE COURTIN' AT ME.

"Ye needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna' be courtin' at me;
Ye're threescore an' three, an' ye're blin' o' an' e'e,
Sae ye needna' be courtin' at me, auld man,
Ye needna' be courtin' at me.

"Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be, auld man,
Stan' aff, noo, an' just lat me be;
Ye're auld an' ye're cauld, an' ye're blin' an' ye're bauld,
An' ye're nae for a lassie like me, auld man,
Ye're nae for a lassie like me."

"Ha'e patience, an' hear me a wee, sweet lass,
Ha'e patience, an' hear me a wee;
I've gowpens o' gowd, an' aumry weel stow'd,
An' a heart that lo'es nane but thee, sweet lass,
A heart that lo'es nane but thee.

"I'll busk you as braw as a queen sweet lass,
 I'll busk you as braw as a queen ;
 I've guineas to spare, an', hark 'ye, what's mair,
 I'm only twa score an' fifteen, sweet lass,
 Only twa score an' fifteen."

"Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear auld man,
 Gae hame to your gowd an' your gear ;
 There's a laddie I ken has a heart like mine ain,
 An' to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
 To me he shall ever be dear."

"Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair, auld man,
 Get aff, noo, an' fash me nae mair ;
 There's a something in love that your gowd canna move—
 I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare, auld man,
 I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare."

THE BUCKET.

The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me !
 Awa' wi' your bickers o' barley bree ;
 Though good ye may think it, I'll never mair drink it—
 The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me !
 There's health in the bucket, there's wealth in the bucket,
 There's mair i' the bucket than money can see ;
 An' aye when I leuk in't I find there's a beuk in't
 That teaches the essence o' wisdom to me.

Whan whisky I swiggit, my wife aye beggit,
 An' aft did she sit wi' the tear in her e'e ;
 But noo—wad you think it?—whan water I drink it,
 Right blythesome she smiles on the bucket an me.

The bucket's a treasure nae mortal can measure,
 It's happit my wee bits o' bairnies an' me ;
 An' noo roun' my ingle, whare sorrows did mingle,
 I've pleasure, an' plenty, an' glances o' glee.

The bucket's the bicker that keeps a man sicker,
 The bucket's a shield an' a buckler to me ;
 In pool or in gutter nae langer I'll splutter,
 But walk like a freeman wha feels he is free.

Ye drunkards, be wise noo, an' alter your choice noo—
 Come, cling to the bucket, an' prosper like me ;
 Ye'll find it is better to swig "caller water,"
 Than groan in a gutter without a bawbee !

LYDIA FALCONER FRASER

WAS the wife of Hugh Miller—a name of which Scotland is proud; and well may she boast of her son, for was he not a fine example of true genius educating itself amid unfavouring obstacles, producing works, the fame of which will be lasting? She was the daughter of an Inverness merchant of good Highland descent. Her education was concluded under the care of the well-known George Thomson, of Edinburgh, the musical correspondent of Burns; and the literary society she there met—Mrs Grant of Laggan, the Ballantines, the poet of “Anster Fair,” and others—seems to have given a permanent tone to her singularly refined mind. She became a student of cumbrous philosophies as well as of lighter literature, and went through a course of Algebra almost unaided. In a tableau of that period we have a hint too of her personal attractions. In fading light one evening Mrs Grant’s ageing eyes were unable to decipher some passage in the poets to which reference had been made. Miss Fraser brought a candle and stood with it, and in that charmingly sententious vein, now a thing classic, and of the past, the old lady, looking up, observed—“Poetry, lighted by one of the Graces.”

In early womanhood she went to Cromarty with her mother, and there were realized these scenes which are portrayed in Hugh Miller’s autobiography. As wife of Hugh Miller her culture and rare conversational powers stood her husband in good stead, and he has left, in his last words, a touching memorial of his affection for her. His love-making was characteristic and manly. Writing to Miss Fraser on one occasion he said:—“My mother has a very small garden behind her house. *It has produced this season one of the most gigantic*

thistles of the kind which gardeners term the Scotch, that I ever yet saw. The height is fully nine feet, the average breadth nearly five. Some eight years ago I intended building a little house for myself in this garden. I was to cover it outside with ivy, and to line it inside with books; and here was I to read and write and think all my life long—not altogether so independent of the world as Diogenes in his tub, or the savage in the recesses of the forest, but quite as much as is possible for man in his social state. Here was I to attain to wealth not by increasing my goods, but by moderating my desires. . . . Only see how much good philosophy you have spoiled. I am not now indifferent to wealth or power or place in the world's eye. I would fain be rich, that I might render you comfortable; powerful, that I might raise you to those high places of society which you are so fitted to adorn; celebrated, that the world might justify your choice." Again:—"A good wife is a mighty addition to a man's happiness; and mine, whom I have been courting for about six years, and am still as much in love with as ever, is one of the best." There was no trace of intellectual dictatorship on his part. He highly valued every suggestion and remark of Mrs Miller's. She revered his mental power, without sacrificing her independent judgment. They were exactly on those terms on which it was desirable and beautiful that a man eminent in the intellectual world and his wife should be. Dr Bayne, in his "Life and Letters," says:—"In the friendliest tone she would hint to him that some part of his dress might be improved; and pleasant little banterings—'netted sunbeams' on the surface of the stream, showing the depth of the flow of conjugal happiness beneath,—would occur upon the subject. I remember, for instance, that his hat was once pronounced exceptionable, and that, by way of providing himself with an ally against Mrs Miller on the point, he had trained his

son Hugh, just beginning to toddle and lisp to say,

Papa has got a very bad hat,
And many a word he hears about that."

He took a lively interest in and encouraged her in her literary pursuits, and only a few days before his death expressed a warmly favourable opinion of the merits of her little work, "Cats and Dogs," then passing through the press. To the last she was his helpmeet and critic; and after his death edited with much labour several of his posthumous works, and greatly aided in the production of his biography. She was also herself, as we have indicated, an author. "Cats and Dogs" still retains its place as one of the minor classics of natural history. "Passages in the Life of an English Heiress," a story giving the impressions formed by an English lady of the state of the Scottish Church and its people during the Disruption controversy, although published anonymously, attracted attention at the time. Mrs Miller died in 1876.

The following poem, which is preserved in Hugh Miller's "Schools and Schoolmasters," was written upon the death of a winning child—their first. The plaintive words "awa, awa," were among its own first words, repeated, child-like, when they left it, and, after it was taken away from them, came back like a refrain upon their memories.

"THOU'RT AWA."

Thou'rt awa, awa, from thy mother's side,
And awa, awa, from thy father's knee;
Thou'rt awa from our blessing, our care, our caressing,
But awa from our hearts thou'lt never be.

All things, dear child, that were wont to please thee
Are round thee here in beauty bright,—
There's music rare in the cloudless air,
And the earth is teeming with living delight.

Thou'rt awa, awa, from the bursting spring time,
Tho' o'er thy head its green boughs wave;
The lambs are leaving their little footprints
Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

And art thou awa, and awa for ever,—
 That little face,—that tender frame,—
 That voice which first, in sweetest accents,
 Call'd me the mother's thrilling name,—

That head of nature's finest moulding,—
 Those eyes, the deep night ether's blue,
 Where sensibility its shadows
 Of ever-changing meaning threw ?

Thy sweetness, patience under suffering,
 All promis'd us an opening day
 Most fair, and told that to subdue thee
 Would need but love's most gentle sway.

Ah me ! 'twas here I thought to lead thee,
 And tell thee what are life and death,
 And raise thy serious thoughts first waking
 To Him who holds our every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee,
 That angels are thy teachers now,—
 That glory from thy Saviour's presence
 Kindles the crown upon thy brow ?

O, no ! to me earth must be lonelier,
 Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love ;
 Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,
 Mild beacon to the world above.



HUGH MILLER.

THE story of the life of Hugh Miller has been so often and well told that we are not called on to devote much space to it here ; yet we will endeavour to show that he had a poetic side—that he could harmoniously combine poetry with science, and that there was much poetic beauty in his descriptive and scientific works. “Scenes and Legends” is a prose-poem, displaying science and philosophy, *humour* and pathos, studied in the spirit of poetry, and to a great extent bringing out his mental *history*.

His career proves that Nature cherishes her own, and that well-directed industry and perseverance—or genius if you will—will educate itself amid the most unfavourable circumstances, and will shine through the difficulties of the humblest lot. Born and bred in obscurity, receiving only the simplest elements of scholarship, apprenticed, when but a lad, to the trade of a mason, and following it steadily for many years,—these were not the most propitious circumstances in which genius could be reared; and his success must be wholly ascribed to native energy, and to his own high aspirations, and gallant exertions. He had consciousness of powers within himself, and the fireside tales and legends which merely awakened fear or curiosity in his playmates opened up to his imaginative soul old ages and different worlds. As the Rev. Peter Landreth says in his able work, “Studies and Sketches,” “Nature, which was but a playground to his companions was his school, while his long and solitary rambles were earnest though informal studies. He was largely and eagerly observant, and deeply reflective concerning a world of things quite foreign to his early calling. He toiled in a quarry, but his own mind was a rich quarry in which he constantly worked, alone and unassisted.”

Hugh Miller was born in 1802, in a cottage in the little town of Cromarty, on the Moray Firth. The town stands on a point of land beneath a hill beautifully variegated with heather fields, and woods; and in front is a bay which, ere the days of maritime discovery, was considered one of the finest in Europe. In the neighbourhood are fertile spots and sheltered nooks, brooks rippling through wooded dells, caves hollowed in the rocks; while from almost every point there is a gleaming of waters, and a chain of hills, running along the Firth on the north, leads the eye to Ben Wyvis, sleeping in the *pearl-blue of distance*. Here he enjoyed the beauties of *Nature*, and appreciated them with the eye and the

heart of a poet. Indeed, during the days of his boyhood, and while an apprentice with his uncle he had a deep-seated resolution to become a poet. He loved the birds, and bees, and flowers, and we are told that the strange marks on the rocks excited his curiosity and interest. Years after, however, he had the wisdom to see that there is a point at which poet and prose writer branch off into different roads. Before that point is reached, songs and poems of even more than average merit may be and often have been, composed by a prose writer, but they are only the practice needed to fit him for his own field of literary work. In seeing this Hugh Miller discovered where his strength lay, and in after years looked on his "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason," as a mere relaxation from graver studies, and doubtless the world at large has considered his utterances in prose as being conceived in the spirit of poetry. His diction was in the highest degree poetical, yet free from every extravagance which would at once be detected in a prose volume. He, of all men, held the mirror up to Nature, and while his language was highly figurative the figures were not mere idle ornaments.

It was while acting as bank accountant in Cromarty that he published his "Scenes and Legends," and part of his leisure time was occupied in writing for Wilson's *Tales of the Borders* and *Chambers's Journal*. In 1840 he became editor of the *Witness*, and distinguished himself as a controversial writer on ecclesiastical topics. His first publication after his removal to Edinburgh was "The Old Red Sandstone," followed by "First Impressions of England and its People," "Footprints of the Creator;" while his last work, the "Testimony of the Rocks," on which he had bestowed much and intense thought, was published directly after his death.

We do not require to follow in detail the narrative of his busy life, or to speak of what he has done in

his numerous works in disinterring the past, or to follow his career as a stone-cutter, bank accountant, at the editorial desk, as a fearless advocate of non-intrusion, or the tragic close of his noble life in the winter of 1856. Dr Bayne, Dr John Brown, H. A. Page, in his "Golden Lives," Jean L. Watson, and others have done this well and justly, while he himself has described the growth of his mind from the glimmering dawn of boyhood to the full light of maturity. Here and there he has wrought into the history as much as is worth knowing of the surroundings, which helped to mould his thoughts at each step of their progress, while he climbed the steep path that led him upward from the mason's shed to the editor's room, from the chisel to the pen.

Hugh Miller said that Burns taught the Scottish people to stand erect, so that now they have lost their habitual stoop. He taught the lesson himself even more effectually, and constantly backed it up by the uninterrupted practice of a life which was in every way great, manly, and sympathetic.

His wedding gift to his wife was a Bible, on which he inscribed the following verses expressive of the pious joy, deep but not exultant, and with its pensive vein, which he felt when he put it into her hand:—

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, 'twere ill by sordid gift
 Were love like mine expressed ;
 Take Heaven's best boon, this Sacred Book,
 From him who loves thee best.
 Love strong as that I bear to thee,
 Were sure unaptly told
 By dying flowers, or lifeless gems
 Or soul-ensnaring gold.

I know 'twas He who formed this heart,
 Who seeks this heart to guide ;
 For why?—He bids me love thee more
 Than all on earth beside—
 Yes, Lydia, bids me cleave to thee,
 As long's this heart has cleaved ;
 Would, dearest, that His other laws
 Were half so well received.

Full many a change, my only love,
 On human love attends ;
 And at the cold sepulchral stone,
 The uncertain vista ends.
 How best to bear each various change,
 Should weal or woe befall,
 To love, live, die, this Sacred Book,
 Lydia, it tells us all.

O, much beloved ! our coming day
 To us is all unknown ;
 But sure we stand a broader mark,
 Than they who stand alone.
One knows it all ; not *His* an eye
 Like ours, obscured and dim ;
 And knowing us, He gives this book,
 That we may know of Him.

Then O, my first, my only love,
 The kindest, dearest, best !
 On Him may all our hopes repose—
 On Him our wishes rest.
 His be the future's doubtful day,
 Let joy or grief befall :
 In life or death, in weal or woe,
 Our God, our guide, our all.

SISTER JEANIE, HASTE, WE'LL GO.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
 To where the white-starred gowans grow,
 Wi' the puddock-flower, o' gowden hue,
 The snawdrap white, and the bonnie vi'let blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
 To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,
 To where the pine tree, dark and high,
 Is pointing its tap to the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
 Is sung in the young-leaved woods to-day ;
 Flits on light wing the dragon-flee,
 And hums on the flowerie the big red bee.

Doun the burnie wirks its way
 Aneath the bending birken spray,
 An' wimples roun the green moss-stane,
 An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie, come ! thy days o' play
 Wi' autumn tide shall pass away ;
 Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
 Be ravished wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
 An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes ;
 An' though, through mony a cloudless day,
 My winsome Jean shall be handsome and gay ;

He wha grasps thy little hand
 Nae langer at they side shall stand,
 Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
 Lead thee the lownest an' the bonniest way.

Dost thou see yon yard sae green,
 Speckled wi' mony a mossy stane ?
 A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,
 An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brother lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile
 May chide thy joy and damp thy smile ;
 But soon ilk grief shall wear awa',
 And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad ;
 Life vex'd me aft, but this maks glad ;
 When could my heart and closed my e'e,
 Bonnie shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

EPI TAPH.

*Attempted in the Manner of the Scottish Poets of the
 Last Century.*

Morsel passed o'er Death's dark swallow !
 Here lies straik'd,—puir fallow !
 A' his whims an' wild moods over ;
 Mute the bard, and staid the rover.

Dost thou wish to ken his failings,
 Troth, guid frien', they werena small anes ;
 Yet though rude, an' wild, an' careless,
 There are wiser folk could bear less.

Restless as the restless sea, still
 Puir he was an' puir wad be still ;
 Warl's gear he didna reck it,
 Ev'n his ain he scarce wad seek it.

Puir folk, he saw mean ones press you,
 But alas ! could not redress you ;
 Vain folk, he look'd down upon you,
 Rich folk, he sought naething from you.

Mean heart, gang your ways, forget him,
 But think twice before ye wyte him ;
 When he breath'd ye durstna raise him,
 Wretch begone ! nor blame nor praise him.

Warm heart, pass na heedless by him ;
 Brave heart, let na fules decry him :
 Leal heart thou hadst sure caress'd him,
 For the blin' wi' gowd might trust him.

What was gude in life he kent it,
 Quiet he liv'd, and died contented :
 Twa three honest bodies mourned him ;
 A' the rest or blam'd or scorn'd him.

Here he lies all calm and lonely,
 Loftier brows maun lie as meanly ;
 Blume ye wild field floweries o'er him,
 Birdies wi' your sangs deplore him.



HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON,

ELDER daughter of Hugh Miller, is the author of occasional poems and of several novels. Her poems, though they as yet show perhaps a little too much of the gloss of sentiment, are far from devoid of real beauty and pathos. The second of those here embodied possesses even a certain power to haunt the imagination. Mrs Davidson's writings, however, have been mainly in prose. "Isobel Jardene's History" is a temperance tale, possessing itself the virtue—rare enough in such matters—of calm temperance, and with excellent argument, skilfully inwoven with interesting narrative. "Christian Osborne's Friends" has many features suggesting a reference to her own hardy seafaring ancestors. Both those volumes were received by the press as not unworthy a daughter of Hugh Miller; we might especially indicate a prose poem towards the close of the second as recalling not a little of the power of the author of the "Mosaic Vision of Creation."

The following from one of her father's letters to her will give some idea of the early influences

that surrounded her:—"You tell me you were 'considering whether I wrote anything in the album at the John o' Groat's Inn, and, if I did, what I wrote.' Well, I did write in it, without adding my name, however; and what I did write was, though not poetry, a kind of verse. . . . In all verse-writing a sort of marriage should take place between the lady *Rhyme* and the gentleman *Reason*; but in many verses the parties do not come together at all, and in many more the union is far from being a happy one. It is only those Heaven-made marriages that are happy, in which genius enacts the part of the priest. That in which I took a part at Huna was at best only a kind of humdrum fisher-wedding—the bridegroom, though not quite a fool, was decidedly commonplace, and the bride, if not a *fright*, was at least plain.

John o' Groats is a shapeless mound,
 John o' Groat is dust;
 To shapeless mound and wormy ground
 Man, and man's dwelling, must;—
 Rottenness waits on the pomp of Kings,
 On the sword of the warrior canker and rust.

John o' Groat lives still,
 Lives in another sphere;
 Evil his fare if his life was ill;
 Happy, if righteous his course when here.
 Traveller ponder on these things
 And depart in God's fear."

Mrs Davidson was the wife of the Rev. John Davidson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Adelaide, South Australia, who died during the present year. The following poem on "Summer" attracted the kindly notice of Charles Kingsley.

SUMMER.

Blow, flowers, yellow and red,
 Down in the garden fair;
 Sing, birds, with love-notes strong,
 In your swinging bowers in the air.

Sing, birds ; blow, flowers ;
 Swing censers of sweetness high,
 For the festival time of earth is begun,
 And solemn, and sweet, and glad in one,
 Is the summer that draweth nigh.

Blow, lilies, stately and tall,
 Robed in your silver sheen ;
 Sing, glad father-birds, over the nests,
 Up in the tree-tops green.
 Sing, birds ; blow, flowers ;
 Ring out your anthems sweet ;
 Little leaves, clap your innocent hands :
 Summer is thrilling through all the lands,
 With the touch of her golden feet.

Flame out, wallflowers, in fiery brown ;
 Ope, early rosebuds in June ;
 Brood, mother-birds in silent joy,
 Waiting is over soon.
 Sing, birds ; blow, flowers ;
 Faint stirrings of life begun
 Will come below in the thrilling nest,
 Under the mother-bird's love-warm breast,
 And the crown of her life be won.

Brighten, oh flowers, with the brightening days,
 Down in the garden fair ;
 Peal out, oh birds, your passionate notes,
 On the quivering summer air.
 Blow, flowers ; sing birds ;
 Summer-time fleets amain ;
 Bind my heart with a chain of song,
 So shall its pulses beat brave and strong,
 When winter-time comes again.

L O S T.

The night fell soft and starlit
 On a beautiful harbour town,
 Where crescents of tall white houses
 To the golden beach crept down.

The windows were set wide open
 To catch the gentle air,
 And out on the darkening water
 The glimmering lights shone fair.

The children's clear young voices
 Rung out on the quiet night,
 And the sound of merry music
 And of dancing footsteps light.

And mingled with all the gladness
From a church close by the sea,
Came the sound of an organ pealing
Its solemn melody.

The people there were praying,
And singing an evening psalm,
And the sound of their voices floated
Away on the waters calm.

While some were buying and selling
Out in the lighted street,
Where the hum of many voices rose,
And the echo of many feet.

And no one guessed, among them all,
That out in the harbour fair
A lonely man was drowning
In darkness and despair.

For hours he had been clinging
To a slender drifting spar ;
He has drifted in from wilder seas
Beyond the harbour bar.

And now he knows by his dimming eye,
And his tired and numbing hand,
That here at last the end has come
Just within sight of land.

He hears the merry music,
He hears the children call,
He can catch a glimpse of the lighted rooms
As the slow waves rise and fall.

He can hear the organ pealing,
And the hymn's long-drawn refrain ;
And a low sigh bursts from his heavy breast
In his last, long, lonely pain.

He knows that if he could but call,
If his voice could reach the land,
Full many a kindly heart would throb,
And many a helping hand.

But his breath is spent. His weary breast
Heaves in low shuddering sighs,
And the lights are slowly fading
From his dim and tired eyes.

And so he sinks ; and no one knows
In all that busy town,
When out in their beautiful harbour,
That lonely man goes down.

Oh kind souls ! pause in your praying !
 Stay awhile the music sweet ;
 Silence the children's laughter
 And the sound of dancing feet.

And listen, perchance if near you,
 For want of one tender hand,
 Some lonely soul may be drowning
 Just within sight of land.



JEANIE MORISON

IS a daughter of the late Rev. James Buchanan, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the New College, Edinburgh, at one time one of the most admired among Scottish preachers, and of Mary Morison of Hetland, his wife. Her poetical talent awoke early. In girlhood one of her poems was submitted to Hugh Miller. "I think there is genius there," he said, and there could not have been a better judge.

In 1873 she published a collection of short poems, entitled "Snatches of Song" (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); three years later she published (London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.) "Pontius Pilate, a Drama," founded on a careful study of history and legend. Besides these two works she has been an occasional contributor in verse and prose to various periodicals, such as the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, and the *Family Treasury*. Early in life she married Major William Rose Campbell of Ballochyle, afterwards Lt.-Colonel, J.P. and D.L. for Argyllshire. She is now the wife of Mr Hugh Miller, of H.M. Geological Survey, second son of the eminent geologist. Mr Miller is thus following in *his father's* footsteps as a geologist, and litterateur,

and has written a biography of Sir Roderick Murchison.

Her volumes were well received, and it is interesting to note how various were the poems among her "Snatches" that were selected for approval by the different critics of the press. The late Mr Horne noticed her along with Jean Ingelow and several others in the *Contemporary Review* in an article on Mrs Barrett Browning, as one of the lady poets who have followed that rich genius. The poems of Jeanie Morison show considerable imaginative power, and the faculty of versification in an abundant degree. The drama of "Pontius Pilate" gives evidence of much originality in treatment and depth of thought, while her minor pieces are rich in natural tenderness and melody. To a highly cultivated taste she adds the indispensable qualification of being able to interpret the teachings of Nature; and many of her little poems contain, in a small compass, much that is sure to lighten and comfort perplexed minds and anxious hearts.

THE GREEK GIRL.

Hush ! for I hear them through the silent hill
 At the hour when the shadows fall,
 And their wild low tones o'er my heart-strings thrill,
 And the blood runs chill,
 And the pulse is still,
 At the voice of their shadowy call.

I hear them, they come from the silent streams
 Of the far-off voiceless shore,
 On whose deep wave the Starlight beams,
 And the Morning gleams,
 And the shadow dreams
 Never for ever more.

I hear them—they call—shall I answer not
 When the Loved and the Dead is there ?
 Shall he say that the maiden he loved, forgot ?
 That she answered not,
 In his lonely lot,
 To the voice of his spirit's prayer ?

Not so, not so, this wild mountain bed
 When the day's glad course is o'er,
 Shall pillow the faithful's weary head,
 And the purple heather shed,
 Its bloom o'er the dead,
 The weary, for evermore.

It was far away where thou call'dst me first,
 Thou voice of the Silent Shade!
 In the sunny home where the bright flowers burst,
 And the starlight gushed,—
 And the waters hush'd
 Heard, as they played.

Thou call'dst and I answered—I heard thy tone
 When it spake in love's whisperings there,
 Of the moonlit sea whence that voice hath gone,
 And the billows moan,
 And the midnight lone,
 Breathing thy prayer.

'Twas morn on the waters—its silver light
 On my own eastern sea,
 When thou spak'st again and that voice of might,
 O'er the waters bright,
 Called through the night
 Of Death, to follow thee.

I knew where that breath on the waters led,
 To what doom of dread and fear;
 But what to me though Death's wings were spread
 Above my head,
 If the Dead,
 And the Loved were near?

'Twas night when that shadowy tone stole last
 From thy bed on the ocean's breast
 Where, neath the moon's soft radiance cast,
 Touched by no sweeping blast,
 Thou slumb'rest at last,
 Belovéd, at rest.

I hear, I hear, shall I answer not,
 When the Loved and the Dead is there?
 Shall he say that the maiden he loved, forgot?
 That she answered not,
 In his lonely lot,
 To the voice of his spirit's prayer?

Not so, not so, this wild mountain bed,
 When the day's glad course is o'er,
 Shall pillow the Faithful's weary head,
 And the purple heather shed
 Its bloom o'er the dead,
 Thine, thine for evermore!

"BLIND, BLIND, BLIND."

Wandering drearily
 Faint and oppress,
 Weeping so wearily,
 Finding no rest,—
 Lost in the wilderness,
 Lonely and leaderless,
 Blind and distress.

Listening so breathlessly,
 Fountains to hear,
 Dying all hopelessly,
 Water so near,
 Hagar disconsolate,
 Woman all desolate,—
 God doth appear.

Faint one, all reverently
 Drink of that tide,
 Blind one, all trustingly
 Lean on that guide ;
 In the dark wilderness,
 No longer leaderless,
 Close to His side.

Lone one, all lovingly
 Come to His breast,
 Weak one, all tenderly
 Thou shalt be blest ;
 Living in joyfulness,
 Dying in hopefulness,
 There thou shalt rest.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

Bear them, bear them softly,
 The youthful to their rest,
 Whisper, whisper gently,
 For they are blest ;
 Lightly place them,
 In kindred earth,
 Again embrace them,
 Earth to earth.

Weep not, weep not sadly
 Over their rest,
 Praise ye, praise ye gladly,
 For they are blest ;
 Seemeth life lonely,
 Since they are fled ?
 Mourn for thyself only,—
 Weep not the dead.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

Weep not the dead !
 The spring bloom faded
 Is but the brightness fled
 Ere it was shaded ;
 Say not untimely
 The weary are gone,
 Though scarce shineth dimly
 The star of the morn.

Nor for thyself sorrow,
 Long, broken-hearted ;
 The autumn tints follow
 When summer hath parted.
 Weep not, weep not sadly
 Over their rest ;
 Praise ye, praise ye gladly,
 For they are blest.

DEEP SEA GRAVES.

A little splash in the ocean,
 A child's form sunk in the wave,
 And the ship, with stately motion,
 Steers onward, proud and brave ;
 But a mother's heart, all broken,
 Went down to her baby's grave.

A little hope-flower wither'd,
 Cast in the heart's deep sea,
 And the life goes on unalter'd,
 Bravely and steadfastly ;
 But ne'er is such bloom regather'd
 This side Eternity.



MONTAGUE STANLEY, A.R.S.A.

THIS sweet poet, rising painter, and talented son of Thespis, was born at Dundee, in 1809, and crossed the Atlantic with his father, who was connected with the navy, when only fourteen months old. At the age of three he lost his father, and in *the sole care* of his mother, resided in New York *until his seventh year*, when they removed to Halifax

in Nova Scotia. Here he early contracted a love for the stage, and before he had completed his eighth year he had performed a part in one of the public theatres. His beautiful countenance and fine figure attracted the attention of the magnates of the place, and he was invited to take part in some private theatricals at the Government House, and was rewarded with a purse filled with gold. The purse he kept, the gold he gave to his mother.

In 1819 he came with his mother to England, and soon after he connected himself with the stage. For a length of time he acted at York, and in 1828 he was engaged for the Edinburgh Theatre, where he displayed great talent in his profession, while at the same time he began to take lessons in drawing, and soon after to paint for the annual Exhibition in Edinburgh. In 1830 he went to Dublin, where his fame rose high with the theatrical public. In 1832 and 1833 he performed with equal success in London; and in 1838, when in the height of his popularity, he, on account of religious convictions, closed his theatrical career in Edinburgh. Throughout life, however, he retained the highest respect for many members of his former profession.

For a short time after retiring from the stage, Mr Stanley gave lessons in drawing, but he soon devoted himself almost entirely to painting, and in 1839 he went to Hamilton to paint from Nature in the Duke's forest of Cadzow. In the summer of 1842 he wandered through Wales with a friend, to refresh and store his mind, and to fill his portfolio with sketches. That he sketched and painted with skill is proved by the fact that while his paintings always sold well, his sketches were much sought after. Having visited the islands of Bute and Arran, and being charmed with the unrivalled scenery of the Clyde, with its isles, its bays and innumerable estuaries, he took a house at Ascog, on the north-east end of Bute, *a short distance from Rothesay, overlooking*

the glorious Firth of Clyde. Here he painted much from Nature, and occasionally cultivated the Muse. But insidious consumption had already begun to undermine his constitution and waste his frame. Early in 1844, weakness, lassitude, and a strange but strong dread of approaching calamity, and of some dark and unseen dispensation impending over his beloved family began to oppress and disturb his mind. Still he went on, labouring beyond his strength to finish paintings for the Edinburgh Exhibition. It was his last visit there, and he returned, greatly weakened, to lay himself down to die. In a little while, and in his thirty-fifth year, he breathed out his spirit as calmly as the dews of summer fall upon the sleeping flowers.

During his lifetime several of Mr Stanley's poems had appeared in a work published by Mr Oliphant, Edinburgh, and in the *Christian Treasury*. In 1848 these, with others which he had left behind him in manuscript, were collected and published by Mr P. W. Kennedy, Edinburgh, with a memoir of the author by the Rev. T. K. Drummond, and illustrated with numerous exceedingly beautiful woodcuts, taken from Mr Stanley's own pencillings.

RELICS OF THE PAST—THE CASTLE.

Stern e'en in ruin, noble in decay ;
 They seem as breathing forth defiance still,
 Though long ere now the pow'r has pass'd away,
 That arm'd them with a feudal chieftian's will.
 No longer helms gleam from embattled walls,
 Nor swells the warder's bugle on the breeze,
 Loud fall the footsteps in the empty halls,
 Where her close mesh the lonely spider weaves.

The race has pass'd. — Their very name is gone,
 And the cold heedless earth enwraps their clay ;
 For festive shout the night-bird's sullen moan
 Sounds sadly from the ruin'd turrets grey.
 Emblazon'd shields, and strangely antique scrolls,
 Still cling in fragments to the wasting stones ;
 Man's pride survives his life—lives on the rolls
 That trace the proud descent of mouldering bones.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Go ! 'tis the hour of prayer ;
 Night bindeth up her raven hair ;
 The diadem from her dark brow,
 With gems begirt, she lifteth now,
 One star she leaves to herald in the sun—
 Then in the shadowy twilight dun,
 She flies his beams before ;
 Go ! 'tis the hour of prayer.

Lose not the hour of prayer,
 Through all the heated, quivering air,
 The sun pours living light,
 The noontide blazeth bright ;
 Shake off the chains that indolence would wreath,
 Thy fervent, heartfelt, aspirations breathe—
 Four forth thy soul to God ;
 Now, 'tis the hour of prayer.

The hour of prayer is come,
 The sun hath journeyed home ;
 Labour is o'er—and sweet repose
 Soon will thy wearied eyelids close ;
 Hold off its soft oblivion for a while
 Till thou hast sought thy Heavenly Father's smile,
 Haste ; 'tis the hour of prayer.



WILLIAM STEWART ROSS,

FROM environments the most uncongenial, and by earnest and well-directed energy and perseverance, has made a mark not only in the walks of literature, but in publishing, which is the commerce of literature. Mr Ross was born in 1844, at Kirkbean, in Galloway. It was not till his ninth year that he first went to school, when he had to walk all alone, and with bare feet, three rough miles over crag and heather, and the same journey back again at night. The young poet, however, had a quick mind and retentive memory, and before he knew his letters he could repeat lengthy extracts from the Psalms of David and the poems of Burns.

He next attended the parish school of New Abbey, Kirkcudbrightshire, where the historic legends connected with the district, and the massive remains of Sweetheart Abbey, gave a stimulus to romantic musing. The worthy dominie was wont to call his promising pupil a "dungeon of a boy." He borrowed books of every description from the farmers and cottars around, and long considered it one of the most eventful days of his life when he came into possession of a dog-eared copy of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He recited the poem to the crags and the brackens anent the tomb of Michael Scot and the knights of the bold Buccleuch till he could repeat it by rote from beginning to end. In a rural district a lad could not pursue a course like this without incurring more ridicule as an oddity than admiration for precocity at the hands of his school-fellows, who perhaps never read a line except when they could not help it; but being endowed with more than ordinary muscular vigour and activity, and a determined will, he was regarded as one not lightly to be joked at.

William was the eldest, and before he had reached his twelfth year, he was sent out to help to earn his own livelihood at whatever rough work lay within his strength and skill. He could not afford to get either candle or lamp, and late into the night he would lie down flat with his book upon the hard clay hearth, and read by the dim light of the peat fire—frequently singeing his hair, and more than once actually setting fire to it. Yet it was under circumstances like these that the lad gained an acquaintance with English literature, remarkable alike for its extent and exactness of detail. After labouring and studying in this way for two or three years we find him in Hutton Hall Academy, Caerlaverock—his mother, a woman of intelligence and force of character, resolving that as "Willie was not like the rest of her bairns, and that if he could only get a chance,

he would turn out to be somebody," sent him, although the domestic meal-barrel could ill afford it, there to "finish his education." He made rapid progress, and the master took pride in his promising though then erratic pupil. In 1861 he became dominie on his own account in Glenesslin School, Dunscore, having undergone the necessary examination for a parish teacher in the University of Glasgow. In Dunscore he laboured for about one year, when he returned to Hutton Hall to become the principal assistant.

In 1864 Mr Ross entered the Glasgow University, with some vague notion of studying for the Church, although his bias was so emphatically literary that the adoption of any other than a purely literary vocation seemed to those who knew him best extremely improbable. Our young polemic wrote to magazines, and now and again to the *Dumfries Herald*, then edited by his first literary friend, Thomas Aird. He also sent fugitive pieces in prose and verse to the *Dumfries Standard*, edited by the accomplished and genial William M'Dowall, both of whom we have already sketched. Hard successful study, and the production of "Mildred Merloch," a border romance of the days of Queen Mary (for which he received forty guineas from Dr Cameron of the *Weekly Mail*), ended in his utter prostration, and his lying for three weeks in a poor lodging in the Gallowgate. He supported himself for several years by the productions of his pen—most of his poems and articles being either anonymous or under pseudonym. Several historical tales followed, and his subsequent works bore the author's name. These include "Caerlaverock," an interesting account of the traces of Roman invasion and occupation of lower Nithsdale; a dramatic work, "Marrying for Money;" poems entitled "The Harp of the Valley;" and an elaborate "System of Elocution." The publication of the former brought its author under the notice of

the late Lord Lytton, and the latter under the friendly attention of Mr Laurie, an Edinburgh publisher. This friendship led to Mr Ross entering the publishing house of Mr Laurie, and here he prepared numerous new and important school books, including "The Last Century of British History," histories of England and Scotland, "Easy Latin Grammar," &c. These have run through many editions, and their sale has made his name known in every land in which the English language is spoken.

In 1872 Mr Ross began publishing on his own account in London, beginning on a small scale, and principally with new books, which issued with marvellous rapidity from his own pen.

The firm is now known as W. Stewart & Co., and they possess the copyright of many valuable educational works, including "Constable's Series," "Natural Philosophy Series," and "Stewart's Local Examination Series," which extends to over thirty volumes. Of the four educational magazines issued from their publishing offices, one, the *School Magazine*, is edited by Mr Stewart Ross.

We have left little space in which to give an estimate of Mr Ross as a poet, or for specimens of his productions—having been carried away with the extremely interesting nature of his "self-help" career from a peasant lad to the position of an influential London publisher. He is still the earnest student, and carries boyhood's freshness and energy into everything he undertakes. Poetry is too deeply implanted in his nature to be ploughed out by the cares of business, and during the present year he has issued a volume entitled "Lays of Romance and Chivalry," containing several powerful and spirited legendary and historical poems of the Roman and later periods, with valuable notes. In these poems we find a noble spiritedness, combined with much tenderness, quaintness, and melody that makes them exceptionally charming, and shows an intellect stored

with poetic fancy and scholarly lore; while the
 "Harp of the Valley" gives evidence of a nature-
 loving spirit.

EDITH.

[Ancient chronicles record that the body of King Harold, as it
 lay in the field of Hastings, was so defaced with wounds that it
 could not be identified, till at length it was recognised by Edith
 (of the Swan Neck), a young lady of the King's household.]

Bretwalda, noble Harold! death's dark red roses blow
 O'er the winter plain of Senlac—the mighty lying low.
 Bretwalda, Edith seeks you—Edith you loved of yore,
 The gold spangles of her slippers incarnadine with gore!

Alas, O race of Hengist! and alas! its evil star,
 In ruin set, shall blaze no more over the field of war!
 O Harold! wild and glorious has thy life's course been driven
 From hence to meet Hardraga on the golden floor of heaven!

For but the brave may meet thee, wherever thou art now:
 No earthly crown was grand enough for thy broad kingly brow;
 And no steel blade was true enough to grace thy warrior thigh;
 No paladin was worthy for thee to dare and die.

And but the fair may meet thee, wherever thou may'st be:
 Alas! earth's best and fairest were all unworthy thee;
 And ne'er shall England's maidens find in all the conquering race
 The beauty even death has left upon thy manly face!

I kiss thee, son of Godwin; 'tis the last for evermore,—
 Forget not Saxon Edith upon the eternal shore;
 When all the harps of God are struck in heaven to welcome thee,
 My Harold—Saxon Harold—oh, then remember me!

Think on the hush of summer eve, on the earth so far away,
 When gleamed through England's leafy oaks the sheen of dying
 day
 On Harold and on Edith, in young life's budding glow,
 Ere darkened merry England this night of death and woe!

Lo, the midnight clouds are scattered by wild October's breath,
 And the Star of Love looks down on the stricken field of death,
 As though the might of Meekness would the sword of Hate
 defy,—

A glory burning on the cope of the everlasting sky.

Ah! the hate of Norman William can never reach you there;
 But in the holy fields of heaven may Saxon Edith's prayer,
 With memories of dear England, the land that gave you birth,
 Sweet whispers of the sunshine and the green leaves of the earth.

.

There are moanings from the slaughter-heaps and voices in the
air—

A death-cold hand is lying 'mong the tangles of my hair.
Young Harold ! England's hero-king ! thine is the soldier's grave,
And the immortal name that marks the manhood of the brave !

EVER MORE.

Weird is the night, dark is the day,
The pride of the world sleeps in clay ;
Reckless ever of life and breath,
Onward the warrior rode to death :
He, in the flush of manhood's bloom,
Mangled, rests in a far-off tomb.
O come to me from the lone dim shore !
Alas ! oh, never—never more !

Lorn I sit by your little chair,
I've a lock of your baby hair ;
The very hoop you trundled round,
Unknowing of the battle-ground
Where rams should thunder, sabres sway,
From dawn till eve one fearful day.
O speak to me as you spoke of yore !
Alas ! oh, never—never more !

I see thee not, worthy thy sire,
In thy young manhood's strength and fire ;
My heart turns to an earlier day,
When I would join thee at thy play,
And kiss thy smooth young childish brow—
(O God ! where is that forehead now ?
Rise, O rise from the shroud of gore !—
Alas ! oh, never—never more !

Th' embattled rock rose sheer and high
Beneath the gloomy midnight sky ;
High 'mong the mist the watchfire's glow
Gleamed on the armour of the foe.
A rush—a shriek—a maddening yell,
And my son fell where thousands fell.
Speak to me—ah, the north wind's roar
Has a wild shriek of ' Never more !'

For you your sister Brenda weeps,
In the old vault your father sleeps,
And, riderless, the charger neighs
You fearless rode in former days ;
And Dora of the sunny brow,
My son, my son, would wed you now.
But your bride's Death on a hostile shore,
And you'll desert her never more !

Ah, little did your mother dree,
 As you lay cradled on her knee,
 What hard-won laurels you should win,
 What lands you were to travel in,
 And 'neath the banner streaming high,
 The fearful death you were to die,
 And, far away from kith and kin,
 The tomb you were to moulder in.
 'Twixt you and me the ocean's roar
 Has a wild plunge of 'Never more!'



JAMES JOHNSTON

WAS born at Whitburn, in 1849. He is a plasterer to trade, and at present resides in the town of his nativity, where, indeed, he has spent nearly all his days. He left school at the early age of ten years, but improved his defective education by attending the neighbouring night school for several winters. He has not written much, but every piece has the ring of genuine poetry—simple verses, full of gentle human feeling. He finds in every-day things a spirit of good, and does not wander in search of something unusual, but quietly and modestly lays his hand on the moral significance which underlies common things, and then tunes his instrument accordingly.

LET'S LO'E ILK ITH'ER HERE.

There's mony a bitter mouthfu' in the varied cup o' life,
 There's mony a heart-sick fighter in the spirit-sadd'ning strife;
 But sweeter wad the bitter seem, the struggle less severe,
 Gin a' were mair affectionate, an' lo'd ilk ith'er here.

Its no a time to lavish love when those to whom 'tis gi'en,
 Like sinimer flowers when winter blaws, are nae mair 'mong us
 seen;

*'Tis richt an' sweet in after years to hold their mem'ry dear,
 But better far to let them ken we lo'e them while they're here.*

We dinna ken the length o' life, we dinna ken hoo sune
 Some fareweel may be whisper'd, an' some wanderer ca'd in.
 Syne, oh ! hoo sad for frien's behin' if wi' rebuke severe,
 Stern conscience says, upbraidingly—"Ye didna lo'e them here."

There's no a stingin' word but leaves its venom'd scar behin' ;
 But kindness fa's like sunlight on the human depths within.
 Then aye to mak' the maist o' life, an' that oor names may wear
 The halo o' remembrance sweet—let's lo'e ilk ither here.

SCOTLAND'S HEATHER.

Flower that gives to moor and mountain
 Purple hues, attractive graces,
 Decks the brink of lake and fountain,
 Paints the wild and lonely places,
 Tho' thy home be chill and cheerless,
 Tho' the pompous stranger slight thee,
 With the memory of the fearless,
 And the faithful we unite thee.

Heroes, when to exile driven
 By grim war's destroying billow,
 Thy bleak home have made their haven—
 Thou hast been their couch and pillow.
 Princes in thy folds have slumber'd,
 Kings, while humble robes arrayed them,
 With no royal suite encumber'd,
 Gladly in thy clasp have laid them.

Well the loyal Scot may love thee—
 Link thy name with Bruce and Wallace,
 For their spears have gleamed above thee,
 That no tyrant might enthrall us.
 Well may Scotia's pride assign thee,
 Honoured place in warrior story,
 Thinking of her heroes twine thee
 In the chaplet of their glory.

Thou hast carpeted the dwellings
 And the churches of the saintly ;
 When 'mid persecution's swellings,
 Liberty's fair light beamed faintly.
 Thou hast draped their place of dying,
 While their murderers stalked around them ;
 And, when in their lone graves lying,
 Thou hast wreathed the moss that bound them.

With our father's bold achievements—
 They who did not scorn or slight thee
 With our country's sad bereavements—
 With her true sons we unite thee.
 Gaudier flowers by foreign fountains,
 Gentler winds may proudly weather ;
 Nursling of the moors and mountains,
 Scotchmen love thee—Scotland's heather.

REV. ALEXANDER WALLACE, D.D.

THIS gifted, earnest, and warm-hearted author of "Sketches of Life and Character," the "Gloaming of Life," and numerous other delightful works, has a distinct claim to be added to our long list of Paisley poets, and his career is calculated to prove encouraging to the toiling youth who may be fighting through difficulties to a sphere of influence in which he can be more widely useful to his fellow-men. He was born in 1816, and in early life was thoroughly innured to labour. He passed, when very young, through the successive stages of a draw-boy and weaver's apprentice, but his aspirations soon rose above the loom, and the beautiful silk fabrics at which he wrought. He was a diligent reader, and so great was his thirst for knowledge that he frequently had an open book on the loom before him while engaged at work. This occasionally led him to be oblivious to his duties, till something getting out of joint brought him back to the stern world of reality.

At length a long and fondly-cherished wish was realised in his being enabled to enter the University of Glasgow, and afterwards that of Edinburgh. He carried off at both places college honours—two of the prizes being for annual poems. In 1839 he wrote a poem for one of the Philosophy Classes of the Glasgow University, which commanded the prize despite very formidable opposition. The subject was the famous Egyptian Pyramids, which he treated with great power—geographically and historically, as well as religiously. The poet thus describes the scenes of which the pyramids have been witnesses:—

"How often have ye seen the gladsome Nile,—
Studded with light-wing'd coracles and barks,—
Bright with the setting sun, o'erflow your fields,
And, like a deluge, sweep across your plains ;

While pillar'd streets and temples, groves and spires
 Gardens and palaces, and gilded towers,
 And broken columns, porticos, and tombs,
 Seem'd from your annuities floating on the wave,
 Like party-colour'd sea-birds, when their plumes
 Are bath'd in all the orient hues that glow
 Upon a rainbow's lovely face in spring !
 How often have ye heard the merry din
 Of sistrums, castanets, and cymbals shrill, —
 The universal shout of joyous hearts,
 That follow'd yearly when his waters reach'd
 Their highest point, and promis'd happy days.
 And smiling harvest homes ; while thousands stoop'd
 Upon his banks, with lotus lilies fringed,
 And drank the sacred draught that pass'd their doors,
 And knelt, and worshipp'd, and quaff'd again !
 How often have ye seen, in ancient time,
 The charming dark-eyed maidens of your land
 Lead on the mystic dance, while music rose
 In strains of melting melody, which seem'd
 To mingle with the whisperings of shades,
 And die away within your gloomy vaults !"

The subject of the Edinburgh Prize Poem was "The Tragedy of Cabul," and was highly commended by the Professor—Christopher North.

Dr Wallace afterwards studied at Berlin and Halle, in Prussia, and enjoyed the instructions of the celebrated Neander. He was licensed to preach in 1845, and from amongst several calls he accepted the unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Secession Church in Alexandria, Vale of Leven, where he was ordained in 1846. While there the lofty Benlomond, with its glassy mirror, awakened his poetic nature, and afforded him a fitting opportunity for studying Nature in some of her wildest and sublimest moods. From a Glasgow newspaper, of the year 1847, we also learn that even then he was distinguished as a preacher. His mind united (as now) sober earnestness with poetic brilliancy. His thoughts were not only distinct but vivid. The charm of a chastened fancy played around them, and hence he espoused them with an interest peculiar to that class of mind.

In 1857 Dr Wallace accepted a call to East Campbell Street U.P. Church, Glasgow, having previously

held a charge at Bradford, Yorkshire, and in Edinburgh. At the former place he commenced special Sunday services for the working classes who do not attend any place of worship, and this was the first effort of the kind made in this country. The lectures were published under the title of "The Bible and Working People," and have been very widely circulated. He has long been an earnest and eloquent advocate of the temperance movement, both as a platform orator and author. His numerous narrative tracts on the subject, published by the Scottish Temperance League, have had, perhaps, as large a circulation as any ever published in connection with this benevolent enterprise. In addition to the works already noted, he has published three volumes of discourses—"The Clouds of the Bible," "The Model Life," and "The Desert and the Holy Land," where he spent several months in 1866. He is the author of numerous exceedingly engaging New Year's addresses and stories for children. These latter have also met with a warm welcome, being charming and graphic and well-written pictures of Scottish life—thrilling biographies, offering, in a convincing and pleasant style, encouragement to all who are beset with temptation. His famous story of "Our Poll" is known all over the country, and far beyond it. As a lecturer on Scottish topics Dr Wallace is exceedingly popular. Amongst his subjects of special interest we might note "The Poetry, Genius, and Enterprise of Scotland's Scottish Homes," "Native Woodnotes Wild," and "Scotland's Peasant Literature."

In 1864 he published a poetical work, entitled "Poems and Sketches," which is at present out of print. Several of his poems appeared in "The Harp of Renfrewshire," a work now very rare and valuable.

As a poet his versification is always smooth and graceful, and most of the pieces are very pointed and

expressive. His Scottish sketches are lively and well told, and recall old times and curious customs, while his more ambitious themes show purity of language and true poetic fancy.

A HOME IN STRATHSPEY.

Hurrah ! for the moors, all aglow with the heather,
So bright with the dew at the break of the day ;
Hurrah ! for the mountains, the glorious mountains,
The streams and the glens and the lochs of Strathspey.

Hurrah ! for the forests, the birch and pine forests,
Which shelter the deer from the sun's fiercest ray—
Vast temples of nature, so peaceful and solemn,
That cover the hills and the dells of Strathspey.

"Twas a *red letter* day when to Lainchoil I wandered,
And mountain and moor wore their brightest array,
But brighter the friendship that gave me warm welcome
To a home of leal hearts and kind hands in Strathspey.

O, blest be that home on the braes of the Nethy
In the glints of the morn, or when gloaming falls gray !
I'll waft it my blessing where'er I may wander,
And cherish fond mem'ries of it and Strathspey.

God bless the dear mother who sits by the fireside,
Tho' her ninety-eighth summer has now passed away,
May her sunset of life gently melt into glory,
Like the calm afterglow on the hills of Strathspey !

And blest be the daughter who lives for her mother,
With the warmest devotion that love can display—
A ministering angel to cheer the old pilgrim,
Till the end of her journey is reached in Strathspey.

Oh Thou who temp'rest "the wind to the shorn lamb"—
A guide to the blind, to the feeble a stay,
Let the stroke that will sunder fall lightly on lov'd ones,
When the shadow shall rest on their home in Strathspey !

May the Saviour who wept where Lazarus was buried,
"Set the bow in the cloud" and their sorrow allay,
When the old armchair by the fireside is vacant
And the face long familiar has gone from Strathspey !

THE TRAGEDY OF CABUL—1842.

Brave hearts with anguish and dismay were torn,
To scan the sorrows of the coming morn.
In vain they strove to snatch a brief repose,
And cast their toil-worn limbs on hardened snows.

The ceaseless musketry with deafening boom
 Pealed the dire requiem of their awful doom ;
 Death breathed at midnight in the piercing blast ;
 If eyes were closed in sleep, it was their last ;
 Or if in troubled dreams of shortest bliss,
 A vision bright might cross a scene like this,
 The wretched dreamer only woke to hear
 The random gun of foes still hovering near.
 Delusive fancy led him far away
 To native glens, where sunny streamlets play,
 To bosky dells, where weeping willows seem
 To soothe the spirit of the murmuring stream.
 His own dear hills, where life's glad morn was spent,
 Where every hour a new enchantment lent,
 Now lift their summits to the smiling skies,
 And towering pines in light and beauty rise ;
 His ear is ravished by a melting air,
 Soft as the breath of angels when they bear
 A parted spirit to the realms above—
 Sweet as the first fond whispered pledge of love :
 His icy hand is clasped, and warmly pressed
 In youth's wild rapture to his Mary's breast.
 Ah ! sport not, Fancy with his cruel woes,
 He wakes encircled by the drifting snows,
 O'er which the frosty winds of midnight sweep,
 And bear his hollow groans along the steep ;
 The curdling blood is chilled in every vein,
 And maddening furies seize his troubled brain ;
 He smiles, he shrieks, the vision melts away,
 With quivering lips he fondly bids it stay.
 The spell is broke—the mocking phantom flies,
 Poor child of ruin ! thou shalt never rise
 From the cold icicles that freeze thy breath,
 And wrap thee shivering in the arms of death.

.
 When shall the din of furious battle cease,
 And Love triumphant bring the reign of Peace ?
 Come blessed Epoch ! with thy golden beams
 That shed their radiance o'er the Prophet's dreams,
 That gild with living hues his Heaven-taught song,
 And make his ravished soul the strains prolong ;
 Till, wrapt in visions of a brighter time,
 Earth new-created seems, as in her prime,
 When angel music fell upon her ear,
 And Heaven blessed the young revolving sphere.
 But, ah ! before that halcyon morn shall rise
 And spread its beauties o'er the smiling skies,
 The tragic muse shall weep o'er nations' woes,
 And tears of blood their awful strife disclose.

JOHN W. WOOD,

AUTHOR of "The Serpent Round the Soul," and of "Ceres Races," was born in 1834 at Cupar-Fife. The county which calls itself the "Kingdom" has long abounded in poets, its very lawyers devoting themselves to the Muses—as if these had the entire dispensing of fees. Ayrshire and other Scottish provinces regard Robert Burns as the father of all their bards; but Fife proudly claims a far more ancient parentage for her rhyming children—she looks back not only to Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, but to the far earlier minstrel who dwelt in Dunfermline. Fife journalists declare that the "Poet's Corner" in their broadsheets is ludicrously insufficient for the deluge of poetry incessantly pouring in, and that even their "Balaam-box" is not big enough to eke out due accommodation. The census schedules for Fife ought to have a column for poets, and then it would be seen that almost every native who wields a pen is a versifier.

Mr Wood, however, belongs, not to the promiscuous crowd of versifiers, but to that highly gifted and advanced band of *poets* which, in any locality, must be a very small one.

Like many of his brethren, he has led a life unmarked by incident though he resided for some years in America. He was educated in Cupar, attending three different schools in succession; but at none of these, as he confesses, was he induced to become either a diligent or an enthusiastic learner. The games of the playground, and the tricks of companions within the school, were more congenial; but, even then he was a peculiarly quick observer of character. At the age of twelve he became an apprentice to his father—a respectable baker. This trade he followed for four years; but, during the term, he gave his spare hours to the cricket field, or

to angling excursions, wisely quitting the oven's neighbourhood for a cooler and fresher atmosphere. A change of occupation now took place. He went to a writer's office, and was apprenticed to the study of law. The connection of this with the hooking and catching of trouts is more apparent than with baking work, and a skilful angler ought to be a successful lawyer. Confinement, however, within a law office and environment by parchments and heaps of "cases" could not be pleasant to a youth who had begun to look with a poet's eye and sympathy upon the beauty and magnificence of the external world. He yearned for a deliverance, and certainly he achieved it, for he crossed the broad Atlantic and reached America. There he remained for two years, his mind receiving a development, training, and stimulus which it could not have gotten anywhere else within a far longer period. His intellect, imagination, and humour rapidly ripened, and for their exercise he had acquired a cool self-possession which Yankeedom alone can give. He returned to Cupar-Fife: the stripling had, mentally as well as physically, become a man in the prime of all his capacities and energies.

Mr Wood's earliest poetic attempts were marked by nothing immature or juvenile in imagination and humour, or in the power of giving these a melodious expression, but were defective in taste and judgment. He was prone to satire, and employed it, not only against the folly and wickedness of mankind at large, but against the whims or presumption of a neighbour. Burns, indeed, too frequently distinguished himself by satirizing private persons who had displeased or slighted him; but even his example should not encourage poets to inflict such vengeance upon the trivial and passing offences of a neighbour.

Mr Wood's first elaborate poem bore a title which might have a thousand meanings—"The Serpent Round the Soul;" and when the poem has been read the title is felt to be alike arbitrary and inappropriate.

ate. There is, indeed, a "serpent" in the piece, even "that old serpent, the Devil," but he can scarcely be said to be even *around* or *within* the "soul" of the hero; yet genuine poetry breaks out in every page with a shining train of ideas and sentiments. There is not a little of exquisite pathos, and the occasional humour would have been felicitous and successful if it had not in the piece been entirely misplaced.

A subsequent poem by Mr Wood on "Ceres Races" gives a much wider and freer scope to his faculty of humour. The amusements of a village can be far more adequately represented than those of a city, whether the sketcher be a poet or a painter. There is the "Pitlessie Fair" by Wilkie, and "Anster Fair" by Tennant, but who has, in words or colours, by pen or by brush, attempted to represent a fair held in London, in Edinburgh, or in Glasgow? Mr Wood gives a graphic and richly-comical representation of the various competitors and their respective bands of supporters, as well as of leading characters among the onlooking throngs.

Unlike the folk o' croodit slums,
Wha cram their bairns wi' sugar-plums
And daplins made o' foreign floor,
And foreign fruit, and foreign stoor;
Unlike the gentry—sae by luck—
Wha canna even eat a juck,
But twa-three cook-heads maun be rackit,
'To hae the beast wi' trashtrie packit,
Spoiling baith appetites and sowls,
Filling the earth wi' deen'-like owls,
Thin-shankit, white-skinned scraichs o' day,
Wha pass in idleness away,—
Yea, yea! the Ceres breed is hale,
For health and strength are in their kail,
Their pise-an'-ait and barley scones,
Pork, Cabbage, Leeks, an' grawnd Blue-dons,
Their Beer and Whusky frae the Stell,
Untouched wi' "kill-the-cairter" shell,
Such as oor Pawrents, no oure nice,
Lived Tenant-folk on Paradise!

Ilk Fayther there a noble Laird,
 Wha brags a theekit hoose and yaird,
 Braw gruntin' swine and plots o' kail,
 Hams i' the neuk and bunks o' meal,
 As bonny hams a' in a raw,
 As ever hung on Adam's wa',
 Big tawty-pits in wooden sheds,
 And siller shoo'd within their beds,—
 The auld Man's surety and his stay
 When comes the hirpling, friendless day.

The poem, as a whole, lacks the coherence, regularity, and polish of Tennant's "Anster Fair," but it is incomparably more powerful and vivid. Mr Wood is yet in his most productive years. We give the following from a large volume of MS. poems:—

MY JOE JANET.

Tyndal for your courtesie
 Draw in aboot your chair, Sir,
 Redd the fire an' tell to me,
 Wha made the worlds an' mair, Sir.—
 Those wondrous worlds through space that sail,
 Janet, Janet,
 Were formed the same as peas o' hail,
 My Jo Janet.

Tyndal, lad, ye maun explain,—
 Your doctrine's far frae clear, Sir,
 What ken I o' hail or rain,
 But that God sends them here, Sir.—
 Nocht ance but atoms reeled thro'ither,
 Janet, Janet,
 Which cooled and drew in dads thegither,
 My Jo Janet.

Then, Tyndal, tell me, gin you please,
 Hoo life at first began, Sir!
 We see the shrubs an' muckle trees,
 An' fowls, an' brutes, an' man, Sir.—
 Dear me! the laws the wide world o'er,
 Janet, Janet,
 That grow them now could do't before,
 My Jo Janet.

Then is oor Bible a' a lee,
 Got up by Kings an' Priests, Sir,
 And do we, honest bodies, dee,
 Juist like the very beasts, Sir?—
 Weel, nae, sae far as can be seen,
 Janet, Janet,
 Ye'll juist gang back to what ye've been,
 My Jo Janet.

But whence the first heat gin ye ken,
 And what syne cooled it doon, Sir?
 Gude fegs! 'twas still and cauldrie then,
 Before the Sun and Moon, Sir.—
 Noo! dinna cock your head sae hie,
 Janet, Janet,
 There's forces that we cannot see,
 My Jo Janet.

Then where did seeds o' trees come frae,
 The gorbies 'mang the heather, Sir,
 The lammies on the sunny brae,
 An' the first wee hairnie's mither, Sir?
 Affinity draws like to like,
 Janet, Janet,
 As lads to lasses loup the dyke,
 My Jo Janet.

Ah! Tyndal, tak' a thocht an' mend,
 Before ye come to dee, Sir,
 In case that at your latter end,
 The Deil's the ane ye'll see, Sir!
 No fear o' that, I do no wrong,
 Janet, Janet,
 An' gin some Power my life prolong,
 I'll be wi' my Jo Janet!

THE CAGED BIRD.

When spring in all its glory comes
 I yield my sweetest lay,
 That some kind Power might burst my bars
 And let me fly away—
 For God now calls me to the grove,
 The sweet days to prolong;
 Yet my dull Jailor ever deems
 I sing to him my song!

In fancy oft I join the choir,
 That flits among the trees,—
 Or listen to the joyful notes
 That float upon the breeze.
 Again I see our cozy home,
 Beside the waterfall,
 The moss-grown rocks, the huge old trees
 That overhangeth all.

Our tender offspring stretch their necks
 Up from their downy nest,
 Which makes me struggle in my cell,
 With anguish in my breast;
 Yet while I dash against the bars,
 And stronger notes employ,
 My Jailor's little selfish mind
 Admires my "rising joy."

Once more I see the lively brood,
 Their untaught wings prepare ;
 And eyeing well the nearest twig,
 Pass gently through the air ,
 When, from the nest, my mate and I
 Soon chirp them back again,
 My Jailor deems me happy now,
 While fancy ends in pain.

Thus in my solitary cell
 I fret away the hours,
 For vain man thinks for him alone,
 Fair Nature gives her powers.
 To him my language is unknown,
 But Death shall be my friend,
 And when my last sweet song is sung
 Man's " love " shall mourn my end !

THE WANDERER.

The bards of Nature cease their songs,
 The vales rejoice no more,
 A world is sleeping o'er the wrongs
 That gnaw it to the core ;
 Yet, as if wakeful spirits passed,
 A moaning river fills the blast.

Dash on thou nursling of the hills,
 Rave on from stone to stone,
 The writhing of a thousand rills,
 Is in that form alone ;
 Who wanders by thy lonely stream
 Of God and far-off worlds to dream.

The vile Seducer came,—she fell,—
 Her race is now her foe,—
 But do not think she would compel
 Thy waves to hide her woe ;
 For though she from her fellows fly,
 She dreads an angry Father's eye.

O'er stranger-vales she wends her way,
 From stranger-hand is fed ;
 While ah ! the red-robed king of day
 Sneers at her crust of bread ;
 And bids her weep and tell her tale,
 Where friendship shields the northern gale.

Borne like a withered autumn leaf
 On every blast that blows ;
 The poor wretch wanders for relief
 To where the torrent flows,
 And where the stars of gentle beam,
 Bend down and kiss the babbling stream.

Her bosom heaves a gentle sigh,
 To bid these scenes farewell ;
 Yet pale Hope, dove-like, soars the sky,
 And longs with God to dwell :
 For from Earth's friendship rudely riven,
 Her soul would rest its wings in Heaven.

O God ! come to Thy outer gates,
 When all the star-lights burn,
 For there Thy erring Daughter waits
 Till night to sunshine turn,
 And call her from this world of tears,
 Up to Thy everlasting spheres.

Strange music floats along the skies,
 The trembling stars have fled ;
 The feelings of her heart arise
 Like children from the dead ;
 Her soul hath burst its mortal bars,
 And singing sweeps the path of stars.



MRS LOGIE-ROBERTSON,

WHOSE maiden name is Janet Simpson, is the daughter of a respected Edinburgh lawyer. Though only in her twenty-second year she has already taken a place in the arena of letters. She was born, in 1860, in the quaint old fishing town of Pittenweem. On the maternal side she can claim kindred with the celebrated preacher, Dr Chalmers, whose birthplace, Anstruther, is only about a mile east the Fife coast from Pittenweem. She was educated at the Edinburgh Educational Institution. Her curriculum there was a series of brilliant successes, and at its conclusion she carried off the gold medal awarded by the Merchant Company of Edinburgh to *the Dux* of the College. The College at that time numbered considerably over a thousand students.

About the same time she achieved, at Edinburgh University Local Examinations, the double distinction of prizes and a Certificate of the First Order.

Her first literary efforts were for the amusement of the domestic circle, and took the form of little dramas, which were enacted before juvenile audiences by the younger members of the family. The first of these to be printed is a dramatic rendering of the nursery tale, "Little Red Ridinghood." It was noticed very favourably by the press, and is now no longer to be had. Her next publication was in the same direction, the subject being "Cinderella," and the publisher Mr J. Murray, Queen Street, Edinburgh. The title-page fitly describes this production as "A Parlour Pantomime." It was favourably reviewed—the *Scotsman* being especially emphatic in its praise. It is embellished by several comic illustrations, and, we understand, is still on sale.

Our authoress's next effort was in a totally new direction—away from the department of the comic drama to what may be described as the department of lyrical character-sketching. The little book, a marvel of neatness and sweetness, externally and internally too, bears the very significant title of "Blossoms: A Series of Child-Portraits." There are, in all, twenty-five of these "Child-Blossoms;" and we can sincerely endorse the judgment of one critic of the little book who wrote—"There is not one which is not a little gem." They might, indeed, be studies from the life in their utter truthfulness to child-nature. In addition to this commendable quality—the first requisite in any writer who would touch the heart, as it is an indispensable proof of genius—there is an unobtrusive, straightforward simplicity of diction, as well as an artistic neatness of form, which the writer, probably instinctively, but inimitably adapts to the subject she has in hand. Our poetess was married in 1881 to Mr Logie-Robertson, the subject of our next sketch.

Let us now open the door—we have lingered long enough with our hand on the handle—and take as a specimen of the fair authoress' handicraft the following stanzas from "Marion and Willie." They have just discovered the first "gowan" of spring.

"How strange to see a snowflake grow!"
Cries Willie, wondering;
But nought says Marion, bending low
To touch the tiny thing.
With tender hand, and reverent,
She parts the pearly leaves;
While to her eyes new light is lent,
And joy her bosom heaves.

The boy's first wonder past, he too
Will handle this new toy:
Unmeaning rude, unused to woo,
His heedless hands destroy.
"O Willie, you have killed the Spring!"
With answering grief he hears—
O'er the dead daisy lingering,
Both children are in tears.

J O A N N A.

Joanna with her dainty tread
Comes tripping down the alley;
Amid the trees she hides her head—
Our Lily of the Valley!
For sweet, and pale, and pure is she,
This bashful little lady;
And loves in Spring-clad woods to be,
And quiet nooks and shady.

The way is all of sombre hue,
Untouched by Sol's bright finger—
The sunlight from the scene withdrew
Within her eyes to linger!
Her soft dark locks are braided trim—
The fresh breeze, violet-scented,
Deems them a plaything kept from him,
And will not be contented.

Joanna with the gentle air
And shy and modest graces,
—You cannot tell how passing fair
And comforting your face is.
Then keep it pure and tranquil still,
Whatever path you follow;
Be happy-hearted on the hill,
Contented in the hollow!

L I S E T T E.

Little Lisette with the locks of gold
 Pale as the evening's glow
 When the sun is set and the earth grows cold
 And the clouds are closing slow—
 Wrinkles have spared your white-brow yet,
 Little Lisette !

Little Lisette with the light blue eyes
 Clear as a wintry sky
 When the sparkling frost on the meadow lies
 And the wildflowers shiver and die—
 Seldom these eyes with tears are wet,
 Little Lisette !

Little Lisette with the silent lips,
 Shut like the leaves of a rose
 That is shy to ope till the Spring breeze trips
 O'er the garden where it grows—
 Open them, while it is Spring-time yet,
 Little Lisette !

M A R J O R Y A N D J O H N N I E.

Marjory and Johnnie, sitting
 'Neath the apple-tree,
 Watch the merry sunbeams flitting
 Through their canopy.
 All the air is full of gladness,
 All the earth is green ;
 Birds and bees in summer madness
 Flutter in between.

He is thinking of the horses
 Canter home at eve ;
 She looks where the golden gorse is,
 Golden dreams to weave :
 Wonders if it caught its colour
 From that brilliant sky,
 And if, when the day grows duller,
 It will droop and die.

Johnnie thinks his time is wasted,
 Sitting silent there :
 Marjory has gladly tasted
 Rest from all her care.
 She is placid as the heaven,
 Whirlwind bound is he ;
 Marjory is almost seven,
 Johnnie only three.

J. LOGIE-ROBERTSON

3S one of the best and most promising of our living Scottish song and ballad writers. His imaginative powers are almost unlimited, his spirit is deeply patriotic, while his Doric is pure, rich, and sweet. Mr Robertson was born of respectable well-to-do parents in Milnathort, parish of Orwell, Kinross-shire, in the middle of the century. He was educated at the parish school there, and afterwards at Edinburgh University with the view of studying for the Church of Scotland, where he graduated M.A. in 1872. His university career was a brilliant success. He took prizes in the humanity class, as well as in logic and mathematics, and a place in natural philosophy; prizes and medal in the class of rhetoric and English literature, Gray's Essay Prize of £20, the first place in the Murchison Essay Competition, the Glasgow St Andrew Society's Prize Essay of ten guineas, and was admitted to the Honorary Membership of that Society in 1874. On completing his educational career, Mr Robertson voluntarily relinquished the idea of "waggin' his head in a pu'pit," and became mathematical tutor at Jedburgh Academy, and afterwards junior master in Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, master in the Senior Department of Watson's College for Boys, and at present he is English Master in the Edinburgh Merchant Company's College in Queen Street. Some years ago Mr Robertson was appointed Professor of Humanity in Adrian College, Michigan, U.S.A., but he declined the appointment. We do not require to refer at any length here to his professional standing, but we have reason to believe his scholarly attainments, great natural abilities, and earnest devotion to his duties make him a valuable instructor of the young. A very prominent feature is the great success he has in being able, by patience

and wisdom, to make the knowledge he imparts to his pupils not so much an end in itself, as a means to the development of their mental powers.

As a proof of Mr Robertson's wisdom, he did not seek to rush prematurely into print, yet before matriculating in the University he had the honour of being recognised as a worthy member of the society of poets by his first poem appearing in the *Scotsman*. He is indebted to the genial editor of the *People's Friend*—Mr David Pae—for his introduction to periodical literature, and he has been a valued contributor to *Blackwood*, *Good Words*, the *Graphic*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr Robertson has shown us in his poems and sonnets that he has been an intelligent and appreciative traveller, and has found Nature in various countries instinct with poetic suggestions. His tours have included the greater part of Scotland, the English Lakes, Norway—the last being described in a series of beautiful "Norwegian Sonnets" in his volume "Orellana, and other Poems," published by Blackwood in 1881—while he sings in the expressive mother tongue of "a snawy nicht-cap upon Benarty's pow," or bewails the loss the cottar has sustained in so many places in losing his little bit croft—

"Oh, wae the day the puir man tint it,
His cot an' pendicle ahint it;
Tho' short his bounds an' sma' his gain,
A bit o' Scotland was his ain."

In a poetical preface to his first volume, "Poems," (1878) he says—

Splendid I know are the garlands
That others more tastefully twine,
As bids for a name
Sacred to Fame,
To be hung in the sounding dome
Own'd by the Nine :
And I who have been to the far lands,
The lands of the myrtle and vine,
In the gardens of Greece and of Rome,
And dreamed through our gardens at home,
Am bold to present you with mine.

Many of the poems in "*Orellana*" appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the first instalment, entitled "From the Sicilian of Vicortai," attracting a good deal of attention that was very flattering to Signor Vicortai, and certainly very satisfactory to the translator. One London paper credited Sir Theodore Martin with the translation, and others alluded very complacently to "the well-known poet Vicortai." Critics of greater shrewdness saw traces of Swinburne, Poe, and Heine's influence in these Sicilian "Translations," while one individual called our poet's attention to them, assuring him that they had given one literary club great pleasure, and he felt certain they would prove a great treat to Mr Robertson. On the secret of authorship oozing out, the former, who knew Italian, asked the translator for a book of the poems in the original, as he had been unable to beg or buy a copy. We have only to add that considerable surprise was caused on its becoming known that the subject of our sketch was *Vicortai*. He had for a little amusement to himself followed Scott's and Mrs Browning's occasional device, only he had given "a name," as well as "a local habitation" to his poet.

The epic poem which gives the book its title is one of great ability, and one to which mere selections cannot do justice. It gives glowing descriptions and powerful dramatic scenes, while the narrative parts of the poem are exceedingly well sustained, and the whole proves the author to be gifted with the imaginative faculty in a high degree. Without stint he draws at will a wealth of phrase when engaged on descriptions of human passions, catastrophes, and intrigues, and his stock of epithets is not exhausted in merely telling us that the leaves are green, the sky blue, the plains rich, and the hills clothed with wood. The miscellaneous poems and songs in both volumes are varied in subject, and the language and form has been pronounced as being as pleasantly variegated

as a flowery bank in June. Whether it is a stinging satire, a sacred hymn, a melodious anacreontic, or a Scottish poem or song, the poet never loses control of what he has in hand. We find no spasmodic gaspings after an inexplicable and inexpressible something which is too frequently considered to be the true sign of a heaven-born bard. He is a lyrical poet of a very high order, and his songs possess a strikingly charming freshness and melody. Many of his sketches in a poem "On the Decadence of the Scots Language, Manners, and Customs" are vivid enough to be transferred to canvas. Back-lying farms, forlorn and grey hill slopes, are amongst its fine realisms, and the whole poem is an eloquent defence of our norlan' speech and norlan' ways, and recalls old times, customs, and sketches with excellent humour simple stories of rural life. Indeed, not a few of Mr Robertson's poems and songs are sure to become standard, and will be received with much favour at public readings. Altogether he is a poet of great promise.

A bright imagination, and trained and gifted poetic mind, illuminates and beautifies whatever it touches. We feel satisfied that he sings for the best of all reasons—that he cannot help it. His verse comes up like a clear spring of water; it has all the gracefulness of natural ease. Mr Robertson will take a very high place in national literature.

A BACK-LYING FARM.

A back-lying farm but lately taken in;
 Forlorn hill-slopes and grey, without a tree;
 And at their base a waste of stony lea
 Through which there creeps, too small to make a din,
 Even where it slides over a rocky linn,
 A stream, unvisited of bird or bee,
 Its flowerless banks a bare sad sight to see.
 All round, with ceaseless plaint, though spent and thin,
 Like a lost child far-wandered from its home,
 A querulous wind all day doth coldly roam.
 Yet here, with sweet calm face, tending a cow,
 Upon a rock a girl bareheaded sat,
 Singing unheard, while with unlifted brow
 She twined the long wan grasses in her hat.

HORACE IN HOGGERS.

Fra whaur ye hing, my cauldride frien',
 Yer blue neb owre the lowe,
 A snawy nichtcap may be seen
 Upon Benarty's pow.
 An' snaw upo' the auld gean stump
 Whase frostit branches hang
 Ootowre the dyke aboon the pump
 That's gane clean aff the fang.
 The pump that half the toon's folk ser'd,
 It winna gie a jaw ;
 An' rouch, I ken, shall be yer baird
 Until there comes a thaw.

Come, reenge the ribs, an' let the heat
 Down to oor tinglin' taes ;
 Clap on a gude Kinaskit peat
 An' let us see a blaze.
 An' since o' water we are scant,
 Fesh ben the barley bree,—
 A nebfu' baith we sanna want
 To weest oor whistles wi'.
 Noo let the winds o' winter blaw
 Owre Scotland's hills an' plains,
 It maitters nocht to us ava
 —We've simmer in oor veins !

The pooers o' Nature, wind an snaw,
 Are far aboon oor fit,
 But, while we scoog them, let them blaw,
 We'll aye hae simmer yet.
 An' sae wi' Fortune's blasts, my frien',
 They'll come an' bide at will,
 But we can scoog ahint a screen
 An' jouk their fury still.
 Then happy ilka day that comes,
 An' glorious ilka nicht,
 The present disna fash oor thumbs,
 The future needna fricht.

THE DECADENCE OF THE SCOTS LANGUAGE, MANNERS
AND CUSTOMS.

.
 The gude auld honest mither tongue !
 They kent nae ither, auld or young ;
 The cottar spak' it in his yaird,
 An' on his rigs the gawcie laird.

Weel could it a' oor wants express,
 Weel could it ban, weel could it bless ;
 Wi' a' oor feelin's 'twas acquent,
 Had words for pleasour an' complement ;

Was sweet to hear in sacred psalm
 In simmer Sabbath mornin's calm ;
 An' at the family exerceese,
 When auld gudeman, on bended knees,
 Wrastled as Jacob did langsyne
 For favours temporal an' divine.

'Twas gentler at a hushaba
 Than a wud-muffled waterfa',
 Or cushats wi' their downie croon
 Heard through a gowden afternoon,
 Or streams that rin wi' liquid lapse,
 Or wun's among the pine-tree taps.

'Twas sweet at a' times i' the mooth
 O' woman moved wi' meltin' ruth ;
 But oh ! when first love was her care,
 'Twas bonnie far beyond compare.

'Twas mair sonorous than the Latin,
 Cam' heavier on the hide o' Satin,
 When frae his Abel o' a poopit
 The minister grew hearse an' roopit,
 An' bann'd wi' energetic jaw
 The author o' the primal fa'.
 But if the poopit's sacred clangour
 Was something aw'some in its anger,
 Gude keep my Southlan' freen's fra' hearin'
 A ouch red-headed Scotsman swearin' !

But wha wad hae audacity
 To question its capacity ?

The mither croon'd by cradle side,
 Young Jockie woo'd his blushin' bride,
 The bargain at the fair was driven,
 The solemn prayer was wing'd to heaven,
 The deen' faither made his will,
 In gude braid Scots :

—A language still !

It lives in Freedom-Barbour's lines,
 In bauld Dunbar it brichtly shines,
 On Lyndsay's page like licht it streams,
 In Border scraps it fitful gleams,
 An' like the shimmerin' spunkie strays
 By Ettrick banks an' Yarrow braes.

It lives for aye in Allan's play,
 In Coila's sangs, the Shepherd's lay,
 The bird-like lilt fra' Paisley side,
 The Wizart's tales that flew sae wide,
 Forbye the vast an' various lore
 O' later ballants by the score :

The gude auld Scots !—a language still,
 Let fortune vary as she will.
 Though banish'd from oor College ha's,
 It frames the siccar auld Scots laws ;
 Though from the lips, of speech the portal,
 It lives in Literature immortal.

But oh, alas ! the waefu' change,
 The customs new, the fashions strange,
 Sin' the auld patriarchal days
 O' sober thocht an' simple phrase !

She sang auld Scotland's broomy knowes,
 Her tourin' hills where heather grows,
 Her scroggy glens to memory dear,
 Her burnies wimplin' thro' them clear.

She flang owre cairn o' mountain stane
 Familiar wi' the midnight's maen,
 Owre moory monumental fiel',
 Owre river wi' its ruin'd peel,
 A beauty mair than sun could gi'e,
 Or blue-bells noddin' bonnilie.

The glamour o' the vanish'd past
 On bare forsaken scenes she cast,—
 The licht o' lang-descendit suns,
 The wail o' lang-exhaustit wun's,
 The shouts o' heroes in the dust,
 The gleam o' glaives noo red wi' rust.

A DITHYRAMB.

Lift up your voices in fraternal chorus
 All ye who share
 The joyous spirit of the poet,
 Wheresoe'er
 In the four corners of the earth ye dwell !
 Lift up your voices ! Tell
 Its owners Earth is fair !
 Sing ! shout aloud, and show it !
 Sing ! for the Earth is fair !
 The same blue heaven is bending o'er us,
 The same green Earth extends before us,
 And Heaven is kind and Earth is fair
 —But mankind do not know it !
 Lift up your voices
 Till the world rejoices
 And knows that Earth is fair !

What though we stand in sunder'd lands
 And sing in several voices ?
 The brotherhood has many bands
 But with one heart rejoices !

From the same Father-God we came,
 To the same Father-God we go ;
 Our hopes above are all the same,
 The same our griefs below,
 Our sadness !

Sing ! till the night of sorrow
 Is frightened from the land !
 Give into every hand
 The torch of gladness !
 —Gladness is a flame
 Increasing if you lend or if you borrow—
 And cry aloud ! proclaim
 At midnight everywhere
Good morrow ! and good morrow !
 Till timorous souls leap from their hidings
 And know that Earth is fair !
 Lift up your voices
 Till the world rejoices !
 Sing ! till the surging air
 Beats on the battlements of Heaven the tidings
 That man rejoices for the Earth is fair !

THE COLD LIGHT OF STARS.

No ! tell me not that Nature grieves for human care and pain,
 That aught but poor Humanity lifts up its voice to 'plain.
 Man, in his misery blinded, thinks for him the sad wind sighs,
 That sea and forest with him in his sorrow sympathise ;
 In stormy skies he sees a gloom congenial to his mind,
 And deems the stars with pitying look beam love upon his kind.

There's grandeur in the heavenly host, but 'tis a fearful sight,
 Encompassing with silent siege the Earth thro' all the night ;
 The glare of Mars bursts from their eyes, but ne'er a glance of
 love,
 As they pursue with measured pace their marshalled march
 above.
 So round the pitiless Hebrews went, with ordered ranks and
 calm,
 The fair but fated city that was shaded by the palm.
 Yon very star at last may reach its torch of scathing fire,
 To blaze destruction round the globe, a red funereal pyre !

Years piled on years, a pyramid no finite mind can scale,
 Have mounted high since finished were their order and their
 tale ;
 Yet there they march as calm and cold in their primeval sheen
 For all the sin and misery their tearless orbs have seen !

Silent and bright as when their light first clove chaotic gloom,
 Silent and bright as on the night they first saw Eden's bloom ;
 And bright when blasted was that bloom for evermore to be,
 And silent when unthinking Eve plundered the deadly tree !

Silent when Abel shrieking fell beneath the club of Cain,
 Silent when Adam's soul gave forth its sorrow for the slain ;
 Undimmed when Adam's eyes were wet and Eve's with grief ran
 o'er,
 And bright, tho' hope withdrew its rays from Cain for evermore !

And so all down the centuries with steady stoic stare,
 When tyranny usurped the Earth and battle rent the air ;
 When empires rose and empires fell, and famine filled the land,
 And pestilence and pain and death colleagued—a ghastly band :
 When floods did overwhelm the Earth, and Earth herself devour,
 With hasty and unnatural man, her children of an hour ;
 When storm and hail and solid fire, laden with death, were
 hurled,
 And all Pandora's fancied ills let loose on this poor world,
 Till now it rolls a lazar-house of woes and wounds and sighs ;
 —But think not, bending from the blue, that those are mourners'
 eyes !

Unsympathetic Souls of Night ! ye arm our hearts with might,
 But we catch no pity in your pomp, no love see in your light ;
 So roll ye on in unconcern above this scene of woe,
 And smile in mockery on the taint your robes may never know !



GEORGE PAULIN.

GEORGE PAULIN is a native of the Scottish border, that land of song and romance, and was born at the village of Horndean, in the parish of Ladykirk, and county of Berwick, in the year 1812. In the village school there, and in the Grammar School of Selkirk, he received his early education. In 1832, he entered the Edinburgh University, at which he studied for six years, and greatly excelled as a scholar, taking numerous prizes in the Latin, Greek, Logic, and Moral Philosophy Classes. In 1838 he was appointed parish schoolmaster of Newlands, in Peeblesshire. In 1843 he was appointed to fill the same situation at Kirknewton, in Edinburghshire ; and, in November, 1844, he was chosen

Rector of Irvine Academy, in which office he continued till 1877, when, on his resignation, to crown

A youth of labour with an age of ease,

his old pupils presented him with a gift of £1000. His eldest son is the able minister of the parish of Muckhart, in Perthshire; but Mr Paulin still continues to reside at Irvine, so that when that town reckons up its poets in the generations to come, it is sure to claim him as one of its most gifted bards.

Although Mr Paulin had long been known as the writer of chaste and vigorous verses, and was the highly honoured and esteemed associate of poets and literary men, particularly of Christopher North, yet it was not till 1876 that he collected his poems and published a volume, which has been exceedingly well received by the press and by the most cultured portion of the reading public. His lines flow on with a graceful ease and smoothness, which greatly delights the ear; while their religious fervour, and fine patriotic glow purify, elevate, and animate the heart. Mr Paulin writes with equal elegance and correctness in the purest English or the truest Doric. His Scotch is not like that of a great many who attempt to write in that tongue in these modern times, but is the true Lowland tongue of Burns, Scott, The "Noctes," and the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr Paulin has a natural pathos which moistens the eye, and melts and subdues the heart.

THE BRAVE AULD SANGS.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, auld Scotland's hills
amang,
An' listened to the ploughman's lilt, the shepherd's e'enin' sang,
An' sadly mused on bygone days—for there's nae sang awa,
To mind ye o' the brave auld times—the Covenant times awa.

The braid blue bannet still may cleed the pows in green Glen-
cairn,
The laverock wake the mavis yet in howes o' auld Carsphairn;
But waes me for the Covenant psalm that echoed since amang
The westlan' hames o' Scotland, mair sweet than mavis sang.

Aince gaed ye east, or gaed ye west, on howm or heather braes,
 In clachan, cot, an' shiel was heard the e'enin' lilt o' praise ;
 And i' the calm o' morn and e'en, the solemn sounds o' prayer,
 Frae Scotland's hames among the hills, went floatin' up the air.

Frae Solway to Dunnottar, frae the Bass to Fenwick Muir,
 The Covenant life was bonnie aince, the Covenant faith was
 pure ;
 The flowers o' heaven were rife on earth—frae 'neath the auld
 blue bannet
 Cam' croonin' up King David's psalm, or aiblins Erskine's
 sonnet.

But noo nae mair among the glens, nae mair among the hills,
 The simple strains o' Covenant times, the muirlan' shepherd
 trills ;
 Ye'll wander far afore ye hear the e'enin' psalm ava,
 The bonnie flowers o' Scotland's faith are nearly wede awa.

IT'S NO WORTH THE WARSLE FOR'T.

It's no worth the warsle for't,
 A' ye'll get on earth,
 Gin ye hae na walth aboon
 Mair than warl's worth.

It's no worth the lootin' for't,
 Pickin' up a croon,
 Gin ye hae na in yer heart
 Aries o' ane aboon.

It's no worth the time it tak's,
 Biggin' on the sand ;
 Better be a bairnie yet,
 Ridin' on a wand.

It's no worth a body's while,
 Coortin' fame and glitter,
 It only maks the aftercome
 Unco black and bitter.

It's no worth the fisher's heuk,
 Fishin' here for pleasure,
 Gin ye canna coont aboon,
 Freend, an' hame, an' treasure.

SOUN' SLEEPIN' NOO.

He's soun' sleepin' noo, Willie,
 The warsle's ower wi' him,
 The spraichle an' the hoist are ower,
 The bonnie e'en are dim.

We'll lay him i' the mools, Willie ;
 But oh ! we'll think on Johnny,
 No 'mang the worms and clammy clay,
 But 'mang the angels bonnie.

For haena we the blessed word,
 " Wha sleep wi' Me shall live ? "
 An' well we ken his tender heart
 He to the Lord did give.

Then gang yer ways to bed, Willie,
 Oor weary watchin's past,
 An' dinna look upon his face
 As ye wad look yer last.

We'll ken the face aboon, Willie—
 Oor bonnie bairnie's face ;
 He'll aye be oors, and Jesus' too,
 Within God's holy place.

Kiss his face aince mair, Willie,
 His thrabbin' broo's at rest ;
 He'll never mair ken pain or wae
 Upon the Saviour's breast.



DAN CANNING,

AUTHOR of a number of smooth songs, mostly of a domestic nature, was born in Glasgow, in 1851. Dan's early education was very meagre, but he has made up for this loss by hard and diligent application. He is a lithographic printer, and has been a prize-taker for Scotch and Irish songs in local competitions. He has for years been popular as a vocalist, and in addition to his rhyming faculty he sings his own songs at soirees and concerts. He is about to publish a selection of his numerous fugitive *pieces*, and the collection will be prized by his numerous appreciative friends.

WHEN OOR WEE PATE'S A MAN.

There's music in my laddie's voice,
 Mair sweet than birds in spring ;
 Gin cronies cloot his brither's lugs
 He gi'es them a' the fling.

Gin onything is wrang at hame,
 Hoo deftly he will plan ;
 I trust and houp he'll keep the same
 When he grows up a man.

He's daft about the sodgers,
 And he haun'les weel the gun ;
 He aims and pu's the trigger,
 And the crack gi'es glorious fun.

The lammie says he'll fecht for a'
 The weans that's in the lan',
 If they will only wait till he
 Grows up to be a man.

He welcomes faither coming in
 Wi' ready heart an' han' ;
 I hope his Father true abune
 He'll love when he's a man.

I feel as prood as ony king
 To hear his stories told ;
 The kin'ly feeling he displays
 Is mair to me than gold.

NAE PLACE LIKE HAME.

There's nae place like hame, tho' ye roam far an' near ;
 Ither places look tame an' cauldrie an' drear ;
 By oor ain cozy fire-en' mair comfort we see,
 Tho' we've little to spen', ay, an' far less to pree.

Wi' oor ain kith an' kin whyles we fain wad fa' oot,
 To ilk kindness seem blin', an' true love misdoot ;
 But whate'er may betide, tho' a' friendship fa's tame,
 Keep the warm fireside, for there's nae place like hame.

Live content, work for wealth, an' whaurever ye gang,
 Tak' tent o' your health as you journey alang ;
 Help the hameless an' puir, an' you'll win love an' fame,
 Giving what you can spare for the comforts o' hame.



FRANK H. GORDON

HAS written very profusely. He is the author of numerous patriotic and spirited poems and songs. For several years he has been a regular contributor to newspapers. His verses have a fresh pleasing melody, with a broad hearty humour, rather than clear diction, and depth of sentiment. Frank Gordon was born in the parish of Durris, Kincardineshire, in 1854. His father is a shepherd, and many of his relatives have followed the pipe and the drum, and have gloried in the garb of old Gaul. He follows the calling of a forester, and has been for several years in the employment of Wm. Baird, Esq., of Elie House, Fifeshire. Our poet is thoroughly Scotch. He plays the pipes with much skill, and wears the kilt on "high occasions."

WILL YE TRYST WI' ME, ANNIE?

The simmer sun has gaen to rest
 Saffly in the glowin' west ;
 The cushat doo has socht her nest,
 And sings sae blithe and free, Annie.
 Oh, meet me in the munelicht pale,
 Yonder by the fairy well,
 Doon within the hazel dell,
 Will ye tryst wi' me, Annie ?

Calm the shades o' e'enin' close,
 And nicht aroon' her mantle throws ;
 The weary laverock seeks repose
 Upon the clover lea, Annie.
 Oh, meet me by the ruined tower,
 In yon little rocky bower ;
 Although the nicht be dark and dour
 I'll keep my tryst wi' thee, Annie.

Should Fate gie oot the stern command
 That I maun leave my native land,
 To wander on some foreign strand,
 Far ayont the sea, Annie,
 Oh, dinna drive me frae your side,
 But say you'll be my bonnie bride ;
 Then weal or woe, whate'er betide,
 I'll aye keep tryst wi' thee, Annie.

Look up, my love, and smile again,
 And dinna say it's a' in vain,
 For little, little dae ye ken
 The thocht it causes me, Annie.
 Then by the burnie in the glen
 We'll big a wee cot o' oor ain ;
 We'll share oor joys and sorrows then
 Until the day we dee, Annie.

THE NINETY-SECOND GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

All honour to our kilted lads, all honour to the brave,
 Who fought the fight on Afghan's height, their country's right
 to save ;
 All honour to the sons of those who charged at Waterloo,
 And fought and fell with gallant Moore on dark Corunna too.
 When down the Alma's dreadful steep the bullets flew like hail,
 Who silenced Russia's batteries but the hardy Scottish Gael ;
 Who manned the breach and saved Cawnpore when all had
 seemed but lost,
 And with the bayonet backwards hurled the mighty rebel host,
 When vengeance flashed from every eye, and death on every
 blade,
 No quarter to the mutineers—avenge the murdered dead.
 As brave as then they fight this day on India's bloody shore,
 And rally round the good old flag, as their fathers did before.
 As firm as then with muscles braced, and every eye aflame,
 Determined to the last to fight for Scotland and for fame.
 As stern as then with dauntless front, like native granite rock,
 Our kilted lads can hold their own through bullets fire and
 smoke.
 All honour to our Highland lad, our tartan-clad brigade,
 Long may their names be cherished for the charges they have
 made.
 Tho' many a heart that once beat high with fearless soldier pride
 Lies cold and dead far far away upon the desert wide,
 And many a loving mother, too, that dreadful day shall mourn,
 For her soldier lad she loved so well shall never more return.
 Long may their children's children live their gallant deeds to tell
 How their fathers for their country fought and for their country
 fell.



ANDREW PROCTER

3S a respectable, unassuming writer of verses. He was introduced to the poet's corner of one of our best-known weekly newspapers by the late Rev. George Gilfillan, and, until several years ago, he was a welcome and frequent contributor to the local press. Mr Procter was born near Dalkeith in 1841, and at present he is in business as a draper in that town.

THE EVENING STAR.

O beauteous star ! that shines above
 So sweet,
 I would that from my heart such rays of love
 Might meet
 On earth's unresting tide,
 That some dark wave might catch a gleam
 Of light,
 That in some heart no dismal dream
 Of night
 Should e'er again abide.

O gentle star ! that ventur'est forth
 So still,
 That this dim world knows not thy worth
 Until
 No other light is there ;
 So would I when the shadows creep
 So dim
 O'er some forsaken mortal, deep
 In sin,
 That he might be my care.

O changeless star ! on heaven's pure height
 For aye
 Thy constant care to charm the right
 Away,
 And beckon on the morn.
 Oh ! would that I, on Time's calm height
 Outlying,
 Might fix some truth, that like thy light
 Undying,
 Should deeper, holier burn.

The gude auld Scots !—a language still,
 Let fortune vary as she will.
 Though banish'd from oor College ha's,
 It frames the siccar auld Scots laws ;
 Though from the lips, of speech the portal,
 It lives in Literature immortal.

But oh, alas ! the waefu' change,
 The customs new, the fashions strange,
 Sin' the auld patriarchal days
 O' sober thocht an' simple phrase !

She sang auld Scotland's broomy knowes,
 Her tourin' hills where heather grows,
 Her scroggy glens to memory dear,
 Her burnies wimplin' thro' them clear.

She flang owre cairn o' mountain stane
 Familiar wi' the midnight's maen,
 Owre moory monumental fiel',
 Owre river wi' its ruin'd peel,
 A beauty mair than sun could gi'e,
 Or blue-bells noddin' bonnilie.

The glamour o' the vanish'd past
 On bare forsaken scenes she cast,—
 The licht o' lang-descendit suns,
 The wail o' lang-exhaustit wun's,
 The shouts o' heroes in the dust,
 The gleam o' glaives noo red wi' rust.

A DITHYRAMB.

Lift up your voices in fraternal chorus
 All ye who share
 The joyous spirit of the poet,
 Wheresoe'er
 In the four corners of the earth ye dwell !
 Lift up your voices ! Tell
 Its owners Earth is fair !
 Sing ! shout aloud, and show it !
 Sing ! for the Earth is fair !
 The same blue heaven is bending o'er us,
 The same green Earth extends before us,
 And Heaven is kind and Earth is fair
 —But mankind do not know it !
 Lift up your voices
 Till the world rejoices
 And knows that Earth is fair !
 What though we stand in sunder'd lands
 And sing in several voices ?
 The brotherhood has many bands
 But with one heart rejoices !

From the same Father-God we came,
 To the same Father-God we go ;
 Our hopes above are all the same,
 The same our griefs below,
 Our sadness !

Sing ! till the night of sorrow
 Is frightened from the land !
 Give into every hand
 The torch of gladness !
 —Gladness is a flame
 Increasing if you lend or if you borrow—
 And cry aloud ! proclaim
 At midnight everywhere
Good morrow ! and good morrow !
 Till timorous souls leap from their hidings
 And know that Earth is fair !
 Lift up your voices
 Till the world rejoices !
 Sing ! till the surging air
 Beats on the battlements of Heaven the tidings
 That man rejoices for the Earth is fair !

THE COLD LIGHT OF STARS.

No ! tell me not that Nature grieves for human care and pain,
 That aught but poor Humanity lifts up its voice to 'plain.
 Man, in his misery blinded, thinks for him the sad wind sighs,
 That sea and forest with him in his sorrow sympathise ;
 In stormy skies he sees a gloom congenial to his mind,
 And deems the stars with pitying look beam love upon his kind.

There's grandeur in the heavenly host, but 'tis a fearful sight,
 Encompassing with silent siege the Earth thro' all the night ;
 The glare of Mars bursts from their eyes, but ne'er a glance of
 love,
 As they pursue with measured pace their marshalled march
 above.
 So round the pitiless Hebrews went, with ordered ranks and
 calm,
 The fair but fated city that was shaded by the palm.
 Yon very star at last may reach its torch of scathing fire,
 To blaze destruction round the globe, a red funereal pyre !

Years piled on years, a pyramid no finite mind can scale,
 Have mounted high since finished wère their order and their
 tale ;
 Yet there they march as calm and cold in their primeval sheen
 For all the sin and misery their tearless orbs have seen !

Silent and bright as when their light first clove chaotic gloom,
 Silent and bright as on the night they first saw Eden's bloom ;
 And bright when blasted was that bloom for evermore to be,
 And silent when unthinking Eve plundered the deadly tree !

Silent when Abel shrieking fell beneath the club of Cain,
 Silent when Adam's soul gave forth its sorrow for the slain ;
 Undimmed when Adam's eyes were wet and Eve's with grief ran
 o'er,
 And bright, tho' hope withdrew its rays from Cain for evermore !

And so all down the centuries with steady stoic stare,
 When tyranny usurped the Earth and battle rent the air ;
 When empires rose and empires fell, and famine filled the land,
 And pestilence and pain and death colleague'd—a ghastly band :
 When floods did overwhelm the Earth, and Earth herself devour,
 With hasty and unnatural man, her children of an hour ;
 When storm and hail and solid fire, laden with death, were
 hurled,
 And all Pandora's fancied ills let loose on this poor world,
 Till now it rolls a lazar-house of woes and wounds and sighs ;
 —But think not, bending from the blue, that those are mourners'
 eyes !

Unsympathetic Souls of Night ! ye arm our hearts with might,
 But we catch no pity in your pomp, no love see in your light ;
 So roll ye on in unconcern above this scene of woe,
 And smile in mockery on the taint your robes may never know !



GEORGE PAULIN.

GEORGE PAULIN is a native of the Scottish border, that land of song and romance, and was born at the village of Horndean, in the parish of Ladykirk, and county of Berwick, in the year 1812. In the village school there, and in the Grammar School of Selkirk, he received his early education. In 1832, he entered the Edinburgh University, at which he studied for six years, and greatly excelled as a scholar, taking numerous prizes in the Latin, Greek, Logic, and Moral Philosophy Classes. In 1838 he was appointed parish schoolmaster of Newlands, in Peeblesshire. In 1843 he was appointed to fill the same situation at Kirknewton, in Edinburghshire ; and, in November, 1844, he was chosen

Rector of Irvine Academy, in which office he continued till 1877, when, on his resignation, to crown

A youth of labour with an age of ease,

his old pupils presented him with a gift of £1000. His eldest son is the able minister of the parish of Muckhart, in Perthshire; but Mr Paulin still continues to reside at Irvine, so that when that town reckons up its poets in the generations to come, it is sure to claim him as one of its most gifted bards.

Although Mr Paulin had long been known as the writer of chaste and vigorous verses, and was the highly honoured and esteemed associate of poets and literary men, particularly of Christopher North, yet it was not till 1876 that he collected his poems and published a volume, which has been exceedingly well received by the press and by the most cultured portion of the reading public. His lines flow on with a graceful ease and smoothness, which greatly delights the ear; while their religious fervour, and fine patriotic glow purify, elevate, and animate the heart. Mr Paulin writes with equal elegance and correctness in the purest English or the truest Doric. His Scotch is not like that of a great many who attempt to write in that tongue in these modern times, but is the true Lowland tongue of Burns, Scott, The "Noctes," and the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr Paulin has a natural pathos which moistens the eye, and melts and subdues the heart.

THE BRAVE AULD SANGS.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, auld Scotland's hills
amang,
An' listened to the ploughman's lilt, the shepherd's e'enin' sang,
An' sadly mused on bygone days—for there's nae sang awa,
To mind ye o' the brave auld times—the Covenant times awa.

The braid blue bannet still may cleed the pows in green Glen-
cairn,

The laverock wake the mavis yet in howes o' auld Carsphairn;
But wae me for the Covenant psalm that echoed since amang
The westlan' hames o' Scotland, mair sweet than mavis sang.

takings, he has not escaped hostile criticism and persecution, his services have not passed without substantial acknowledgment. The beautiful residence he occupied in London was erected for him by his friends, who added a valuable testimonial of silver plate. He wrote the following lines on the occasion of his entering Grampian Lodge, while the other piece we quote is from his little volume, "Hymns and Verses for the Young."

Lord for this house we bless thee,
That friends have helped to raise ;
On its walls we'll write salvation,
Its gates inscribe with praise.
May all who dwell within it
Come humbly to Thy throne ;
For Thou alike of worlds and homes,
Art Architect alone.

Lord with this blessing grant the gifts
Of charity and grace,
That corrupt thoughts and wickedness
May ne'er these walls disgrace ;
And may the gentle words and acts
Of harmony and love,
Herein the fitting emblems prove
Of household joys above.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

Pilgrims in this vale we languish,
Still by care and grief oppress ;
Yet heavenly hopes dispel our anguish—
Tell us this is not our rest.

Lord, cast Thy shelt'ring mantle o'er us,
Place our feet upon the Rock ;
By Thy guiding star before us,
Gently lead us like a flock.

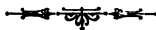
When temptations sore assail us,
May we hear the Shepherd's voice
And when earthly comforts fail us,
Rest in Jesus and rejoice.

Succour send us, Lord, and blessing,
Help us in the narrow way ;
Thus may we the truth confessing
Reach at length the perfect day.

Day of cloudless bliss and glory,
 Ceaseless light and endless rest,
 When the hallowed Gospel story
 Wakes the anthems of the blest.

Day when fled are all oppressors,
 Day when closed are all complaints
 Day when martyrs and confessors
 Hail their Master, King of Saints.

Gracious God in mercy hear us,
 Blot out all the guilty past ;
 On the wings of faith upbear us,
 And receive us home at last.



JAMES ALLISON

WAS born in Glasgow in 1844, but spent his early years with friends at Locharbriggs, and the pastoral sweetness of that district first awakened his poetic nature. His walk of three miles with his uncle to the church at Dumfries every Sunday, and his saunters " 'atween the preachings," still live in his memory, and he has depicted in fine thoughtful lines many of these youthful memories and surrounding scenes. His mother was left a widow when our poet was ten years of age, and she returned to Glasgow and struggled to support her two sons by working in a mill, till her health broke down, and she died in the course of a few years. By this time James was at work in a publichouse. This employment was far from congenial to his taste, and he was glad to get out of it, and found employment as storekeeper in an engineering work.

James Allison possesses the genuine spirit of poesy. The pervading sentiment of his poems is a marked originality of idea and expression. The themes are sufficiently varied to elicit his thoughts on numerous subjects. He possesses breadth of under-

standing, and his descriptive powers, both for portraying the beauties of Nature, and the varieties of human emotion are vivid and pathetic. He has contributed largely to several newspapers and literary journals.

INTRUSIVE THOUGHTS.

With vigour my pulse is vibrating,
 There's joy in the strength of my stride ;
 And the fluid of life in its circuit
 Doth pleasantly, ceaselessly glide,
 But I know that a day cometh nigher
 On which my last steps I shall take ;
 And this gladsome and robust pulsation
 A last throb will make.

I wonder in which of the seasons
 The slow, solemn cortege will wend,
 With me, the unknowing occasion,
 Along to its shadowy end ?
 But be it when birds are rejoicing,
 Or when winter bids them be dumb ;
 Let nature be smiling or frowning—
 That journey will come.

Shall it be through the streets of the city,
 Unheeded by multitudes there ?
 Or by rural, hedge-girted pathways,
 Where rustics will gapingly stare ?
 And who of the few friends assembled
 Will feel the sincerest regret ?
 Ah ! some one perhaps from a number
 Unknown to me yet.

And there will be crossboard and shovel,
 And words for the living to hear ;
 Last looks at my sombre incasement,
 And from each true mourner a tear.
 And still will be sunrise and sunset—
 The streets be as busy and gay ;
 And harvest be mirthfully gathered
 When I am away.

But, oh ! what a sweet consolation ;
 What balm for those fancies of woe,
 To be rising from glory to glory !
 While friends will be mourning below.
 Then less than the weight of a snowflake
 Will seem all the cares that oppress,
 When the arms of my blessed Redeemer
 Will fold me to rest.

COME MIRTH.

Come, mirth ! with a lilt ; your neighbour
 Dull care, my companion has been
 Owre lang ; but he'll stick in the shallows
 For me ; there's my han' to you, frien'
 My heart has been sad, your music
 Shall banish all sadness away.
 The sicht o' your face mak's me blythesome—
 The sound o' your voice mak's me gay.
 Then strike a bit lilt fu' cheery ;
 I'm done wi' dull care for a day :
 And fidgin' richt fain to gang wi' you
 On your rollickin', frolicin' way.

Come, then, wi' your fun and frolic ;
 And come wi' your winsome glee ;
 Your gay, jaunty step I delight in—
 Your voice is sweet music to me.
 We'll feast on uproarious laughter !
 We'll riot in side-splittin' fun !
 We'll sing but the songs that are merry,
 And dance when our singin' is done.
 Then strike a bit lilt fu' cheery ;
 I'm done wi' dull care for a day ;
 And fidgin' richt fain to gang wi' you
 On your rollickin' frolickin' way.

P E A C E—W A R.

There is calm on the lake—there is peace in the vale ;
 And the hills are asleep and the twilight grows pale ;
 And the sun sinks away on his course to the west,
 As his dying rays glister the grey mountain's crest.

The birds for repose seek their nests in the brake—
 The stallward-bound kine quench their thirst in the lake ;
 And the song of the herdsman sounds peaceful and clear,
 As the music of dreamland descends on the ear.

And children are playing in innocent glee,
 Their elders rejoicing their frolics to see ;
 And through the dim mist of the years far away
 They see themselves merry and gladsome as they.

And love's chosen hour is availed in the shade,
 Where the brook murmurs joy to the youth and the maid ;
 From afar down the vale the ethereal song
 Of peace floats away the grey mountains among.

Sinks further the sun, and the deeper shades roll
 On the bosom of ether ; and man hath his soul
 For slumber's brief season surrendered to God :
 And the sweet sleep of peace on the people's bestowed.

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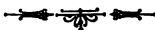
When the morn in its beauty hath fully awoke,
Comes the dread noise of war, and the sound of the shock
Between death-dealing armies is heard on the plain,
And the dying are shrieking, and trampled the slain !

The sabres are flashing--the bullets are sped
On their errands of death ! and the piles of the dead
Show war's bloody carnage hath triumphed at last,
And the breath of God's kingdom's a thing of the past !

The late smiling valley is burdened with wail ;
And horror, and anguish, and weeping prevail.
Sweet peace lieth slaughtered, and love is laid low,
And the war-stricken flock fall a prey to the foe. }

The roofs are in flames, and the victor's steeds prance,
Where the villagers late gaily tripped in the dance ;
And the clashing of arms, and the bugle's shrill call
Have replaced the sweet pipe that gave pleasure to all.

And husbandless women lament for their dead !
And fatherless children tremble with dread !
And loverless maidens all desolate mourn !
And friends are bewailed that will never return !



GEORGE GIBB

HAS written numerous poems, of real merit, for newspapers and magazines, and we have pleasure in having it in our power to give publicity to his effusions in this work. He has had varied and extensive experience of life, and although very unassuming he has been a keen and intelligent observer. Mr Gibb has evidently thought deeply, and while evincing a taste for the picturesque, his more marked pieces show kindly humour, mingled with philosophical reflection. His poems and songs on "the auld times" furnish excellent pictures of Scottish life and manners now fast disappearing.

George Gibb was born at Gordon's Mill, Donside, Old Aberdeen, in 1826. The days of his childhood

were spent near the "Auld Brig o' Don," immortalised in song by Lord Byron. After receiving a fair education he, at the age of fourteen, became a factory operative, and worked as such till he reached his twenty-eighth year—contributing pieces to the Aberdeen newspapers. Mr Gibb's effusions, which appeared almost weekly with the initials "G. G.," were much admired, and through the influence of Mr Adam, editor of the *Herald*, he was appointed station-agent on the Great North of Scotland Railway, first at Kintore, and latterly at Longside, where our poet remained about ten years. As a railway official he was generally esteemed, and when he left to enter the employment of a firm in Aberdeen as foundry clerk, it was a matter of much regret. Several years after he again became connected with the railway service—the North British Company—at Edinburgh, and also at Alva, where, meeting with an accident, he had to resign, and he returned to the Granite City. He still warbles tender lilt o' auld langsyne, and his recent productions in the columns of the *Free Press* prove that he can sing as sweetly as he did nearly forty years ago.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

Losh ! sic a heap o' ups and doons
 There are in twenty years ;
 But gin we backlins cast our e'e
 How short that space appears.

The dreamy days o' early life,
 Though season'd aft wi' pain ;
 Yet lives there ane wha couldna wish
 To live them ower again.

Ah, reevin' Time ! you'll ne'er bring back
 Yon hours o' sunless glee,
 When new fledged Fancy flapp'd her wing,
 An' ettled first to flee.

Ye war'ly thrang, whase prosy souls
 Nae raptured moment kens ;
 But broods o'er what the future has,
 And what the present sen'a.

Ye think it vain and profitless
 To lat your fancy flee
 To yon bricht spots o' early life,
 As seen through memory's e'e.

An' ye wha row in fortune's lap
 Wi' feint a woe to wail,
 But what your folly or your pride
 May bring upon yoursel'.

Yet favour'd brithers, will ye say
 That fortune's smiles can gie
 Sic bliss as sweeten'd early life,
 When seen through memory's e'e?

Ye thochtless thrang, wha sail alang
 On pleasure's shallow stream,
 How stale your joys compar'd wi' those
 Which gladden'd childhood's dream.

Alternate stouns o' grief'an' pain
 Your bosoms now maun dree,
 Which kent nae pang in yon bricht days
 We view through memory's e'e.

THE AULD TIMES.

O! leeze me on the auld times,
 The happy, hamely auld times,
 He 's daft wha says the present days
 Are equal to the auld times.

When I glint back twa score o' years,
 Ah! me, hoo short that space appears,
 But backlins memory aye careers
 To revel 'mang the auld times.
 The quiet, contented auld times,
 The dear, lamented auld times,
 Tho' cash was scant, distress and want
 Were rarely kent in auld times.

The present age is past remeid
 Wi' affectation's pride an' greed,
 An' modern morals sairly need,
 A lesson frae the auld times.
 The pure and sainted auld times,
 The vice-untainted auld times.
 The moral law in cot an' ha'
 Was Virtue's creed in auld times.

Oor lasses noo are dressed like dalls,
 Wi' lots o' tawdry falderals,
 Gi'e me the bannets, goons, an' shawls,
 Our lassies wore in auld times.

The sonsy dress o' auld times,
 The natural grace o' auld times,
 A swaggerin' gait was ne'er a trait
 O' lasses in the auld times.

The fu'some speech and vulgar ways,
 The young fouks' manners nowadays
 Are mixed wi' shoddy, like their claes,
 Nae shoddy claith in auld times.
 Discreet the walk in auld times,
 Refined the talk in auld times,
 Nae orra news defiled the mou's
 O' youngsters in the auld times.

The kirks they used to hunt Auld Nicks,
 An' clour'd his croon wi' gospel bricks,
 But noo they're huntin' heretics,
 A sport but rare in auld times.
 Great was their zeal in auld times,
 To ding the deil in auld times,
 Puir Nick was aye the heretic,
 That bore the brunt in auld times.



REV. JOHN DONALDSON.

THE pleasing and quiet Scottish manse has often been visited and highly favoured by the Muse, and from the country manse especially the voice of truest and purest song has been heard. The Rev. John Donaldson is a son of the manse, and was born at Canonbie, on the eastern boundary of Dumfriesshire, in 1817, and received his education at home, until he went to study at the university. After leaving the Divinity Hall, and receiving licence to preach, he travelled for a considerable time on the continent. In 1843 he was ordained minister of the parish of Kirkconnell, in the upper district of Nithsdale, and there he still continues to minister with the greatest acceptance.

In 1864 he paid a visit to the Nederland and

Rheinland, the result of which was "Leaves from my Log-Book," published in 1866. The work is a highly pleasing medley of prose and poetry. In 1881 he published "A Minister's Week in Argyle," which is also sprinkled over with numerous sonnets, all of which are excellent, and some of them of great beauty.

I O N A .

Iona ! Isle of waves which round thee play ;
 O holy isle of St. Columba's cell,
 Thy cloistered sacred ruins, strangers tell
 Of a far better, brighter, nobler day,
 When men in currach, borne from Erin's isle,
 Bring the glad tidings of the risen Lord,
 Thy summer sunlit waves around thee smile,
 And hail the coming of the blessed Word ;
 Thy spray-washed pastures grey, silent so long,
 Save to the long, low wail of ocean's roar,
 Hear from Columba's lips the Gospel song,
 And faithful men the Christian's God adore.
 O ! Isle, of saints and kings the sacred land,
 Fair are thy green fringed shores and pebbly strand.

D U N S T A F F N A G E .

Rock-based Dunstaffnage ! on Loch Linnhe's shore,
 A coigne of vantage in a warlike age,
 Where Etine's ebbing waters rush and rage,
 And Connel's boiling eddies swirl and roar !
 When chiefs of Lorn held high their feasts of pride,
 And war-ships lay at Oban, side by side ;
 When island chieftians proudly scorned to bring
 Submissive offerings to the lowland king,
 Then waved thy flag for Kenneth's royal race,
 The "Lion" oft in battle nobly borne,
 "*Liath fail*," the stone of fate, unhewn, time-worn,
 Held long within thy walls a treasured place !
 How big with fate that grey unlettered stone,
 Mourn not, O Scotland ! thou hast won thine own.



J A M E S T H O M S O N .

PROFESSOR BLACKIE has said that James Thomson has written a number of "genuine Scottish songs, and that several of these deserve a

place amongst the best things of the kind." We have pleasure in being able to endorse this high opinion. He writes with natural tenderness, and has rare skill in the forcible expression of sentiment, and the richness and melodiousness of his language compels one to listen to his musings with close attention. His subjects are various, and they are excellent in tone, and give clear evidence of a warm heart, kindly feeling, refined taste, and rich culture.

James Thomson was born in 1825, at the village of Rothies, on Speyside. His father had a small croft, and our young poet loved the beautiful situation and surrounding scenery. He received his only school education at the village of Aberlour, and was herding cattle at the age of thirteen. This calling was distasteful to James. Although he was fond of the bonny birks and braes which surrounded his native place, he was anxious to become a gardener, and accordingly was apprenticed to the Laird of Elchies. He was afterwards in the employment of Lord Cockburn at Bonny Bonnally, situated at the bottom of the Pentland Hills, and latterly settled down at Shawdon Hall, in the lovely Vale of Whittingham, where he found leisure to publish his volume, entitled "Northumbria, and other Poems."

Though he has resided for more than thirty years south of the Tweed, he is still a true-hearted Scotchman. He has not lost his partiality for his native Doric, and can still write in all its homely pathos and purity. Mr Thomson issued a third and enlarged edition of "Northumbria, the Captive Chief," during the present year, which he dedicated to Lady Fairfax, having served her Ladyship's father and grandfather in the capacity of gardener. The leading poem, a tale of Flodden Field, is spirited, smooth, and flowing. It gives evidence of an intelligent appreciation of lovely scenery—the hills, the streams, the vales, and rocky glens near which it has been his lot to live.

MY LITTLE PRIMROSE FLOWER.

There grows a golden primrose
 In a lone mossy dell,
 The place where grows my primrose
 I'll not to any tell ;
 Beneath the shelter of an oak,
 That's wrinkled grey with age,
 My pet flower blossoms sweetly there,
 Safe from the tempest's rage.

A little rill that trickles by
 Makes music to my flower,
 And wafts itself in dewy spray
 To cool its mossy bower.
 The speckled trout leap up with joy
 When bright it shines and clear,
 And April brings its gentle rain
 My little flower to cheer.

Spring wakens Nature from her sleep,
 There little birds do sing,
 To see the trees put forth their buds,
 And flowers begin to spring.
 The robin makes his cosy nest
 Beside my little flower,
 And close beneath its shelt'ring leaves
 His little brood does cower.

When in the west the evening star
 Shines like a diamond bright,
 The feathered choir in brake and briar
 Sing sweet their last good-night ;
 And ere the morning star has sunk
 Behind the Cheviots grey,
 They sing to my flower in its mossy bower
 Their hymn to the coming day.

At morning dawn a sunbeam steals
 Where my pet flower is laid,
 And wakes it with a warm soft kiss
 Upon its golden head.
 My virgin flower, like maiden pure,
 Lifts its head to the azure sky,
 And wafts perfume from its golden bloom
 On the breeze that passes by.

Then come the bees through budding trees ;
 With a hum of joy they sing
 To the flower of my little primrose,
 The queen of early spring ;
 From its cup of gold they sip
 The honey sweet and clear,
 And carry home with joyous song
 The first-fruits of the year.

As 'neath this old oak-tree I sit,
 I think of boyhood's day,
 When, spotless as the primrose flower,
 On the sunny bank I lay :
 I gazed from earth to vaulted sky,
 Till I seemed borne away
 To a land of bliss, unlike to this,
 Where flowers know no decay.

"MY WEE CREEPIE STOOL.

What memories surround thee, my wee creepie stool,
 Linked to my childhood with its joy and dool ;
 When I first left the care of kind mother's knee,
 My wee creepie stool, I sate proudly on thee.

There my mother would stroke my wee flaxen head—
 I'll mind her soft touch till the day that I'm dead ;
 While a tear often stood in her clear sparkling e'e,
 And I knew that my mother was praying for me.

From her lips I first heard of our Father above,
 That His Son came to earth to teach men to love ;
 Then humbly I knelt by my wee creepie stool,
 And said, ' Father in heaven, thy child keep and rule.

When the short day was done and the oil lamp was lit,
 Entranced by the fire, on my wee stool I'd sit ;
 In the glowing red embers I saw strange things arise—
 Men, rocks, and mountains, and star-studded skies.

And strange tales I've heard on my wee creepie stool,
 So strange and unearthly they made my blood cool ;
 Of ghosts, and of fairies, and dead candle-lights,
 And of the vile spirits that ride on dark nights.

With fear then I trembled on my wee creepie stool,
 I wished for daylight with the loons at the school ;
 In bed I would cover my head with the clothes,
 And never feel safe till the bright sun arose.

But true pleasure I've felt on my wee creepie stool,
 When my tasks were all done, and ready for school ;
 Then down from the shelf came an old story-book—
 To me ever new, though old it did look.

At the sound of sweet music, plaintive and low,
 I have sat on my stool with my heart all aglow ;
 At the ' Flowers o' the Forest,' or ' Auld Robin Gray,'
 My heart seemed to melt, and my pulse cease to play.

I shall never forget thee, my wee creepie stool,
 For on thee I got lessons never taught me at school ;
 There I learned that life to the humble and low
 Has a dark dreary side that the rich never know.

Though my wee creeple stool was a' low humble seat,
 I have never yet envied the rich nor the great,
 For life's purest pleasures are free to us all—
 To the rich and the poor, to great and to small.



JOHN VEITCH LL.D.

PROFESSOR VEITCH is the modern poet *par excellence* of the stirring associations of the Borderland, and of the hills, moorlands and burns of the south of Scotland—associations closely connected with the history of Scotland, as well as with its literature. He is known not only as a brilliant scholar and a true poet, but as an accomplished translator of Latin verse. In his "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border" he gives evidence of his patriotic and historical spirit, and high literary accomplishments. At a recent meeting of the "Edinburgh Border Counties Association" (the Most Noble the Marquis of Lothian presiding), Professor Veitch, referring to one main object of the Association—as an endeavour to recall the past, and keep alive the salient facts in Border story and Border history—said "our present life, no doubt, is very pressing and very important, but it seems to me we cannot live well without some kind of retrospect, and we may make our lives all the better by the light shed upon them by the mellow memories of the past. Doubtless, the past nursed very stern qualities, but I would fain hope and believe that the rudeness of the old times has passed into strength of will and strength of character, and that the energy, which is as great, I believe, and as continuous as ever, has now been transferred into the channels of peaceful industry and of public and domestic duty."

John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the Glasgow University, was born at Peebles in 1829. After attending the Grammar School, he, in 1845, entered the University of Edinburgh, where he completed the Arts curriculum, and distinguished himself as a student in logic and moral philosophy. Shortly after completing his course the University presented the young student with the honorary degree of M.A., and afterwards that of LL.D. In 1860 he was appointed to the Chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of St Andrews, and in 1864 he received the same appointment in the University of Glasgow.

Under the direction of the Stewart trustees, Professor Veitch wrote the memoir of Dugald Stewart for the new edition of that author's collected works, published in 1858. On the death of Sir W. Hamilton, in 1856, he assisted in editing the publication of the "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic, by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart.," published in 1859-60, and in 1869 he published a "Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton." He is also the author of a translation of the "Works of Descartes, with an Introductory Essay," and of "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory." These works shew the elegant and judicious scholar—in the latter especially he handles philosophical questions with a calm sobriety and a poetical enthusiasm which are rarely found united in the same person. It has been said of the work that it is not in separate arguments or points, however able, that its great merit lies, but "it is in the fine spirit, the concern for truth and fairness, the poetic sympathy, and the grace of patient culture which it bears throughout." It is not merely on account of these works, showing ripe scholarship and refined poetic sympathy, that Professor Veitch is entitled to an important place among the poetic brotherhood; but in 1872 Mr Maclehose published his "Hillside Rhymes," followed, in 1875, by

κ "The Tweed, and other Poems."

"The History and Poetry of the Scottish Border" was published in 1878. It is a work of the greatest research, and throws light on the history and the literature of our country. The subject is treated with intense feeling. Vivid historical delineations, and interesting biographic sketches, together with as much of the poetry peculiar to the Borderland is presented so as to enable the reader to follow with deep interest its life of the past, and to feel the spirit of its song. Professor Veitch tells us that he has "sought mainly to trace the outline of Border history, to give in the order of development its salient characteristics, and to show how these, in connection with the scenery of the district have issued in its rich and stirring ballad and song." This he does in chapters on the semi-historic period (Arthur and the Arthurian Legends); the early history of the Lowlands, the War of Independence, Thomas the Rhymour and the early romantic school of poetry, the older poems descriptive of social manners, on the influence of the scenery, the poetry of the eighteenth century, and the modern period, including sketches and critical estimates of, and selections from, Leyden, Hogg, Scott, and recent poets. In a notice of "The Tweed, and other Poems," the *Quarterly Review* stated that he "combines two qualities seldom united in such measure—the reflectiveness, meditative depth, and dreamful interest for nature, which we identify with the name of Wordsworth, and the vivid sympathy for human character, especially as embodied in active and daring deed, which suggests the name of Sir Walter Scott." It is unnecessary to add anything to this high eulogium. He ever shows the thoughtful mind and those spontaneous felicities of language which distinguish the poet of natural power from the man of mere cultivation.

OLD BORDER LIFE AND POETRY.

Then let us lingering pause a moment brief
 Upon the dim fast-fading lineaments
 Of days of olden story,—catch the look
 And soul of those who lived in these grey towers,
 Who of a morning saw the sun and sky,
 Trod the same haughs and hills, saw river gleam,
 And felt the seasons' flow, through centuries
 Now gone,—as we, heirs too unconscious all
 Of their experience,—not thinking how
 The past flows through the present, how the life
 We live is tissue woven from the years
 That were, by that dread power within the will.

Theirs was a life born of the heaven's pure air,
 And nourished into strength by mountain breeze,
 By sunshine and by storm; their force of arm,
 And theirs the courage of long-during breath,
 Won from the broad hills they free-breasted trod:
 A growth spontaneous as the rugged pine,
 That, under open sky, unsheltered draws
 Its spirit from the blast; and they had hearts
 That moved impulsive with the swelling wind,
 Among the hills, or through the roaring wood,
 Or when it tore and shook their banner stretched
 For action bold and daring enterprise.

The sons of men who won them fair estates,
 In troubled marge 'twixt English, Scottish rule,—
 The trophies of the spear, or purchase free
 Of bow and arrow,—won and held from foe
 That ever pressed from southwards on their homes.
 No marvel that they felt rude power to be
 The highest law, and strength the last appeal,
 And spurned the feudal claims of all the Kings
 In Christenty; themselves deemed rightful Kings,
 But not by secondary parchment writ,
 By force of arm and custom of the sword.

As 'neath the open sky their life grew strong,
 So from the breeze they snatched air melody,
 That tuned their strength to beauty and to joy;
 Sweet sounds they knew of soft pathetic tone,
 As simple airs of heaven, spontaneous piped
 By pastoral reed,—a wail for absent love,
 Low 'mid the broom at eve on Cowdenknowes,
 Or deep pure passion's pleading tone in vain,
 Beneath the birken 'Bush aboon Traquair';
 And sometimes into low voiced wail 'twould swell
 As, born of nightly sighing of the burns,

Or plaintive midnight wind around lone tower,
 The note told, o'er and o'er, in lingering strain
 The dule of Flodden's dire disastrous day.
 Yet prompt their spirits rose, when bugle horn,
 Like rush of storm down trumpet-throated glen,
 Pealed loud and long the thrilling call to war.

All this old life of centuries is gone,
 And we regard it not : new men, new things
 Are with us ; blood and breed of olden knights
 Are rare among us ; their bright sun is set,
 Their towers are roofless, bare ; gaunt, grim walls given
 To winds, dank weeds, and hooting owls by night.
 We dread their rule no more, their powers of life
 And death, of pit and vaulted donjon-keep ;
 And children play upon the gallows' mound,
 And sit 'neath shadow of the tree of doom.

.

'Tis well that o'er the present happy look
 Of vale and stream, a shadow from the past
 Is cast, as of a faded name to call
 To mind old history. Oft where the stream
 Bends round green knowe, beneath the alder boughs,
 There stands the crumbling peel, deserted, lone,
 Save for its brotherhood of ancient trees,
 Few, straggling, wasted by long tides of storm,
 Yet faithful still in their companionship
 With relic of the past, the broken home,
 Left by the careless years to sure decay.

Think, once in these old towers what feelings wrought—
 Their bridal joy, and children's sunny smiles,
 A mother's hopes and fears, a father's cares,
 And all strong thrillings of this life have been,—
 Home-welcome flashed to victor from old wars,
 Dead burden borne from fatal feud o' night ;
 Ay such that 'tis a marvel this dull earth
 Should lie so callous 'neath the memories,
 Unless it be that surely in its breast
 It keeps them latent for the final morn.

.

Can we once marvel, that, with deeds like these,
 The muse that broods amid the hills was stirred
 To verse heroic, tender, human, true,—
 And oft heart-fired by strains of old romance ?
 Unknown to fame she was, nor heeded phrase
 Conventional that charmed a worldly crowd
 That never felt the simple modes of life,
 And never looked pure Nature in the face ;
 As Queen she ruled within the Border Land,
 In Teviot's uplands wild ; 'mid lonely glens

Where Ettrick creeps ; by Yarrow's pure green helms
 That pleased and silent list the lively strain,
 As loch-born waters leap from calm to sound,
 And joyous flash by many a bonny knawe ;
 Yet gathers sadness towards evening tide,
 As gloamin' shadows o'er the Dowie Dams.

She spoke from simple heart to simple faith
 And fervour, with a voice as of the soul
 Of acts that thrilled the time ; a pure response
 It was, no hue of personal colour bleat,
 Or trick of art, or ornament save what
 Unconscious flashed upon the narrative,
 Austere, of pictured deeds, yet marred it not ;
 The shallow stream doth mingle with the scene
 It shows its own poor pebbles ; nobler lake
 In eyes of calm and depth profound has power
 To mirror for us every feature fair
 Of the o'ershadowing earth and sky it feels,
 In purest picturing ; its sparkle clear
 But lights, not breaks, the perfect imagery

.

THE HERD'S WIFE.

In a lone Herd's house, far up i' the Hope,
 By the hill with the winter cairn,
 She paced the floor i' the peat-fire glow,
 In her arms she clasped her bairn !

Out in the night the snow storm's might
 Tore wild around the door ;
 " Oh ! wae me for my ain gudeman,
 Up on that weary moor !

" I canna bide that gruesome sough,
 And swirl of blindin' drift ;
 There's no a star in a' the sky,
 Nor a glint o' moon i' the lift !

" Has the crook o' my lot then come sae soon
 On our gleesome wedding-day ?
 Wi' the ae bloom o' the heather braes
 Is my blessing sped away ?

" O ! bonnie a' through was our year,
 Frae Spring to the Lammastide ;
 There was joy in the e'e blinks o' morn,
 Was I wrang in wishin' twad bide ?

" But little thocht I that the hay,
 Deep ower the haugh and the lee,—

Our first crop he saw blithely mawed,—
Was the last we together wad see !

“ Have I loved him ower muckle, O Lord,
Thocht mair o' his smile than o' Thine ?
Oh ! on earth I had nae but himsel'—
To be my sweet bairnie's and mine ! ”

She paced up and down, the bairn in her grip,
That knew not her sore unrest ;
And aye about it her arms she clasped,
Pressed it, how close, to her breast !

High on the blast rose a piteous whine ;
She thrilled as 'tween hope and fear,
'Twas the pleading wail of faithful Help,
But alone,—no Master there !

No warm hearth seeks the old dog to-night—
His face is set to the storm,—
He's come from where his master lies,—
He'll guide to the snow-numbed form !

One tender look has the wife for Help,
A tear-eyed glance for her child ;
Out will she 'mid the fearsome night,
For him that lies on the wild.

With milk in vial, her sole resource,—
Laid in the warmth of her breast,—
She and Help 'gainst the 'wildering snow,
To her God she leaves the rest !

Fearless she faced the gruesome sough,
And swirl of blindin' drift,
There was no a star in a' the sky,
Or a glint o' moon i' the lift !

Bareheaded slept he 'neath the mound,
Where the wreath was o'er him laid,
There in the folds of the winding snow,
Help found him wrapt in his plaid !

Oh ! how she clasped him there, and poured
Life-warmth through the chilled frame,
Heaven tender looked on her wifely love,
He breathed and blessed her name !

ROBERT GRANT

WAS born in Peterhead in 1818. On leaving school, at the age of twelve, "Bob," as he was and is still called, was apprenticed to a "merchant tailor," a trade he still continues to follow. While still a young man he went to America, and having an early-formed literary bent, he was for several years connected with the newspaper press. On returning home he started and edited one or more newspapers in Aberdeen. Mr Grant performed his editorial duties with marked ability, and he has contributed political leaders, reviews and tales for many years to local and other papers. He has been known as a versifier since his boyhood. Not a few of his productions are fine imitations of the old ballad. We regret that our space will only admit of one specimen. He never preserves his poems, and many of his fugitive pieces can only be had from admiring friends. Mr Grant has spent much of his leisure moments in the study of literature, science, and art, and also in the open book of Nature. In Mr Scott Skinner's "Miller of Hirn" collection we find a number of his pieces, set to music by Mr Skinner, including his well-known ballad "By the Sea."

JOHNNIE SMITH, A FALLA FINE.

"Johnnie Smith, my falla fine,
Can ye shee this horse o' mine?"
Weel I wat, an that I can,
Just as weel as ony man."

"Pit a bittie on a tae,
Gars a horse spur a brae;
Pit a bittie on a heel,
Gars a horsie trot richt weel.

"Gin ye're for the Hielan' road
Ye maun hae ye're beast weel shod;
An' I'm the man can dee it weel,
Wi' best o' iron an' o' steel.

"Wha like me can drive a nail,
Dress a beast, an' busk his tail ?
Nane in a' the kintra roon'
Like Johnnie Smith o' Turra toon.

"The road is far I hae to ride,
Frae Turra toon to Gelder side ;
But gin ye're canny wi' my meer,
I sall roose ye far an' near."

"Ye may roose me as ye like,
To Hielan' laird or tinkler tyke ;
But five fyte shillings is my fee ;
Gin it please ye we will gree?"

"Gree my man ! 'tween you an' me
There sall never be a plea ;
Wha wad grudge to pay a croon
To Johnnie Smith o' Turra toon."

Johnnie shod my meer richt weel,
Tipp'd ilk shée wi' bits o' steel ;
An', e're the sun gaed doon that nicht,
I saw Balmoral's towers in sicht.

Hurrah ! the smith o' Turra toon,
Tho' he's a gey camstairie loon,
There's nane like him can drive a nail,
Pare a hoof, or busk a tail.



JAMES A. SIDEY, M.D.

DR SIDEY, in the midst of a laborious life as a city medical gentleman of high repute in his profession, has found leisure moments to cultivate his natural poetic talent. He has written much that is far above the average of what is called "fugitive poetry," although we have reason to believe that he himself attaches very little value on anything he has produced. He is esteemed by a wide circle not only for his talents and learning, but for his genial disposition and personal worth.

Dr Sidey is a native of Edinburgh. He was educated first at the Circus Place School and the High School, and passed M.D. at the University in 1846. He has been in medical practice in the Scottish metropolis since then, except during two years when he was in England as an assistant.

In 1869 Dr Sidey issued for private circulation a collection of songs and ballads, entitled "*Mistura Curiosa*, by F. Crucelli, with Illustrations by Charles Doyle and John Smart." The volume was got up in a most unique and elegant manner. The *Scotsman* at the time hailed it as "a curious book, with a curious name, and a more curious title-page; and it is certainly curious that a book so attractive in every way should not have been launched into life with the usual flourish of trumpets, but, like a bastard bairn, been allowed to claim no share in the legitimate perquisites of printed books—publication and review. However, we mean to say a single word about it; and hope that, as illegitimate children by the Scottish law acquire the rights of lawful children by subsequent marriage, so a second edition of the 'curious mixture' may be forthcoming to invest it with all the rights and privileges of a regularly published book. The work consists of a collection of miscellaneous songs and ballads, accompanied by a rich commentary of tiny illustrations, the product of a playful, graceful, and humorous fancy. One of the greatest misfortunes of the present age is that there is so much reading and so little singing—so much cramming of the brain with knowledge, so little flapping of the wings of vital enjoyment in song. It is strange, indeed, to consider how little the world, that ever runs after pleasure, knows how to cultivate the soil from which the best pleasures grow. The amount of innocent and ennobling amusement to be got from music exceeds that from other arts as a ripe peach excels a crab apple; and the best kind of music at once for pleasure and for culture is national

music. Where music is seriously cultivated in Scotland, a Scotch song is often the last thing thought of, and the accomplishment apparently sought for is rather an apt dexterity of the throat than a rich outcome of the soul. Young ladies are taught to sing for the purpose of showing how high they can stretch their pipes, as tumblers and posture-makers stretch their limbs, not for beauty, but for wonderment; and what they sing is Italian or German pieces, calculated to bathe the ear in luxury, not national Scotch songs, strong to stir the heart, to purify the sentiment, and to season everyday life with that best of all poetry which grows spontaneously out of national social relations, as heather on the brae or hyacinths in the wood."

In 1877 Dr Sidey brought out another handsome volume, with 150 pen and ink sketches, entitled "Alter Ejusdem: Being another Instalment of 'Lilts and Lyrics,' by the author of 'Mistura Curiosa.'" In the preface we are told that the contents were composed during hours which would otherwise have been spent in doing nothing. The author had not, in turning poet, wandered from the beaten track of his profession, for, with few exceptions, the "Lilts and Lyrics" had been written "in order to relieve the tedium of many a night-journey, as, weary with my day's work and unable to read or sleep, I lay in the dimly-lighted railway carriage, and listened half-dreamily to the sound of the wheels, which generally suggested to me first the music and then the words." His first song was "Wee Nannie," and it was written because a friend refused to give him the words of a song of a similar nature which he had sung at a supper party. We have reason to believe that our poet considers that the merits of his productions depend on the music—for to him music is not a mere combination of notes, but music *says* words to him, and he only *writes* these words down. Previous to 1869 he used to send pieces to various magazines

and newspapers, but as he never thought of keeping copies, he forgot about them as soon as they were written. Indeed, he only put pen to paper to amuse himself; and, had it not been the urgent wish of his artist friends to illustrate the book, none of his pieces would have seen the light of day. Regarding the illustrative sketches, including beautifully-executed landscapes, Scotch characters, initial letters, comic tail-pieces, groups, &c., it is sufficient to say that they are the productions of Messrs W. D. M'Kay, J. Oswald Stewart, C. A. Doyle, George Hay, Hugh Cameron, R. Herdman, Walter Reid, and many other well-known names.

Dr Sidney, recognising the truth of Douglas Jerrold's words, "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child," and assuming that sentence for his motto, gave permission to Messrs Waterston, Sons, & Co. to publish several of his nursery rhymes, enriched with very superior coloured illustration, as children's picture-books. These include "The Three Little Naughty Boys," "The Bears and the Bees," "Three Little Pigs," &c., and they have attained a wide popularity. In "Bairnies' Sangs" Dr Sidney will not suffer by comparison with the best of our poets of the nursery. James Ballantyne or Matthias Barr have not written anything to excel the tenderness, simplicity, and beauty of his verse-pictures of children's joys, while all his domestic scenes are happy and touchingly natural.

We hope to hear soon of Dr Sidney consenting to allow his delightful songs to appear in a form within the reach of all classes. "The Burnie," "The Auld Fail Dyke," and others, are fine pictures. Indeed, the first-mentioned song is one of the sweetest effusions of the modern Scottish Muse. They are brimful of our native spirit, and show true poetical genius. His comic songs are pervaded by humour

of the most catching description—quaint wit, and rare felicity of expression delicately combined.

THE BURNIE THAT WINS TO THE SEA.

Up near the scaur whaur the hoodiecrow bides,
 Up near the foot o' the keelie-craig lie,
 Deep i' the hidie heugh, riv'd frae its sides,
 Rises the burnie that wins to the sea.
 Out o' the fozy fog,
 Out o' the lairy bog,
 Cauld as it seips frae the wauchie well-s'e,
 Rinnin' in water draps,
 Toddlin' in spedlin' staps,
 Gullers the burnie that wins to the sea.

Doun thro' the slaps o' the staney head-dykes
 A' thro' the muir wi' nae bield nor lown lee,
 Restin' its weary feet, whiles in the sykes,
 Hirples the burnie that wins to the sea.
 Roun' by the mossy knowe,
 Doun thro' the flossy flowe,
 Whaur lang-craiget herons and wheeplin' whaups flee,
 Doun whaur the moorcock churrs,
 Ower the bit linns wi' jurrs,
 Brattles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Thro' ilka link as it winds doun the rocky glens,
 Mony's the mile agait it gangs aglee;
 Sair tho' it's trauchelt wi' seggs in the rashy bends,
 Hirsels the burnie that wins to the sea.
 Close by the cosie stell,
 Doun thro' the hazely dells,
 Whaur grow the arne, the aik, an' birk tree;
 Syne neth the briars an' broom,
 Whaur the witch thummles bloom,
 Laich louts the burnie that wins to the sea.

A' doun the cleughs, an' doun thro' the breckenshaws,
 Whaur haw-buss an' hainberries grow bonnilie;
 Whaur loup the trouties, whaur laich jouch the water-graws,
 Wimples the burnie that wins to the sea.
 Syne wi' a racer's speed,
 Doun thro' the gurlin' lede,
 Doun thro' the mill-gloose aye tryin' to slee;
 Syne wi' the jeggin' wheel,
 Roun' in a rummlin' reel,
 Thrummles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Doun by cot-houses, thro' a' the big farm toons,
 Leavin' the ana-fields, fallow an' lea,
 Changin' its liltin' to lang weary wailin' croons,
 Wauchles the burnie that wins to the sea.

Aince it was young and yauld,
 Noo it is doul'd an' auld,
 Trallin' sae traiket-like down by the ree,
 Till wi' lang fetchin' breath,
 Thro' the saut faem to death,
 Warstles the burnie that's won to the sea.

THE GATHERERS.

Come now, my bairnies fast,
 For the hairst is ower at last,
 The leadin' is a' dune, an' the stackyaird's fu';
 The rakin' ower forbye,
 Sae we'll a' gang out an' try,
 An' see what we can "gather" for our auld hame now.

Sae come, my bairnie's a',
 The grit as weel's the sma',
 For ilka "pickle" helps to mak' the neive-fu' fu';
 And syne when yin by yin
 Ower the "knickle" ye can win,
 We'll sune mak' up the "singles" for our auld hame now.

Now yer singles I maun "tie"
 An' "plet" them a' "three ply,"
 An' put them into "bunches" for an oter fu';
 But a' the while I plet,
 Ye maun gather till ye get,
 Some "heads" to eek my singles for our auld hame now.

An' when they're won an' dry,
 On the bauks where they maun lie,
 We'll beetle on the knowehead mony a lippie fu';
 Syne we'll cave the "brok" awa',
 An' the "caff" the wind will blaw,
 An' we'll carry hame what's dight to our auld hame now.

Syne we'll grund it at the mill,
 An' I'm sure we a' can fill
 The meal pock, or it maybes a big bowster fu';
 An' gin that folk could stap
 The miller's mouter-cap,
 A hantle mair then wad we hae for our auld hame now.

Syne at last an' lang afore
 Our gudeman comes to the door
 We'll mak' upon the bawbrek mony a girdle fu';
 An' the king we wadna ca'
 Our cousin—no ava,
 When we feast on new-bak't bannocks in our auld hame now.

OH HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THEE.

Oh how I've thought of thee, longed for thee, dearest,
 Pined to be near thee, beside thee once more ;
 Oh how I've wearied, thine eye to see, dearest,
 Beaming with joy as in bright days of yore,
 When by the mountain rills,
 When o'er the heathery hills,
 Roaming, we wandered, when no one was nigh,
 When in the wildwood oft
 (Dream of my childhood oft)
 Love told a tale, in thy dark glancing eye.

Oh how I've longed for thee, waiting and weary,
 Yearned from the depths of my sad breaking heart,
 Oh how I've pined for thee, life has been dreary,
 Sad, sad and lonely since e'er we did part.
 Oh to be near thee now,
 Kindly to cheer thee now,
 Lest aught of danger to thee should come nigh,
 Happy defending thee,
 Guarding and tending thee,
 Loving I'd live for thee, loving I'd die.

OH, WHO IS THIS BAIRNIE?

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee ?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be ;
 This bonnie wee mousie,
 This wee cheetie pussie ;—
 Oh, its my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee ?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be ;
 Wi' cheeks like the cherry,
 An' lips like the berry ;—
 Oh, its my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee ?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be ;
 Wi' bonnie wee bousey,
 Sae warm an' sae cosey ;—
 Oh, its my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee ?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be ;
 Wi' bonnie brow brenty,
 An' wee mouthy dainty ;
 Oh, it's my ain wee bairnie that's kissing at me.

Oh, who is this bairnie that sits on my knee ?
 Oh, I wonder whose bairnie this bairnie can be ;
 This bonnie wee lambie,
 Sae fond o' its mammie ;—
 Oh, it's just my ain bairnie that's fond, fond o' me.

THE AULD FAIL DYKE.

The auld fail dyke that's biggit on
 The bare face o' the brae,
 Grown green wi' age when ither dykes
 Wi' crottle are grown grey.
 In winter's bitter stormy blasts,
 In winter's nippin' cauld,
 Aye gie's its lowan side to the wee
 Bit lammies o' the fauld.

The wimplin' burn that rowin' rins
 And glints sae bonnily
 In army glen, as it gangs by
 Gie's life tae ilka tree.
 The ferny bank, the mossy stane,
 And whiles a buss o' whin,
 Drink deep the jaups the burnie gies
 In lipperin' ower the linn.

The silvery saugh, though auld and gell'd,
 Sends oot a flourish green,
 And cosie shiel's the cushie doo
 That croodles late at e'en.
 The wee bit chirmin' birdies tae
 A bield fin' in the wuds,
 Afore the lift is cussin ower
 Wi' mirk and rain-fraucht cluda.

E'en sae though poortith cauld be yours,
 Frae nature tak' the lead,
 And gie to freens and fremit-folk
 A helpin' hand in need.
 For a' your lear and learnin' ne'er
 Can teach ye how to ken
 How far intil the waefu' heart
 A kindly word gangs ben.

SCOTLAND'S NAMELESS GLENS.

My auld heart kens that Scotland's glens
 Are dearer far to me
 Than beauties fair, or riches rare,
 In lands beyond the sea ;
 And proudly swells with love that tells
 Of charms a Scotaman kens,
 Sae blooming fair, beyond compare,
 In Scotland's nameless glens.

Amang the hills, the wandering rills
 Come down frae scaury fells,
 Where far and wide, on every side,
 Grow heath and heather bells.

Oh, my heart warms to feel the charms
 Nane but a Scotsman kens,
 Of beauties fair, beyond compare,
 In Scotland's nameless glens.

For bonnie bloom, with sweet perfume,
 The wild flowers on the braes ;
 While wee bit birds, with loving words,
 Sing saft their songs of praise.
 Oh, my heart swells with love that tells
 Of charms a Scotsman kens
 The riches rare beyond compare,
 In Scotland's nameless glens.

Oh, Scotland's glens, my leal heart kens
 Where'er I chance to roam,
 That rock and tree, each tells to me
 Of loved ones left at home.
 And ever warms to feel the charms
 Nane but a Scotsman kens,
 Of beauties fair, and riches rare,
 In Scotland's nameless glens.

DO ANGELS BID THEM COME.

Oh ! tell me why do little flowers,
 In beauteous colours bloom ;
 Oh ! tell me why are little flowers,
 So rich in sweet perfume.
 Why tiny birds with songs of praise,
 And bees with busy hum,
 Linger within our garden fair ;
 Do angels bid them come ?

Oh ! tell me why do gentle rains,
 On lovely flowers alight ;
 Why dewdrops in the morning gleam,
 Like diamonds sparkling bright ;
 And when the ground is white with snow,
 Why Robin for his crumb,
 So trusting at the window waits ;
 Do angels bid them come ?

Ah ! well I know our sister dear,
 With kind and watchful eye,
 Looks down on us, who loved her well
 From heaven beyond the sky,
 And sends as emblems of her love,
 To all she left at home,
 Those lovely tokens from above,
 Yes, angels bid them come.

OUR AIN HILLSIDE.

Nae grief can dim the e'e,
 Nae pang can chill the heart,
 Like the sorrow near to me,
 That tells me I maun part
 Frae the flowers that sweetly blaw,
 And down the burnies hide,
 As croonin' saft they fa'
 On our ain hillside.

Nae flower sae fair can bloom,
 Or be sae dear to me,
 As the heather bell and broom,
 Or the gowan on the lea.
 Nae birdie sweeter sings,
 In a' this warld wide,
 Than the lintie 'mang the whins
 On our ain hillside.

Oh ! I'll ne'er forget our glen
 Tho' I am far awa' ;
 For ilka thing I ken
 Lives there wi' love for a'.
 E'en the willow grey its lane,
 Or gall-bush by its side,
 Gies a lown to some auld stane
 On our ain hillside.

The sun is sinking fast,
 Yet fain wad langer stay,
 That its bonniest glints and last
 Micht linger on our brae.
 Oh ! the sicht is a' to me,
 But mair nor I can bide,
 Sin' I maun o'er the sea
 Frae our ain hillside.

My e'en are growing dim,
 My heart is staunin' still,
 My tear-drops mak' me glim,
 I canna see the hill.
 Oh ! let me kneel and pray,
 Whate'er in years betide ;
 That meet again we may
 On our ain hillside.

THOMAS NEWBIGGING, C.E.,

3S another Scottish poet who, although he has lived many years "across the border," has not forgotten his "guid auld mither tongue." In a handsome volume of "Poems and Songs," published during 1881, and in another volume (1857), which were very favourably received, we find examples of the simplicity and strength of the old ballads; while silent moors, crooning burns, green hill-sides, and sunny knolls are pictured in felicitous verse. His life has been a busy one, and he has attained his present position as an engineer of high repute in spite of early difficulties.

Mr Newbigging was born in Glasgow, in 1833. He received his early education, first at the Bridgeton Public School, and afterwards at the Guthen School, Gatehouse-of-Fleet, Kirkcudbrightshire, where he was the schoolfellow and companion of the younger Faeds—Susan, whose paintings are well-known, and George, now deceased, who, as an artist, promised to rival his distinguished brothers. Will Nicholson, the Galloway poet, and author of the "Brownie of Blednock," was also a frequent visitor at the house of his parents while the family lived in that district. He removed to Lancashire in his eleventh year, and at that age commenced to work in a cotton factory, and afterwards served as a mechanic at Bury. When twenty-four years of age he took to gas engineering, in which profession he has attained to considerable eminence. Mr Newbigging is author of the "Gas Manager's Handbook," and is joint author and editor of "King's Treatise on Gas," works to be found in the library of every gas engineer both at home and abroad, and showing much practical and scientific knowledge. He also wrote the "History of the Forest of Rossendale"

(1868), a large and interesting district in East Lancashire. This work is now one of the scarcest and most highly valued of local histories. Our poet is a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and of several learned societies. In 1870 he went out to Brazil as an engineer, where he resided for five years, and then returned to Manchester, where he commenced business as a civil and consulting gas engineer, and at present has a large and successful practice.

His poetic impulses were first awakened by association with the beautiful scenery of the Galloway Hills and the Vale of Fleet. Indeed, a passionate love of Nature seems to colour all he writes. These occasionally breathe noble thoughts and lofty diction, while his domestic scenes and character sketches are full of gentle feeling, with a vein of quiet, yet rich humour.

SOBER, SOUTER WATTIE, O!

O' a' the souters 'neath the sun,
 Frae Selkirk to Calcutta, O;
 There's ne'er a ane can drive a pin
 Wi' sober, souter Wattie, O.
 His hammer and his brattie, O
 His awls and wee paste pattie, O;
 The steevest hand in a' the land
 Is that o' sober Wattie, O.

His hame—O what a cheery hame!
 A clean, wee, cozie cottie, O,
 Cauld carking care gets never there,
 For the merry sang o' Wattie, O,
 And his cantie couthie Mattie, O,
 And his wee bit toddlin' tottie, O;
 The best o' books, the kindest looks,
 A' light the hame o' Wattie, O.

There's ne'er a heart but lowes beneath
 His intellectual chattie, O;
 He charms the ear, he draws the tear,
 For pathos dwells in Wattie, O.
 And O! he's blithe and happy, O,
 And aye he shuns the drappie, O,
 A tumbler full o' Adam's yill
 The beverage o' Wattie, O.

He loves his country and his kin'—
 A noble-hearted Scot he, O ;
 A helping han' to raise the fa'n,
 Was ne'er denied by Wattie, O.
 And aye he's blithe and happy, O,
 Wi' his cantie, couthie Mattie, O,
 The steevest hand in a' the land
 Is that o' sober Wattie, O.

THE DEWDROP AND THE MOONBEAM.

O, cozie cow'red the lintie
 Within its whinny bield ;
 Its wee bit weary eyelid
 In balmy sleep was sealed.
 And lonely hung the harebell,
 Forsaken by the bee,
 When a Moonbeam fell to wooing
 O' a Dewdrop on the lea.

O, pawkie was the Moonbeam,
 He kenn'd the gait to woo ;
 And maidenly and artless
 Was the bonnie drop o' Dew.
 And aye he danced around her,
 In the stillness o' the night ;
 And praised her silken forehead,
 And her cheek sae pearly bright.

Her sappy mou' he tasted ;
 He gazed into her ee ;
 And he spak o' a' the beauty
 O' his ain fair home on hie.
 The Dewdrop was enchanted
 Wi' the glowing tale o' love ;
 And, smiling, soon consented
 To a happy home above.

Now from the east comes gleaming
 The morning's sunny ray ;
 And fragrant flowers awaking,
 Hail the advent o' day :
 A myriad throats, fu' blithely,
 To music's strains are given ;
 But the Dewdrop and the Moonbeam
 Are on their way to heaven !

THE MOUNTAIN CHILD.

She dwells apart, the mountain child,
 Free as the wind that sweeps the plain ;
 Her no false hopes have e'er beguiled,
 To check her song, or sting with pain.

For oft the maiden carols sweet,
 With heart that feels the joys she sings ;
 Full oft the wild and lone retreat,
 To her glad voice melodious rings.

The wild flowers bloom around her cot,
 She views them and admires the while ;
 She has no favoured garden plot,
 But the whole boundless breadth of soil.
 The trusty thistle's noble form
 Nods as she trips him lightly by,
 She greets him with a smile as warm
 As beams from yonder sunny sky.

The mavis, bird of various song,
 Pours forth his love notes rich and clear ;
 The skylark, sweetest of the throng,
 Arrests her young enraptured ear.
 The blackbird, from his sylvan shade,
 Gives to the breeze his mellow note,
 And, though he be a cautious blade,
 He dares to warble near her cot.

Thus lives the gentle mountain maid,
 From vain alluring pleasures free ;
 In virtue's charming robes arrayed,
 A happy, happy maid is she.
 Oh ! may she never feel the woes
 That spring from earth's deceitful joys ;
 But in her innocence repose
 Beneath her own loved native skies.

AULD CARE.

Gae wa' wi' your sour-looking visage frae me,
 Ye queer crabbit carle, auld Care, haud awa' ;
 Wi' your thin runkled chafts, and your dour-looking ee,
 And your long bony arms, and your fingers sae sma'.

The streamlet sings sweet as it runs down the glen,
 The glad birds they warble on thorn-bush and tree,
 The branches they dance to the music they len',
 The wild flow'ret nods to the hum o' the bee.

Why should we be dreary when nature is cherry ?
 Why dauner through life ever gloomy and wae ?
 Awa' wi' dull dreamin', come, gladness, come streamin',
 And scatter night's gloom wi' the brightest o' day.

THE CARLE HE LAP ACROSS THE BURN.

The carle he lap across the burn,
 Awa' the bonnie lassie ran ;
 And aye she leuch, but wouldna turn,
 And sair provoked the fat auld man.

"Come here," he cried, "my bonnie hen,
Come back, and list to what I say;
I hae a but, I own a ben,
And sheep and kye on mony a brae."

"And fat the beasts, and rich the lan',
And bienly plenished is yon ha'."
"Gae hame and woo them, daft auld man!"
The lassie cried, and ran awa'.

O sairly flete the carle syne,
And aften stamped he on the grun';
"My richest acres I would tine,
To gar the limmer rue her fun."

"The souple jaud, to ca' me auld,
And scarce a grey hair i' my beard!
Ay, faith, she'll rue, ere she be cauld,
She didna tak the siller laird."

Wi' temper brittle as a slate,
And face that ony calf might spane,
He had to gang a mile agate,
For he couldna loup the burn again!



CHARLES BALFOUR,

REFERRED to at page 170 of second series, as coming of a poetic family, was born in 1819, at Panmure, near Carnoustie. At the village school he received a very limited education, and was early engaged as "a farmer's boy." However, in after years he made up for this, and took a great delight in reading—never, as he tells us, being without Burns' poems, or some other volume, in his pocket for perusal in his spare moments. Not liking farm work, he was apprenticed to a brewer, but as the master drank as well as brewed, the business came to an end before the apprenticeship, and our poet got employment in a factory in Dundee, where he was soon appointed foreman. His health failing him, he en-

listed in the Cameron Highlanders, commanded by Colonel Lauderdale Maule, brother of the late Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie. He had become a total abstainer, and his good conduct and habits soon earned his promotion. He was appointed "orderly" to the General Commanding, and having only about half a day's duty in the two days, he found abundant time for self improvement, which he eagerly availed himself of. Having a knowledge of baking and brewing, he was set over the officers' mess department, and soon saved money sufficient to purchase his discharge—the Colonel reluctantly parting with him, and giving him a warm letter of commendation to his noble brother at Brechin Castle. Receiving an appointment in the railway service as parcel deliverer in Dundee, he was rapidly promoted to goods guard, and then passenger guard. In 1852, when the train was thrown over the lofty bridge which crosses Invergowrie Quarry, he went down with it, sustaining such fearful injuries that for months he lay in Dundee Infirmary, life trembling in the balance. Being no longer fitted for the duties of a guard he was appointed stationmaster at Glencarse, near Perth, where he still remains, greatly respected for his intelligence and kindly manners.

Although the love of song seemed inherent in him, Mr Balfour only began to compose when in the army, and for forty years he has been an occasional contributor to the press—numbers of his poetic sketches of Scottish life and character finding their way into the American and other papers—"Habbie Simpson and his Wife," "The Minister Praying for the Cuddy," "The Dry Sermon," &c., having been long widely and favourably known. The late Dean Ramsay for many years corresponded with Mr Balfour, and greatly admired his fine humour. He presents us with admirable portraits of actual existence, rather than transports us into imaginary worlds, while tender and pathetic touches of Nature and good feel-

ing, pervade his songs. We can now only give a brief outline of one character, and should remark that some years ago, we regret to learn, when the Glen-car-se Station was burned down during the night, he lost all his papers, and almost all record of his early work was thus destroyed.

HABBIE SIMPSON; OR AN AULD FRIEND WI' A NEW
FACE.

Habbie Simpson and his wife
They lived a weirdless, drucken life;
For on a' occasions, sad or cheerie,
Baith managed to get unco beerie.
A'e mornin' after a carouse
Hab waukened Janet frae a snooze,
Sayin', "Jenny, lass, I'm dredfu' ill;
Cud ye no get me half a gill?"
"Deed, Hab, ye ken as weel as me,
There's no atween's a broon bawbee;
An' as for gettin't upon tick,
That's useless; nane will gie's a lick;
So just lie still, my daintie man,
An' thole awa' as weel's ye can."
Quo' Hab, "ye're no that ill at plannin';
Come clear yer head o' that bit flannen,
An' let me hear what you propose."
"A weel," quo Janet, "here it goes,
I'll to the Laird o' Johnston gang;
He kens y'e weel; he's kent ye lang.
I'll say ye're deid, an' maybe he
Will gi'e me something. What think ye?"
"First-rate," quo' Habbie, "aff ye gang,
An' see ye dinna bide ower lang."
Soon Janet reaches Johnston Place,
Wi' solemn step an' woeful face;
Rings, is admitted, meets the lady,
Who says, "Oh, Janet, here already.
Hoo's a' at hame? Is Habbie weel?"
"Poor Habbie's deid, atweel! atweel!"
"Poor Habbie deid, preserve me, Janet;
Just step inbye this way a minute.
Ye hadna been prepared for that."
"Prepared! I'm shure, no weel I wat;
There's no as muckle in the hoose
Wud feed a sparrow or a moose."
"Dear me! dear me! but lat me see,
Ye'll want some sugar an' some tea,
Some biscuits an' some bread and cheese"—
"An' a wee drap spirits, if you please."
"Weel, spirits ye might do without it;
But sit ye doon; I'll see about it."

The lady very soon came back
 Wi' a basket full as it could pack
 Of various good things frae the city,
 Likewise a little aquavitæ.
 Soon Janet she leaves Johnston Place,
 Wi' solemn step, but cheerful face ;
 She reaches hame, and in a blink
 The table's spread wi' meat an' drink ;
 And baith, withoot a blessin' asket,
 Attack the contents o' the basket.
 At last, quo' Hab, "the bottle's dry,
 Cud ye no get a fresh supply ?"
 "Na, na," quo' Janet, "time aboot ;
 Its I'll dee noo, an' ye'll turn oot,
 Just try and do as weel as me,
 An' then we'll ha'e anither spree."
 Oot Habbie goes in desperation,
 Withoot a'e plan of observation.
 He scratched his head doon throo his bonnet,
 Ashamed to be outdone by Janet ;
 An' just as he the hill was muntin'
 He met the laird straight frae the huntin',
 "Guid e'enin' Hab ; I'm glad to see ye ;
 But, guidsake, what's the matter wi' ye ?
 You look as dull an' hing your head,
 As if your wife were lyin' dead."
 "Aye, laird, that's it ; puir Janet's gane,
 An' I'm left in the world alane ;
 An' hoo to get her i' the yird
 I dinna ken, upon my wurd."
 "Well, Hab, that's sad ; but there's a croon,
 An' in the mornin' I'll come doon,
 And see if I can mak' ye richt,"—
 "I thank ye, sir," quo' Hab, "guid night."
 Home Habbie goes, an' cries to Janet,
 "Look here, gudewife—ne'er mind your bonnet ;
 We ha'e nae time to fyke an' scutter ;
 Look sharp, auldwife, an' fraught the cutter."
 The Laird o' Johnston he gaed hame,
 And in the parlour meets his dame,
 And says, "Ye'll be surprised to hear
 Your auld maid Janet's dead, my dear."
 "Ha, Laird, yer wrang ; its Hab that's gane ;
 Janet was here in grievous mane."
 "No, no, my dear, it must be Janet ;
 I spak to Hab this very minute ;
 An', oh, he was so casten doon,
 I pitied him, an' gae'm a croon.
 But now I'll bet that Hab and she
 Are baith as live as you or me.
 I scarcely can refrain from lauchin' ;
 Come get your things, we'll to the clachin."
 Hab an' his wife they sat fu' jolly,

Afar off care and melancholy ;
 But turning round as he was drinkin',
 Something in Habbie's e'e cam blinkin',
 " I say, gudewife, just look out there ;
 Noo iena' that a wiselike pair."
 " As shure as I'm a livin' woman,
 It's baith the Laird an' Lady comin'.
 What's to be done ? Od, let me see ;
 Od, Hab, I doot we baith maun dee."
 " Ah, weel," quo' Hab, " mind ye said it,"
 And in an instant baith were beddit.
 The Laird o' Johnston he cam in,
 Wi' solemn step an' little din ;
 He gazed upon the silent bed,
 And quietly to his lady said,
 " I see my dear we've baith been richt ;
 But, oh, this is a solemn sicht.
 A solemn sicht ; a man an' wife,
 And baith at once bereft of life.
 But I would give a croon to know
 Who first did quit this scene of woe."
 Up Habbie springs, as brisk's a miller,
 Crying, " Laird, it was me ; hand here the siller."



JAMES HEDDERWICK, LL.D.,

THE well-known journalist, was born in Glasgow in 1814. He is highly esteemed both as a literary man by the *literati*, and also by the masses for his strong good sense. His father, who was latterly Queen's printer in the city, had James early put to work at "the case." His tastes, however, being more literary than mechanical, led to his being removed in his sixteenth year to the University of London, where he distinguished himself. He became sub-editor of the *Scotsman* by the time he was twenty-three. In 1842 he returned to Glasgow, and started the *Citizen*—a newspaper which soon held an influential and leading position, and is still represented in the *Weekly Citizen*, a journal exceedingly

popular as providing an excellent condensation of the news of the week, together with selections from magazines and new books. Here, also, the fine taste and culture of Mr Hedderwick has for years fostered and encouraged many of our bards, and the first-fruits of several of our young and struggling novelists, now well known to fame, have appeared in its literary columns. For a short time he conducted a weekly periodical entitled *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, and in 1864 he established the *Evening Citizen*, one of the first Scottish halfpenny daily newspapers, and which now occupies a high position amongst the leading Scottish journals. Some years ago the Glasgow University, recognising his great and varied literary attainments, conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

In the midst of a busy life, Dr Hedderwick has found little time to spare for the fascinating labours of poetical composition. Yet he has employed it to good purpose, and the result proves that the poetry of those who labour among their fellows and share their common troubles, and are likely to be more intimate with the various phases of human nature, is on that account more likely to appeal to the heart than the productions of those who live apart, and look upon humanity only with the eye of an artist. In 1844 Dr Hedderwick printed a small volume of his verses, several of which had previously appeared in the *Scotsman* and *Chambers's Journal*, and in 1859 produced his "Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems." This work established the name he had previously earned as a poet of chaste taste and melodious beauty. During the present year Mr Maclehose published a volume by the veteran journalist, entitled "The Villa by the Sea, and other Poems," which amply sustained his reputation. In the leading poem he achieves a remarkable success in psychological portraiture, being a deep and searching study by a man to whom phases of human

character are familiar, and who is accustomed to probe the spring of human action. It is the experience of a kinless old man, who, by the labour of his younger years, has secured a competency for himself, and is able to pass his old age in ease and comfort. Unfortunately, in his retirement, he does not find that contentment of spirit which he had hoped to find in his seclusion—*ennui* instead is the constant companion of the solitary old man. The landscape seen every day is no longer beautiful in his eyes :

Love of nature is a duty,
And I fain would love it more,
But I weary of the beauty
I have seen for weeks before.

Lofty are the hills and regal,
Still they are the hills of old,
And like any other seagull
Is the seagull I behold.

Oh, that ship so slowly sailing
That the landscape stiller seems !
Oh, that brook so softly wailing
That the silence deeper dreams !

From the leaves a linnet's treble
On my ear a moment breaks ;
In the sea I cast a pebble
And I mark the rings it makes.

Sea and sky serenely plighted,
All the glory of the moon,
I might view with eyes delighted
Were this listless heart in tune.

Fain but foolish moralising !
On the outer edge of thought
Lies a darkness agonising,
Into shapes of madness wrought.

Who the unseen may discover ?
Who dare wring its secret out ?
Must my soul for ever hover
In a seething sea of doubt.

All my upward-wing'd sensations
Bounded by a steel-cold sky !
All my god-like aspirations
Breaking to a helpless cry !

What a mock this puny reaching,
 Where the stars like pulses beat ;
 Turn I to the dearer teaching
 Of the daisies at my feet.

he minor pieces are chastely wrought, and abound
 in melodious cadences. They give evidence of the
 scholar and the practised pen, as well as of the
 artist's patience and taste, and carefulness in the
 setting of poetic conceptions.

MIDDLE AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
 Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
 In which to rest and re-adjust our load !
 High table-land to which we have been brought
 By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil !
 Season when not to achieve is to despair !
 Last field for us of a full fruitful soil !
 Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
 Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought !

How art thou changed ! Once to our youthful eyes
 Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
 Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs ;
 But now these trophies ours, we recognise
 Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
 And a weak tottering step as marks of eld,
 None are so far but some are on before ;
 Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
 And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges ! and the deep
 Thick green of summer on the matted bough !
 The languid autumn mellows round us now ;
 Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
 Like holly leaves for a December wreath,
 To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
 And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
 Is all that poor humanity demands
 To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

THE EMIGRANTS.

The daylight was dying, the twilight was dreary,
 And eerie the face of the fast-falling night,
 But closing the shutters, we made ourselves cheery
 With gas-light and firelight, and young faces bright.

When, hark ! came a chorus of wailing and anguish !
 We ran to the door and look'd out through the dark,
 Till gazing, at length we began to distinguish
 The slow-moving masts of an ocean-bound bark.

Alas 'twas the emigrants leaving the river,
 Their homes in the city, their haunts in the dell ;
 From kindred and friends they had parted for ever,
 But their voices still blended in cries of farewell.

We saw not the eyes that their last looks were taking ;
 We heard but the shouts that were meant to be cheers,
 But which told of the aching of hearts that were breaking,
 A past of delight and a future of tears.

And long as we listen'd, in lulls of the night breeze,
 On our ears the sad shouting in faint music fell,
 Till methought it seem'd lost in the roll of the white seas,
 And the rocks and the winds only echoed farewell.

More bright was our home-hearth, more bright and more cosy,
 As we shut out the night and its darkness once more ;
 But pale were the cheeks, that so radiant and rosy,
 Were flush'd with delight a few moments before.

So I told how the morning, all lovely and tender,
 Sweet dew on the hills, and soft light on the sea,
 Would follow the exiles and float with its splendour,
 To gild the far land where their homes were to be.

In the eyes of my children were gladness and gleaming,
 Their little prayer utter'd, how calm was their sleep !
 But I in my dreaming could hear the wind screaming,
 And fancy I heard hoarse replies from the deep.

And often, when slumber had cool'd my brow's fever,
 A dream-utter'd shriek of despair broke the spell ;
 'Twas the voice of the emigrants leaving the river,
 And startling the night with their cries of farewell.



GEORGE BRECHIN

WAS born in Ellon, Aberdeenshire, in 1829.
 At a very early age he went to sea. After
 several voyages, he returned to Aberdeen, where he
 served his apprenticeship as a house painter. On its
 expiry he proceeded to Brechin, where he worked for
 some time, and finally settled down in Edinburgh,
 where he has been in business for over twenty years.

Mr Brechin has, during a long and chequered career, assiduously courted the Scottish Muse. Although he has a broadly-marked satirical vein, and a considerable amount of humour, he has written some sweet lyrics. During the present year Mr Brechin published a selection of his poems and songs, entitled "Sketches in Outline of Facts and Fancy."

THE OLD RAVEN ELOQUENT.

On a tree top swaying, rocking,
Sat a grave old raven croaking,
Like a cynic sagely jokeing
O'er foibles of this life,
Save his own all others mocking,
Keen, piercing as a knife.

And what did this vain raven say?
And why did he the cynic play?
And wherefore wag his cranium grey,
Like a sage uplifted?
Thought he his croak a charming lay?
He divinely gifted?

He said as plain as raven could,
No other minstrel of the wood
Hath melody so strong and good
As winter to defy,
Mine hath an age unfailing stood,
While others droop and die.

The lark may warble for a day,
The thrush give forth a fleeting lay,
But winter comes, and then away
To silence or the grave,
While I alone undaunted may
The changing seasons brave.

A robin from a spray near by,
Ventured thus pertly to reply,
Your strength of voice none will deny,
Nor yet your length of days,
But better far, friend ass may try
To charm us when he brays.

You puny, piping, gaudy thing,
The loudest note that you can sing
Is silenced when I flap my wing.
Away, flee for your life,
Or to my brood your corpse I'll fling,
Dare you provoke the strife.

Swift to the thickets inmost bay,
 With other minstrels in dismay,
 The little robin flew away
 To cheer with pipe and song,
 While plaudits o'er the raven's lay
 Rose from the tuneless throng.

And thus it is the world o'er,
 Some raven-like will hoarsely roar,
 And giddy crowds amused encore,
 And follow fashion's maze,
 And brazen voices evermore
 Create a mental craze.



JOHN KELLY,

AUTHOR of the following, was born in Glasgow in 1857. He is a frequent contributor of sweet little poems to the local press.

OOR WEE MARGET.

A' ye wha ken the new-born joy,
 That comes wi' first-born girl or boy—
 Fair bliss, I troo, without alloy—
 Come sing wi' me;
 I've got a baby-maiden coy,
 Life's ills to dree.

Twa sparklin' een, like little blue,
 A winnin', witchin', smilin' mou',
 Wee dimpled chin an' snaw-white broo—
 Rich gowden hair;
 An angel sent by God, I voo,
 Oor love to share.

THE SHIRT SEWER.

A thin pale face, with sunken eyes,
 And fingers that ache with pain;
 A slave is she in freedom's guise—
 The needle and thread her chain.
 The heart is weak thro' want and work;
 The lips are parch'd and blue;
 But there, in that cellar so dingy and damp,
 With no warmth save that from a little oil lamp,
 She toils the whole night through.

For twelve long hours the head is bent,
 And twelve bronze pence the pay.
 Alas ! to think on millions spent,
 That knaves kings' parts might play.
 And this is how they treat the poor—
 Is this a Christian's view :
 To make Labour the tool of the rogue and scamp,
 And brand honest toil with the pauper's stamp !
 Alas ! 'tis but too true.



ALEX. NICOLSON, ADVOCATE, LL.D.

WITHOUT being an imitator, the talented and genial Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbright can, in our opinion, claim kinship with the good old singers of Scotland, who distinguished themselves by the warm sympathy they always cherished for the history of their country and its noblest traditions, as well as by their pawky humour and deep but restrained feeling. We had some difficulty in being able to convince the Sheriff that he was entitled to a place in our work, and in reply to several requests for a few notes of his career, he wrote to the effect that his biography was as uncalled for ("being still alive and a bachelor") as a place for him among Scottish poets was undeserved, although he would "rather be remembered as the composer of one song than as the author of many superfluous books, whether heavy or light."

Sheriff Nicolson is a native of the "moist but beautiful" Isle of Skye, of which he has repeatedly sung the praises, both in prose and verse. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, of which he is B.A., M.A., LL.D., and did duty for several years there as Examiner in Philosophy, and for some time as a member of the University Court. He has

been employed in numerous literary occupations—as an encyclopædist, as a newspaper editor, as an art critic, reviewer, and redactor. The Sheriff also did very efficient duty as an Assistant Education Commissioner in 1865, and gave the results of his inspection of schools in the Hebrides in a report, published as a parliamentary blue-book. At one time he intended to be a Free Church minister, and a Highland one, but he found, after attending several Divinity Classes, “that the officer’s uniform in that excellent body was painfully tight.”

In 1860 he joined the Scottish Bar, and for above ten years reported cases for the *Scottish Jurist*, of which he was latterly editor. He was appointed Steward-Substitute of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in 1872, and still holds “that not unpleasant office, although it is now divested of its ancient name.” We believe the Sheriff has assisted in the making of a good many books, but he has never published any of his own, except a collection of Gaelic Proverbs translated, with notes, &c. His philological and literary attainments eminently qualified him for this work, and the result is a volume of the deepest interest, whether from a moral, literary, or antiquarian point of view. Sheriff Nicolson has contributed articles, in various departments of literature, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Chambers’s Cyclopædia*, *Blackwood*, *Macmillan*, the *North British Review*, *Journal of Jurisprudence*, *Good Words*, *Scotsman*, *Inverness Courier*, &c.

In his professional capacity Sheriff Nicolson gives proof of high and varied endowments, and is distinguished by breadth of view, common sense, and uniform affability of demeanour. Of verses he says he has never composed “as much as would fill three pages of the *Breckin Advertiser*,” and his own opinion of them is not high. But on that point he cannot be allowed to be so good a judge as he is of what other people do. As a poet he sings with sweet lyrical flow

and tender earnestness. When describing objects of natural beauty he writes with artistic felicity, and a warmth of colouring which a poet only can give. A conspicuous vein of racy humour occasionally breaks out, and when in a satirical mood he can smite unworthy abuses with a strong hand.

AT KYLE RHEA.

[During the severe thunderstorm which raged in Skye last week a fatal occurrence took place. The people living at a house at Kyle Rhea were conducting family worship during the prevalence of the storm on Thursday night, and on rising from their kneeling posture they discovered the sad fact that one of their number—a girl of 15 years of age—was quite dead, having been evidently struck by lightning.—*Scotsman*, 2d July 1878.]

It was a lowly cottage,
On the shore of the Misty Isle,
Where towers dark Beinn-na-Caillich
Above the rushing Kyle.

It was the height of summer,
At the close of a long June day,
When the goodman "took the books,"
For the hour had come to pray.

Without, the clouds were warring,
Within was peace and calm ;
'Mid roar of rain and thunder
Arose the plaintive psalm.

The chapter was read, unhurried,
'Mid lightning's lurid glare,
And then around that trustful hearth
They all knelt down to prayer.

The dusky place was lighted
By another awful flash,
And loud above the father's voice
Was heard the thunder's crash.

Duly the prayer was uttered,
While rolled the solemn peal,
Then all uprose but Annie—
Still does that young one kneel.

"Sleepest thou, Annie, dear one?"
Is said with gentle shake :
Yes ! Annie sleeps full soundly,
Never on earth to wake.

By the lowly hearth, so hallowed,
Hath swept the Angel's car,
That wafted great Elijah
From sorrowing eyes afar.

Break not thy heart, O mother !
 'Tis well with the child of thy love ;
 She will worship with you no more,
 But with purer spirits above !

THE BRITISH ASS.

AIR—The British Grenadiers.

[This song was composed for the dinner of the Red Lion Club, composed of members of the British Association, at the time of its meeting in Edinburgh in 1871, when the President, Sir William Thomson, threw out the idea, in his introductory address, of the transmission of the seeds of life from broken planets.]

Some men go in for Science,
 And some go in for Shams,
 Some roar like hungry Lions,
 And others bleat like Lambs ;
 But there's a Beast, that at this Feast,
 Deserves a double glass,
 So let us bray, that long we may
 Admire the British Ass !
Chorus—With an Ass-Ass-ociation, etc.

On England's fragrant clover
 This beast delights to browse,
 But sometimes he's a rover
 To Scotland's broomy knowes ;
 For there the plant supplies his want,
 That doth all herbs surpass,
 The Thistle rude—the sweetest food—
 That feeds the British Ass !

We've read in ancient story,
 How a great Chaldean swell
 Came down from all his glory,
 With horned beasts to dwell ;
 If you would know how it happened so,
 That a King should feed on grass,
 In "Section D, Department B,"
 Inquire of the British Ass !

To Grecian sages, charming,
 Rang the music of the spheres,
 But voices more alarming
 Salute our longer ears ;
 By Science bold we now are told
 How Life did come to pass—
 From world to world the seeds were hurled,
 Whence spruug the British Ass !

In our waltzing through creation,
 We meet those fiery stones,
 That bring, for propagation,
 The germs of flesh and bones ;

And is it not a thrilling thought,
That some huge misguided mass
Will, one fine day, come and sweep away
Our dear old British Ass !

The child who knows his father
Has aye been reckoned wise,
But some of us would rather
Be spared that sweet surprise !
If it be true, that when we view
A comely lad or lass,
We find the trace of the Monkey's face
In the gaze of the British Ass !

The Ancients, childish creatures !
Thought we derived from Heaven
The godlike form and features
To mankind only given ;
But now we see our pedigree
Made plain as in a glass,
And when we grin we betray our kin
To the sires of the British Ass !



DR PATRICK BUCHAN.

PATRICK BUCHAN, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., was the eldest son of the well-known ballad collector, the late Mr Peter Buchan, printer, Peterhead. The subject of this notice was born in Peterhead, where he received his elementary education, and afterwards studied at Aberdeen University, where he gained several bursaries, and took his M.A. and M.D. at an unusually early age. For two or three years he sailed as doctor of one of the Greenland seal and whale fishing vessels, and for a short time practised as a country doctor. He afterwards became a West India merchant, making Glasgow his head quarters, and occasionally visiting India. In 1880 he retired from active life, and resided at Orchardhill, Stonehaven, where he died in May of the present year.

Dr Buchan will be remembered by the sweet and genuine Scottish songs that he wrote for the "Book

of Scottish Songs," "Whistle Binkie," &c. Among the better known of his literary efforts, we may mention "The Garland of Scotia" (Glasgow: Wm. Mitchison, 1841), which was edited jointly by him and Mr John Turnbull. The introduction, "Remarks on ancient music and songs of Scotland," and the notes were by the Doctor, while Mr Turnbull was concerned with the arranging of the music. Dr Buchan assisted in editing the two volumes of Scottish Songs and Ballads, published by Maurice Ogle & Co., Glasgow, in 1871. In 1872 there appeared from his pen a handsome volume entitled "Legends of the North: The Guidman o' Inglismill and the Fairy Bride," printed and published by David Scott, of the *Peterhead Sentinel*. This volume was very favourably received. He wrote a number of popular legendary tales of the Highlands, which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, and afterwards in book form. For many years he was engaged on what promised to be an exhaustive and valuable work on the "Proverbs of all Nations;" but it is to be regretted that the worry of business prevented him finishing a work for which his taste, his scholarly attainments, and his knowledge of the subject specially fitted him. Few men were better acquainted with Scottish poets and poetry, and the Doric of his mother country possessed a living charm for him. His house in Glasgow, was a favourite resort for such men as Motherwell, Sandy Rodger, David Robertson, and other congenial spirits.

AULD JOHN NICOL.

I sing of an auld forbear o' my ain,
 Tweedledum twadledum twenty-one;
 A man wha for fun was never out-done,
 And his name it was auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol was born—he said,
 Tweedledum, etc.;
 Of man or of maid's no weel kent—sin he's dead,
 Sae droll was the birth o' John Nicol o' Quhain.

Auld John Nicol he lo'd his glass,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 And auld John Nicol he lo'ed a lass,
 And he courted her tocher—the lands o' Balquhain.

Auld John Nicol he made her his wife,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 And the feast was the funniest feast o' his life,
 And the best o' the farce he was laird o' Balquhain.

The lady was fifty, his age was twal' mair,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 She was bow-hough'd and humph-back'd, twined like a stair,
 ' But her riggs are fell straucht,' quo' John Nicol o' Quhain.

By some chance or ither auld John got a son,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 He was laid in a cupboard for fear that the win',
 Wad hae blawn out the hopes o' the house o' Balquhain.

The lady was canker'd and eident her tongue,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 She scrimpit his cog—thrash'd his back wi' a rung,
 And dousen'd for lang auld John Nicol o' Quhain.

Ae day cam a ca'er wi' mony lang grane,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 " Oh ! death"—quo' the laird, " come stap your wa's ben,
 Ye'se be welcome to tak Mrs Nicol o' Quhain."

Auld John was a joker the rest o' his life,
 Tweedledum, etc. ;
 And his ae blythest joke was the yirdin' his wife,
 For it left him the laird o' the lands o' Balquhain.

THE BUIKIN' O' ROBIN AND MIRREN.

Gae bring me my rokeley o' grey,
 My mutch and red ribbons sae dainty,
 And haste ye, lass, fling on your claes,
 Auld Rab's to be buikd to aunty.
 Ae gloamin' last ouk he cam wast,
 To speer for my auld lucky daddie,
 Tho' sair wi' the hoast he was fash'd,
 Ae blink o' auld aunt made him waddie.
 Sae mak' yoursel' braw braw,
 And busk yoursel' tidy and canty,
 Guid luck may as yet be your fa',
 Sin' Rab's to be buikd to aunty.

The body cam' hirplin' ben,
 Tho' warstlin' wi' elid, he was canty,
 And he o'erly just speer'd for the men,
 But he cadgily crackit wi' aunty.

Or e'er he had sittin' a blink,
 He sang and he ranted fu' cheery,
 And auld aunty's heart he gar'd clink,
 Wi' "Mirren, will ye be my deary?
 For I'm neither sae auld, auld,
 Nor am I sae gruesome or uggin,
 I've a score o' guid nowt i' the fauld,
 And a lang neck'd purse o' a moggin."

At this Mirren's heart gae a crack,
 Like the thud o' a waukin' mill beetle,
 And she thocht, but she ne'er a word spak,
 "Weel, I'd e'en be contented wi' little."
 For Mirren, tho' threescore and ane,
 Had never had "will ye," speer'd at her,
 So she laid a fond loof in his han',
 And quo' Robin "that settles the matter."
 Sae busk ye, lass, braw, braw,
 Busk and let's aff, for I've warran',
 We've hae daffin' and laughin' an' a',
 At the buikin' o' Robin and Mirren.

THE FAIRY'S INVITATION.

"Come where the bright star of even is beaming;
 Come where the moonlight o'er valley and hill,
 O'er castle and cot in golden flakes streaming,
 Shimmers on lake and leaf—glints on the rill.
 Ever light, ever free,
 Gay let our spirits be,
 Roaming by burn and lea—roaming at will.

"Come where the mavis sings sweetest at gloamin';
 Come where the woods wi' the wee birdies ring;
 Come to the hill where the wild bee is roamin';
 Come where the bonnie flow'rs bonniest spring;
 Come to the trystin' tree,
 Ever gay, ever free,
 Sing our old songs with glee—cheerily sing.

"Come where the burn splashes down frae the mountain;
 Come where the hazel nuts hang on the tree;
 Come to the dell wi' its clear shining fountain,
 Where lilies are listenin' the pipe o' the bee
 There, by the whisp'ring stream,
 Where the trouts golden gleam,
 Tell that old tale—that brings joy to the ee.

"Come where Spring's bridal chimes blue bells are ringing;
 Come where the yellow broom blooms on the brae;
 Come where the lintie his love-sang is singing,
 And wee birdies courtin' on ilka green spray.
 Joyously let us sing,
 Love awakes wi' the Spring,
 Merrily let us roam—come, come away."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

OUR last page cannot be better filled than in giving a specimen of the muse of one of Scotland's most strong-hearted sons, who was born in Dec. 1795, in the sequestered hamlet of Ecclefechan, and died at Chelsea in February, 1881. Had space permitted, we intended to give an estimate of the character and work of Thomas Carlyle, but in the brief space now at our command such an attempt would be absurd, and the task has been attempted by scores of other and abler pens. He was more than a writer of books and a censor of contemporary morals. His intellectual force, and the extent and quality of the service it enabled him to accomplish, are amply evidenced in the fact that no single writer of the past half-century has so deeply influenced thought and opinion in Britain, Germany, and America, and influenced it in the direction of deepening men's sense of the responsibility of life as a thing to be held in truthful stewardship, and of work as a thing to be honestly and earnestly done.

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys,
 We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
 And would ye partake of harvest's joys
 The corn must be sown in Spring.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthly bed,
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 That beast and man may be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
 In sunshiny cloak of red and green:
 The furrow lies fresh—this year will be
 As the years that are past have been.

Fall gently and still, &c.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The seed of six thousand golden sires ;
All these on thy kindly breast were borne ;
One more thy poor child requires.

Fall gently and still, &c.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep,
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain ;
Sow well, and you gladly reap.

Fall gently and still, &c.

TO - D A Y.

Lo ! here hath been dawning
Another blue Day ;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new Day is born ;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it afore time
No eye ever did ;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue Day ;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

